





MISCELLANIES

I N

PROSE and VERSE,

By the Honourable L A D Y

Margaret Pennyman.

C O N T A I N I N G,

I. Her late JOURNEY to PARIS,
giving an Account of the present State of
the COURT of *France*, and of all that is
curious and remarkable in that famous
CITY.

II. POEMS on several Occasions, with
Familiar Letters to a FRIEND.

Published from her Original Manuscripts.

To which are annexed,

SOME other curious P I E C E S.

L O N D O N :

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IN

PROSE AND VERSE

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II. Poems on several Occasions with
a Poetical Preface to a friend.

Published from her Original Manuscripts.

To which are annexed

Some other curious Pieces.

L O N D O N

Printed for H. Gurnall, at the Head of
St. Paul's Church-yard, in London.

TO THE
READER.

AS the Title-Page informs you, these PAPERS are faithfully published from the Original Manuscripts of their AUTHOR.

Lady MARGARET PENNYMAN was the only Daughter of BARNET ANGER, Esq; of the City of Westminster, Carpenter to the Crown during the Time of King CHARLES II, &c.

She was born in the Year 1688, and besides her natural Endowments, which were very extraordinary, she was educated in the politeſt Man-

ner by having all her Tutors come Home to her.

Before she was 15 Years of Age, she was married to THOMAS PENNYMAN, Esq; second Son of Sir JAMES PENNYMAN, Bart. (of a well-known Family in Yorkshire) whose Elder Brother dying, he succeeded to the Title and Estate.

This young Lady's Fortune was 2000l. and the Match approved by her Relations at first, tho' afterwards they would fain have broke it off, but the Amour was gone too far, Miss was honourably fixed in her Resolution, which was confirmed by her putting it in Execution: The Bridegroom was at the Celebration of his Nuptials (which to be safely performed were
twice

twice performed *) Receiver-General of the Stamp-Revenue ; the Income of this Post, and succeeding his Elder Brother, threw him into such Extravagancies as rendered this a very unhappy Marriage ; so that on Account of his Lewdness, and other ill-usage of his Lady, they were obliged to a Separation, by Law, in less than three Months Time.

Lady PENNYMAN having been likewise a fortunate Adventurer in the Mississippi-Scheme, went to Paris, 1720, to dispose of her Stock ; but that Year proving as fatal in France, as it was to our South-Sea-Scheme, she was therein

* First privately at a Tavern ; and afterwards publickly at the Parish Church of St MARTIN in the Fields.

unfortu-

unfortunate, and returned to England under the greatest Anxiety of Disappointment.

The following POEMS and JOURNAL of her Expedition, and the Adventures she met with, cannot fail both to Please and Instruct Others, tho' it proved grievous to herself. Upon her return to England, she led a most reclusive Life for 13 Years afterwards ; died June 16, 1733, in the 46th Year of her Age, and was buried by her Brother Burridge Anger, Esq; in a Vault belonging to their Family, in the Church of St MARGARET, Westminster.

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A
J O U R N E Y
T O
P A R I S.



HAVING taken Four Places in the Rye Stage-Coach, for my self, a young Lady, and two Gentlemen our Relations ; We set out at 6 o'Clock on *Friday* Morning, *August* the 5th 1720, from the *Bell-Savage* Inn on *Ludgate-Hill*, where we met two Women, One a *Japaner's* Wife who lived in *Barbican*, a pleasant Companion, but went no farther than *Stone-Crouch*, where she had *Horses* met her, going to see her Friends wide of our Road ; the Other seemed to be a Gentlewoman, she lodged in *Fleet-street*, and bore us Company till within four Miles of *Rye*, when a Gentleman met her ; he appeared

2. *A Journey to PARIS.*

peared in a very handsome Garb, well mounted, with Pistols and a fine embroidered Saddle, but with him a dirty Plowman on a Cart Horse, on which was a Pillion for Madam to ride; but what made her more remarkable, was, that she came into the Coach with a Mask on, and never let us see her Face till the next day at Breakfast; our first stop was at the *White-Hart* at *Bromley*, but no one caring to go out of the Coach, our Company got some Bread and Beer, which, with a piece of Gammon of Bacon that we had ready boiled and carried with us, was our Breakfast; from hence we proceeded on our Journey, but just as we came to the Top of *Marianscote-Hill*, one of our Horses dropt down dead; here we left the Coach and walked down the Hill till we came to the *Bull in the Bush*, at *Riverhead*, going down this Hill we was overtaken by a Coach and four Horses well attended, with four Ladies in it, who made a mighty Jest of us; and, as I said before, the Lady kept her Mask on, so as we walked she kept far behind and seemed not to care to join in Company.

So here the Ladies in the Coach had an opportunity of shewing their Wit, for they made their own Game of the poor Creature; whether they knew her or not that I cannot tell, but they bid us pull off her Mask, and then perhaps we might be more ashamed of her than she seemed to be of us, and after this manner

A Journey to PARIS. 3

manner they passed by us; at length we came to the *Bull-Head* on the Common, where we examined as to Eatables, for we found we was to go no farther till we had got another Horse, we got a good Shoulder of Mutton roasted, and stewed Cucumbers, but Madam in the Mask never came into our Room, pretending to be not well, She had Eggs poached by her self: At last we was equipt with another Horse, and away we went to the *Rose and Crown* at *Tunbridge*, but very late. Our first Business was to look after our Bedding, and then for Supper, at which we had a large boiled Leg of Lamb and six Partridges roasted for us four, the Japaner's Wife and one Mr *Cole* who we met at this Inn, having taken a place in the Coach as on this Day, for some time before, but now was disappointed. Madam in the Mask got a Chamber to her self, and did not appear among us this Night. Here we lay.

SATURDAY the 6th. At five in the Morning, we six goes into the Coach, as for poor Mr *Cole* he was obliged to go, and so rather chose to ride in the Coach-box with the Coachman half the day's Journey, than seek farther for a Passage, which would be almost impossible for him to find without both difficulty and expence, but before we had gone six Miles it rained a perfect Storm, infomuch that we were forced to take Compassion on him, and croud ourselves with seven rather then let him suf-

fer in such tempestuous Weather. We came to the *Royal-Oak* at *Woodgate*, where we were all very sociable, and Madam pulled off her Mask and we saw That no more, while we had her Company; here my Fears were dispersed, for I had a thousand fancies, believing the Woman had lately had the Small-Pox, and so was fearful of appearing, either for the sake of her Face, or the Health of the Company she was in; but these were wrong Conjectures for she showed a very clear beautiful young Face, as well as a Person no ways disagreeable, she found herself something nigher her Journey's End, and having got an Appetite, chose a Dish for her Breakfast which I had never seen before, so cannot omit putting it down, fried Flownders; though the whole Company was as humorous, some eat Bacon and Eggs, some Toast and Cream, and some Butter and Cheese, with Wine in abundance, and this was our first flight for Wine, here being right good French, both White and Red, and as cheap as Port; from hence we proceeded to the Post-house at *Stone-Crouch*, where we dined at a twelve-penny Ordinary, at which we had a large piece of boiled Beef with Garden-Herbs, a Dish of roasted Fowls, a Dish of Green-Pease, with Butter and Cheese, with good Table-Beer, and here we was to part with our Japaner's Wife; but here, as ill Fortune had ordered it, we were to be all-to-pieces, for in this House
there

A Journey to PARIS,

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there was a Woman who waited in hopes of a Vacancy in the Coach to go to *Rye*; finding this Woman was to leave the Coach, had insinuated her self into her good Graces so far as to promise she should go in her place, notwithstanding she knew the disappointment Mr *Cole* had met with at *Tunbridge*, and the Inconveniency we had suffered by having seven in the Coach; and what was more material, the *Japaner's Wife* was but a little Woman, and the other was the largest Woman I ever saw, so that she could easily have filled up one side her self; and here was a terrible tough Battle, and it was with the utmost difficulty we held our Ground, altho' we were six to two; but at length the Coachman declaring on our side we came off Conquerors, and we left *Madam Fatty* behind; we got into the Coach and stopt no more till we met our fine Gentleman and his Attendant for the other Woman as spoken of before; at length we arrived at the *George* at *Rye*, where we met with a tolerable good Lodging, had a roast Leg of Ram-Mutton, Dabs, and Eggs, for Supper, and went tired to Bed, having first inquired if any Ship was going for *France*, was informed there now lay one in the Mouth of the Harbour ready for sail the next day if a fair Wind.

SUNDAY the 7th. This Morning we had a comfortable Breakfast of Tea and Bread and Butter, at which we had the Commander of

of the Ship, named the *Sea-Cock* bound for *Diep*, our Commander's name was *John Moor*, Captain *Gripple* who was then Mayor of *Rye* was her Owner, he had formerly been an old Acquaintance of Ours, but he unfortunately was that Week gone to *London*; but however we made a Bargain for our Passage and Conveniences as well as we could, and it was agreed to set Sail with the first Opportunity, let it be when it would, the next thing thought on was Dinner, but here was *Hobson's-Choice* a Chuck-Rib of Beef, and a good Bread-Pudding; but to make amends for this, at Night we had for our Suppers a second Leg of Ram-Mutton, and French-Beans, after which we went early to bed, not knowing how soon we were to be called up, for the Wind was wavering the whole Day.

MONDAY the 8th. When we waked this Morning, our first question was how the Wind sat? and to our great Mortification it was more averse than ever, we got a second good Breakfast, and then consulted about Dinner, but there was nothing to be had that Day but a Neck of the same Mutton, except what we had left the Night before; but we then began to be tired of the House, and resolved to see a little of the Town; after ranging the Town round, we came to a little House about half a Mile off, where we saw a parcel of young Fowls, we made up to it, thinking to accost the Dame of that Structure with great Civility,

A Journey to PARIS.

7

in hopes to insinuate our selves into her good Graces, for part of her Poultry; but upon our Approach the whole Family was alarmed, and run out of Doors as to a Sight, and after many Drops, Cringes, and Courtesies from the young Fry, we got to the sight of the good Wife, who was spinning at the Long-Wheel, we asked her if she could spare any of her Poultry, which she readily agreed to, and we got eight of her large Chicks, or rather young Fowls, we return'd to the *George* and had four of them dressed, which with our cold Mutton was our Dinner; after Dinner we again walked till Supper, when we had a neck of Mutton fryed, here we lay again this Night, went to bed at 11 o'Clock.

TUESDAY the 9th. This Morning as soon as we waked we inquired after the Wind, and was informed it sat right for us, and *John Moor* the Commander waited to speak with us, we hurried down to him, where we found him drinking his Bottle with a Custom-House Officer, he told us it was time for us to send our things on Board, accordingly the Officers surveyed them very narrowly, saw them corded up and sent away, and then we went to our Breakfast of Tea and Bread and Butter, in the mean while ordered our Provision to be got ready that we was to carry on Board with us, which was our remaining four Fowls and a Shoulder of Mutton roasted; well, at last, the wished-for time came, and we took our leave
of

of our Lodging and on Board we went: About one o'Clock our Anchor was a-peek and our Sails began to be loosened, when presently our Commander came down into the Cabbin to us, and told us he saw the Surveyor's Boat making after us, adding, if we had any thing we were afraid of, we were to prepare our selves, for there was certainly an Information against us, or he would not have come himself. Here, All began to be frightened not knowing the Consequence, but for my part I was as innocent as Mr *Dryden's* HIND. *I fear'd no Danger, for I knew no Sin**. Dinner was set before us and I sat to it and eat very heartily; but when the Surveyor came in he very civilly accosted us, told us he would not spoil our Dinner, but he had an Information that we had a great Sum of Money with us, which he was come to search for; I asked him How he was to search; he told me Persons and Baggage; I replied as he was so obliging not to spoil our Dinners, I would not detain him, for there was our Baggage in the Cabbin before him, which had been once searched by his own Officers and tied up by them, but he might be searching them while we made an end of our Dinner, for I was very loth to lose the Opportunity of eating while I was able, not knowing how the Salt-water might agree with me: Well, to rum-

* See, *The HIND and PANTHER*, a Poem, ver. 4.

rummaging he went, opened every individual rag, not missing a Pocket-Handkerchief ; after which our Persons were to be ransacked ; I asked him how he was to proceed ; he told me he would begin with me ; upon which I poured out a Glass of Wine and drank to him, but he would not pledge me ; I told him *I thought it was not fair to be handled by a Man that refused to drink with me ;* I asked him *what Money he expected to find ;* he told me *if he found more than the Act of Parliament directed, he must take it from me ;* I then asked how much I must carry, he told me five Pounds English, but after he had searched me he found not above half the Sum, and on search of us Five he did not find sixteen, so that we fell short of near ten Pounds, which I would fain have perswaded him to have made up, but that would not do ; he told us he had an Information from the Woman Servant of the House where we lodged, so was obliged to come ; he parted with us as civilly as he at first accosted us, and away we went with a fair Wind and lost Land, but about Eleven the Wind veered, and we were terribly tossed about, Four of us were sick.

WEDNESDAY the 10th. This Morning about four o'Clock I began to be hungry, and addressed my self to our Commander, in Hopes he had laid-in a greater stock of Provision than we had done, for our Stomachs had

had been so good before we met with a rough Sea, that we had eat up every bit, even to the cracking of the Marrow-bone; but alas he had none, except some dried Dabs, a sort of Victuals I had never eat till this Voyage, but Hunger is the best Sauce, and I fell to very heartily, which made us soon inquire about Liquor; Wine and Brandy, we had on Board, with good Water, but neither of these was thought convenient to drink single, the Wind was sharp, and Morning cold, therefore a Motion was made for a Sneaker, and as it happened I had eight Lemons, which with a Bottle of Brandy was immediately brought forth, when all Hands went to Work, that is to say all our Company, which consisted in the Captain, the Mate, the Carpenter, the Clerk, and my self, as soon as we had prepared our Ingredients and put them together, nay, even before we had proved it, to know its Value, the Word was given from the Helm, *A Squall, all Hands up!* the Men run and had only time to beg me to take care of the Punch, when as I thought I would secure it the most effectually, I clapt it down in a Corner, and jammed it in with a Stool, but hearing so much Noise and Confusion over Head, left the Bowl, as I thought secure, and goes up to see what was the Matter; but just as I got to the top of the Stairs, on each side of which was a rail, and on which I happened to have hold, other-

otherwise should have been dashed to pieces, for in one Moment the Squall came to us, and was so violent that the Vane on our Top-Mast was under Water, and the next moment our Captain calls to his Mate with a terrible Oath, ——— *Jack, we have narrowly scaped a Cap*; I own as I saw our selves so nigh the Water, I was under a some small Apprehension of Danger, but not what I understood afterwards, for upon inquiry into the meaning of the Cap, the Captain told me it was a hundred Thousand to one, we ever rose up again, for, as we was a light Ship, had our Ballast shifted the least in the World, we must have gone to the bottom, Keel uppermost, but thank God this Danger was over, and we were near Land, so that in a very short time we came to an Anchor, being forced to lie-by for the Tide, to carry us into the Harbour: Now we all ran down to revive our Hearts with our Punch, when to my great surprize and all our Mortifications, we found the Bowl topsyturvy, and the Stool which I had put for its security, both in the middle of the Cabbin; here was old swearing, fretting, and fuming, for this was an irreparable Loss, and no hopes of tasting that sort of Liquor till our Return to Old *England*, for there is no Lemons to be had in this Country, worth one farthing; but here we found a Passenger that we knew nothing of, a Man who had lodged himself in the Hold, whom the
Noise

Noise (as I before mentioned) had alarmed, and so he appeared; he seemed a perfect Country Clown; I asked our Commander who he was, but he could give no farther Account of him, than that he was a Farmer who had taken a Maggot in his Head to go over with him, to see the Country, and was to come back again with him; I talked to him and asked him several Questions, but he seemed very ignorant in what he did say, and no ways inclined to enter into Conversation; but here we lay tumbling and rowling about for near four Hours, at length we weighed Anchor and so made to the Harbour of *Diep*, at twelve o'Clock we got in. Here is a noble bold Shore, and a handsome Pier, but before our Ship came to her Moorings, we were visited by the *French* Officers of the Customs; but indeed they were the reverse of Ours, for they never pretended to search our Persons, their main Business was to see our Baggage carried to the *Bureau*, or Custom-House; as soon as we landed a proper Officer with several Musketeers attended us up to the Castle to visit the Governor, or rather to pay our Compliment, a Ceremony they demand even from the Women that are Foreigners; he received us with genteel Breeding; first demanded when we left *England*, and then how our Sovereign did, as cordially as tho' he had been his Godfather and our intimate Companion; after which he dismissed us, and we went to refresh
our

our selves, and from thence to the *Bureau* after our Baggage, part of which I found much difficulty in clearing, by reason of a small case with six Half-pint Bottles which I had filled with *Barbadoes Waters*, and which was contraband ; but after many disputes we got clear and returned to the House where we had taken up our Abode, for our time of staying in this Town, being at the sign of the *City of London*, where we went to Dinner on what the House afforded, which was Cabbage-Soup, Beef, Cold-Mutton, and admirable Cheshire-Cheese ; after this we bespoke our Supper, the Gentlemen went to take a Walk, and we Women lay down to take a refreshing Nap ; at Supper we all meet, and had our Captain *John Moore*, and his Farmer with us, we had a very handsome Dish of Fish, a Loin of Veal roasted, and a Sallad ; our Landlord and Landlady were both *English*, but born of *French-Refugees*, after Supper we began to talk of the manner in which we was to proceed on our Journey, the Stage-Coach we could not get, and it was what I did not much approve of, if we could have had it ; the Manner of the Coach is thus, it holds eight, that is three at each end, and one in each Boot, every one takes their Chance for their Place as they come, and if you come last you must sit in the Boot, a place highly incommodious being exposed to the Sun, Dust, and Rain, or

whatever ill Weather prevails ; there is another Conveniency for Passengers, which they call the Basket, and indeed it is like one, fixed in the place where the Coachman's-Seat should be, made of Wicker, and covered over like an old Man's Chair, it holds five or six People, and for the Baggage they have another Basket behind the Coach, not unlike our *Bakers*-Baskets, open at the Top, but covered with an Oil-Cloth ; they drive with six Horses, two a Breast, the Coachman rides upon one of the Wheel-Horses and drives. But their way of Travelling Post, either with Chaise, or Horses, is very Convenient and Commodious, their Post being Farmed by the KING, and under his own Regulations, which (as well as all his other Commands) are observed with the utmost strictness ; so that they provide you with good Horses, and strong Chaise, and ready at all Hours, they drive with three Horses a-breast to a Chaise, that is, one between the Sharps, and one on each Side, the Postillion rides on one ; and they Demand twenty Pence for each Horse, and four Pence for the Postillion every Stage ; the Stage is two Leagues, but seldom above five *English* Miles, so that in less then half an Hour the Stage is finished, and you have fresh Horses ; you may keep your Chaise and your Postillion, if you like them, all the Way, if not you may change them every Stage. But
here

here was a strong dispute how we were to proceed, for there was great robbing on the Road; therefore by some of the Company it was thought safer to travel with the Coach, but for my part I could not have that Notion, I thought it very inconvenient to lie-by four Days, when perhaps the rest of the Passengers, though more in Number, might be none but Women; and be that as it would, we should be never the safer: for the manner of their robbing is both barbarous and inhuman, and they will not attack you, but upon sure Grounds; for they make sure Work, and murder all they rob; and the reason for it, is, that when they are caught for a Robbery they are never pardoned, but are sure to be broke alive on the Wheel, and the Punishment for Murder is no more: Now these Villains (when taken) argue thus, if we only rob People, they immediately alarm the Country and we are taken; and they are ready to swear against us, and then we know our Fate: But if we murder, there is no Evidence against us, and we may escape with greater possibility, but if we should ever be so unhappy to be taken, the Punishment is no more than if we only robbed; the manner of their robbing is in Companies, and mostly on Foot, and that in Passages through Woods, where there is no escaping them, for they have Guns, and command you at a distance; at

last our Dispute ended, and it was agreed that we should go Post: we two Women in a Chaise, and the three Gentlemen on Horseback; but here again was another Misunderstanding, for the Spark whom I mentioned before, as a poor Country Farmer, began to exert himself, and in a modest, but polite, yet grand Style, began to address himself to us Women, begging we would give him leave to accompany us, for that his Intention was to go to *Roan*, and must then take leave of our Captain *John Moore*, for that he declared himself to be no more under his Care, he not designing to return again in haste to *England*; the honest Captain used many perswasions to detain him from the Ramble, but at last beginning to smoke him, as he called it, desisted and left him to his own Will. But here I must give you my first Observation on the Dress of this Nation: The Men wear great Hats, long Coats to their Knees, with no Plaits, and dirty coarse Ruffles to their Knuckles, and a full bottom Peruke, powdered like a Miller, and perhaps no Shirt: The Women, large Heads, their Gowns full of Plaits pinned up to their Shoulders, and their Petticoats hanging loose and slovenly about their Heels: The Fish-Women in this Town are particular in their Dress, for they wear a sort of a Mantle, which hangs from their Heads, and appears like a Mop all round their Face's; but I
must

must say they are happy in speaking the most polite, and courtly Language in *Europe*.

THURSDAY the 11. O. S. After a good Breakfast of Tea and Bread and Butter, we two Women got into a Post-Chaise, and our four Gentlemen on Horse-back: At Nine in the Morning we left *Diep*, and travelled very pleasantly through a delightful Country, and took up our Dining-Quarters at the sign of the Duck at *Tote*, here we had a Fricassèe of Chickens, and a Dish of broiled Pigeons, with a parcel of small Birds, but of what Kind I know not; as soon as we had dined, we pursued our Journey, and arrived at *Roan*; at six o'Clock we took up our Lodging at the sign of the City of *London*, here we got a Neck of Mutton boiled for some good *English* Broth, a Couple of Fowls roasted, and four Pigeon broiled after the *English* manner, drank very good Wine, and went to bed at 12 o'Clock.

FRIDAY the 12. O. S. This Morning we got our usual Breakfast of Tea and Bread and Butter, and took a turn into the Town; they have a large Bell in *Notre-Dame*, which they value themselves much upon, but when I saw it, I could find no great Rarity in it, for we have many larger in *London*.

SATURDAY the 13. O. S. This Morn-
ing we left *Roan*, and took a small Boat and
B 3 went

went by Water to Port *St Ouden*, we went to the Post-House, and intended to get a good Breakfast; and here I was truly surprized with the Nastiness of this polite Nation, a Description of which I cannot give, for the bare reflection turns my Stomach; but here our Men got a Ragou of Lamprey-Eels, we Women eat some of our own Gammon of Bacon, and were forced to drink Brandy and Water, for the Wine was most intolerably bad; from hence we again took Post-Chaise and Horses, and went to *Rule*, at the sign of the *White-Cross*, where we got some boiled Eggs, and eat more of our Bacon, which again put me in Mind of our *English* Proverb, of Egg, Apple, and Nut; here we got another small Boat, and came to *Bonnear* but very late first; here we parted with our Spark; he having as he thought many Friends here; our Passage from this Place must be either on an Horse or an Afs, but it was our Fortune to find Horses enow for our Company; we Women were obliged to ride on a Pack-saddle, to which was fastened a sort of a Rack or Crib, on each side the Horse, and in which was placed our Baggage, but the greatest Jest of all was, they would not trust us with our Horses Briddles, but would lead them for us, and be our Guide through the Wood to *Rabboise*; when we came into the House, we found abundance of Company at Supper, on Fish, Amlet and Eggs

Eggs dressed with great Variety, but most Religious, especially Capuchins ; here we took the great Boat, in which was near a Hundred Men and Women, besides Children, the most abominable Stench, about six in the Morning, as ever poor Mortals came into ; here in this Boat, we met with many unfortunate Gentlemen of our own Nation, going from *Bonnear* for their Diversion to *Versailles*, to see the Water-works, which were to play in Honour of *St Lewis's* Day.

SUNDAY the 14th. O. S. We landed at *Posse*, and went to the *Paul's-Head*, where we Breakfasted on a good Soup, broiled Pigeons, and a Fricassée of Rabbits ; from hence we took the Waggon in which were eighteen Persons, we here met with an Abbé and a Jesuit, both *Irish-men*, who were good Companions, and we passed the time away very pleasantly, till we came to *Nanter*, here we dined on a very fine Turkey, and the Religious with us ; from hence we proceeded on our Journey, and arrived at *Paris* about 6 o'Clock, we went to our Lodgings at *Monfieur Bresac's* in the *Butchery*, where there is handsome Houses, and many Apartments fit to accommodate Strangers, but let at very great Prices ; in this Place there are not so many *Butchers* as I have heard reported, *PARIS*, the Metropolis of *France*, is a Noble, Large, Rich, and Populous City, it stands in
the

the Isle of *France*, is formed by the separation of the River *Sein*, which also makes many Islands in the City itself, it hath a great Number of Streets, that lie round in a Knot together, they are paved with a broad rising Stone, but most of the Streets very narrow, and no Posts to keep off the Coaches, which they have here in great Numbers, infomuch that People are often thrown down under the Horses, before the Coachman gives them Notice; and some of the Shops are so open, that I have seen a Horse disturb the Customers; they have a larger Number of Hackney-Coaches, than we have in *London*; and what makes it still more full of Coaches, is, that besides the Quality's and Hacks, there is no Tradesman that is worth Five-hundred Livres, but what keeps his Berlin, besides many that are hired out by Strangers, as our Waiting-Jobbs in *England*; but here is one Thing I must remark before I say more, which is, that every Cocker if he can afford to keep the Dogs, will have a Chaise or Chair, for his Wife and Children to ride in of a Sunday, to take the Country Air; and I will assure you, I have seen a Man who keeps an Herb-stall in the Market, with his Wife and 3 or 4 Children on a Sunday, riding in their Chair drawn by Dogs, the Husband leading the Dogs, dressed with his full bot-tomed Wig, Sword, and Ruffles, so that
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let them work ever so hard on the Week-Days, they will have their Recreation on *Sundays*, and be dressed *Alamode*: Besides their Coaches, they have several Sorts of Sedans, some made in Shape like what they use at *Bath*, only instead of Cloth they are covered with Wood, with a little Pane of Glass before; and other Sorts are set on two Wheels, with a Pair of Shafts, which a Man bears up by a broad Brace, and drawn after him with a Man pushing behind. Their Houses are built with a broad white Stone, the Walls of an excessive Thickness, clumsy, and dark, carried up a great Height; some are eight Stories high, and flat at Top. In most of their Houses they have a Family in every Floor, and abundance that have a Family in every Room: Amongst the working People I have often seen ten in one Family, who have had only one Room to work, eat, and sleep in, and it is certainly so in most of the meaner Streets: In short, they are a People vain, proud, and affected, and so much taken with outward Shew, that they will live in an Alley, and eat Soup-meagre all their Lives, rather than want a laced Coat, a Pair of Ruffles, and Sword, but they are withal very courteous and obliging, where it is attended with no Expende; they will pay you many fine Compliments, and be pleased to oblige you with any Sight that is fine or entertaining, giving you all the Information they can; and
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one Thing, in which they both shame and excel our Nation, is, that any Stranger may go where he will to see the Palace, the Churches, the Gardens, or whatever you think is rare or entertaining; and wherever you go you find them ready and pleased to attend and oblige you with the Sight, and will not take one Farthing of Money for their Trouble, but will rather take it as an Affront, and tell you their Master pays them their Wages; but for real Services, or strict Friendships, they own they know little of them. Their Streets are either Shops or dead Walls, for all the better Sort of People, as Merchants, or Quality, have their Houses surrounded by high Walls, with spacious Courts before them, and handsome large Gates at their Entrance, so that you see no Gentlemens Houses in the Streets. In many Parts of the Town you have six or seven Streets meet in one Center; the Manner of lighting up their Streets at Night is very pretty; there is a Cord fastened from one House to another cross the Street, one Story high, upon which hangs a handsome large Glass Lanthorn, just in the Middle of the Street, in which they burn Candles of about eight in the Pound; to these Cords they have Cases, which they lock up, that come down the Sides of the Houses, like our Water-Spouts: When these Lanthorns are lighted, they are uniform, and delightful to look on, and in some Parts of the Town you may

may stand and see very plain from one Gate to another, which is the Length of the City, and so cross again, for several Miles together. These Candles seldom burn above four Hours, after which it is very dangerous to be out, even at your next Door Neighbour's. I knew a Gentleman, who had been at Supper with a Friend, not fifty Yards from his own Lodging, and before he came out from the House where he had supped, a Servant went and had the Door of his Lodging opened ready for him, yet before he had got ten Yards he was seized by three Ruffians, who held him and stopped his Mouth, while a fourth robbed him to the Value of a thousand Crowns, in Bills and Money, and he saw the Light at his own Door the whole Time; but had he made any the least Noise or Resistance, he must have been murdered on the Spot, but he knowing their Manner, escaped with Life. There is nothing more common than these Robberies and Murders in the Streets, and on the Bridges. I have seen for several Days together six or seven People, of both Sexes, lying on Straw in a little Room (with a grated Door, on purpose to have them known or owned) at the Foot of *Petit Pont*, or *Little Bridge*, some with their Throats cut, some stabbed, some strangled, and some taken out of the River; and the same is done in many Parts of the Town, so that it is common to hear of more than twenty Murders in one Night.

24 *A Journey to PARIS.*

Place-Vendosme is a large fine Building, but not finished: In the middle stands a King on Horseback, on a high Pedestal, done in Brass.

Place-Victoire is rather an Oval than a Square; the Place is small, but the Houses are very good: In the Middle is a high Pedestal, on which stands old *Lewis* on Foot, cast in Brass, gilt, much bigger than the Life, with an Angel behind him crowning him with a Wreath of Laurels. On the four Sides of the Pedestals are Battle-Pieces, as fought when himself in Person was present, and at each Angle a Slave in Chains, with Trophies of War round him, all cast in Brass.

The *Goblins* is called the King's Manufactory for Tapestry, where they make it very fine and good.

The *Bastile*, which was formerly a Prison-Royal, is a very old Building.

St Honore-Street, where there are the best furnished Shops, as Mercers, Woollen-Drapers, &c. I think is the longest and fairest in the Town.

St Dennis's-Street is very long, and at one End is *St Dennis's Gate*, remarkable for its beautiful Structure and fine Ironwork.

St James's-Street, which is in another Quarter, is very long but narrow.

Pont-Neuf, which is the New Bridge over the *Sein*, seems to divide the Town about the middle, the River separates it in two Branches, and

and hath many fair Streets between ; about a Furlong from the Separation is a Bridge, called *St Michael's Bridge*, with a good broad Street, and handsome Houses on each Side : In a straight Line over the other Branch is the Town-House, an old good-for-nothing Building, and a Sort of Exchange up Stairs, with Shops for Milliners Ware and Toys.

MONDAY the 15th, O. S. This Day we went about the City to view Part of its Rarities. In the Middle of *Pont-Neuf* stands the Statue of *Henry IV*, on a high Pedestal, on Horseback, very curiously cast in Brass ; at each Corner of the Pedestal stands a Slave in Brass inimitable. It was passing this Bridge that the Priest *Ravillac* stabbed *Henry* for debauching his Sister, without her Consent, a just Punishment, they say, for a private Man, but not to be forgiven in a King ; for not only the whole Family of *Ravillac*, Root and Branch, but the Whole of that Name were massacred, and made extinct throughout the whole Kingdom ; and this Name is what they frighten their Children with, as we do ours with a *Bull-beggar*. On the North-Side of *Pont-Neuf* is built a Water-house, in the Front of which is a Leaden Fountain, with the Figures of our Saviour, and the Woman of *Samaria* on each Side, very naturally cast in Lead : On the Top is a small Set of Chimes, and on one Side a Clock,

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which

which goes by the Play of the Water. On this Bridge there are abundance of little Sheds or Shops, where they sell old Clothes, and all Sorts of mechanick Things. This Bridge is also famous for a certain Gentleman, who appears here once a Day, in a Merry-Andrew's Coat, and a Cap made in the Shape of a Cock, with a long Feather hanging out behind: In this Dress, standing on a Joint-stool, and by the Help of a Violin and a tolerable good Voice, he draws together abundance of People, by whom he gets a Livelihood, as do many others by picking the Pockets of Towns-People as well as Strangers, and sometimes of considerable Sums; a scandalous Sufferance in a Place that is so strict over a poor Soul asking for a Morfel of Bread, that must be hurried away to the Work-house, for which there is an Officer on purpose continually walking the Streets to take them up. The Palace, which is called the *Louvre*, is not finished, or else would be the finest Building in *Europe*: One Side stands to the River, and is more than a Furlong in Length: The Grand Entrance hath a large Court before it, and within a spacious Portico, supported by fluted Pillars, with a Visto into the Gardens. The Apartment which they call the *Dauphin's*, and others of the Royal Family, are below Stairs, the Furniture very fine, and abounds with fine Paintings and Gilding, both the
Wall

Wall and Ceiling. On one Side is a small Chapel, very plain, which is the King's, or Royal Chapel. Here I saw the KING at Mass, * in a little Clofet above Stairs, his Confessor with him : The Body of the Chapel was filled with the *Swiss* Guards, which are the Guards immediately waiting on the King's Person, and the Reason they give for the *Swiss* being his Guard is, that notwithstanding they are mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their own Country to serve Foreign Princes, yet their Fidelity was never stained with the least Infamy in betraying their Master, whose Bread they eat, and they will shed the last Drop of their Blood rather than betray their Trust ; for which Reason they are not only the immediate Guard about the Person of the Kings of *France*, but of the Popes also. Over-against the Chapel are a large Pair of Stone Stairs, to the Right of which, is the Opera-House, which is all over Gold and Painting, and must doubtless be very fine when illuminated, but I was not there by Candle-light. Up Stairs are the Apartments of the King, Queen, and States; the last looks into the Court, the King's into the Garden ; the Side of that Building to the River hath a noble long Gallery, set off with Battle-Pieces

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* LEWIS XV. his present Majesty, who was born Feb. 15, 1710.

Pieces of the old King's Conquests, in the best of Painting: All the Apartments are magnificently furnished, gilt, carved, and painted. At the Head of the Stairs is the Guard-Room, adjoining to which are the Waiting-Rooms, and then a small Gallery, where the King dines in Publick every Day: This was the first Day I saw him at Dinner, with the Duke (either *Vendosme* or *Thoulouse*, I forget which) who sat at Table with him, and carved for him; he tasted every Thing before the King touched it: As to the Manner of his being served, it is the same as our Crowned Head, his Confessor (a Jesuit) stood at the Back of his Chair, and the King talked to him the whole Time: But here I cannot help giving my Observation: As to his Person, I thought him the most beautiful Youth I ever beheld, but as to the Room in which he dined, and dined in Publick, the Manner in which the Duke served him, and his Victuals in general, I think there was something surprizing: The Table on which the King dines stood near the Upper-End of the Room, the Duke sat at his Right-Hand, and, altho' he was his Taster, did not dine with him, the Attendants stood close to the Wall, round the Room, and there was a Row of Stools set in the Front, and on each Side the Table, which I suppose was instead of a Rail to keep off the Company who daily flock to see him dine,

dine, for the Meanest of his Subjects, as well as Foreigners, have this Liberty : These Stools were covered with Crimson Velvet, most abominably dirty, and carelessly dropped with Wax Candle, which at this Time lay unsufferably thick upon them, even on that which stood next to his Person ; nor indeed did I ever see a Room more dirty, nasty, and greasier in my whole Life, this I could not but be in amaze at, especially in a Palace which is so beautifully adorned and magnificently furnished in every other Apartment. As to the Manner in which the Duke served, it was thus : The first Dish was Soup, which, after the Confessor had blessed, the Duke took some on a Plate, and then poured it out of one Plate into another, for six Plates successively, then tasted it, and gave it to his Majesty to eat, of which he eat but little ; the next Dish was a Piece of fresh Beef, which might weigh about six Pounds, but I am sure that is the most, and was what we call the Leg of Mutton Piece, it was boiled, with raw green Parsley strewed over it ; the Duke cut some of this for him, but he would not eat any of it ; the third Dish was a small Haunch of Venison, which gave a *Haut-Gout* to the whole Room, of this he eat but one Mouthful, making Complaints to his Confessor of his Dinner ; the fourth was a Couple of small Chickens, which looked as green as Grass, both on their

Breasts and elsewhere, he put one Bit of the Wing into his Mouth, and spit it out again, rising from the Table in a Passion, he went to the Side Board which was placed behind him, and just by us, he fell to the Dissert, and put some of the dried Sweetmeats into his Pockets, made us (as being the only *English* in the Room at that Time) an obliging Bow ; he had taken Notice of us the whole Time he was at Dinner, which, notwithstanding was in such Hurry and Confusion, was above three quarters of an Hour : As he went out of the Room he spoke to a Gentleman (who, as we understood afterwards, was his Master Confectioner) who immediately came up to us, and brought us to the Side-board, and gave us Bread with Sweet-meats, and Wine, which certainly was the most excellent of their Sort ; and when we went the last Time he conferred the same Favour on us. But to return to the Apartments ; from this Gallery you enter a State-Room finely furnished ; beyond that, is a long Gallery, at the Upper-End of which the King, upon an exalted Throne, receives the Ambassadors ; the Ceiling is finely painted, and both Sides adorned with rich Cabinets of various Forms, with mighty fine Pictures. The Gardens to this Front are called the *Tuilleries*, in which are many Parterres, spacious Walks, abundance of Statues in Stone, and large Fountains ; at the End of the Garden

den is a cool shady Wilderness, with a grand Walk cut through to the Center of the House, with many Alleys on each Side, a fine Terras surrounding the Whole : It was in these Gardens I saw the Fireworks in Honour to St. Lewis. In the Garden were wooden Chairs and Rows of Forms set for the Spectators, the King and Quality being at the Windows, and in the Balconies : The Fireworks were prodigiously fine, and after this Manner ; In the great Fountain fronting the Palace was a large Dragon, made of Pafteboard, filled with Squibs, Rockets, Crackers, &c. and all round the Rim of the Fountain were placed several Figures, like Sea-Monsters, made after the same Manner ; at some Distance, and at the Entrance of the Wilderness, was run up the Front of a House made of Slit Deal, painted, behind which was placed Wheels, and Machines for playing off these Works. About Eight o'Clock the King appeared in the Balcony, when the Musick began to sound (the Concert consisted of Kettle-Drums, Trumpets, with all Sorts of Instruments, and which played the whole Time) at the same Time the Fireworks took Fire, by a Train, and the little Monsters darted Squibs and Crackers at the Dragon, the Dragon returning the same till the Whole was blown out of the Water, and burst in the Air into Millions of Sky-Rockets, Crackers, &c.

Éc. then the Works behind the imagined House began playing, and there appeared the Arms of *France*, supported by two Angels, with a Rising-Sun over it ; they arose by Degrees till they appeared in full Splendor, and continued so for some Moments, then burst as the Dragon had done : There were several other Devices too tedious to write down, all which Diversion lasted above two Hours. It was here we met with Abbé *Bellegarde*, an Acquaintance of Mr. *Cooke's*, he was an *Irishman*, and had two young *Irish* Noblemen with him, who were his Pupils, they were seated just before us, and finding us to be *English* very obligingly treated us with Part of their Repast, it was Melon, Bread, and Wine, and which we was unprovided of, not knowing the Manner of the Place : The Abbé told us, that Cardinal *de Noailles* was to perform High Mass in the Cathedral of *Notre Dame* on *Tuesday*, and very obligingly proffered us his Service to attend us thither, if our Curiosity led us to see that Ceremony, so we accepted the Favour.

TUESDAY the 16th, O. S. This Morning we went into the *Tuilleries*, to meet Abbé *Bellegarde*, according to our Promise ; but we being there first, took a Turn up the Great Walk, and there I found a Cornelian curiously cut, with the Head of *Dryden*, our late famous Poet, as dropped from a Seal, and
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which I since made a Present of to a Friend, who has had it set in Gold, and has been told it is of considerable Value, both for its Rarity and Workmanship ; but here we met our Company, and away we went to the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, to see the Cardinal *de Noailles* perform High-Mass, and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to several Bishops. *Notre Dame* is the Cathedral and Metropolitan of *France* ; it has a tolerable West Front, set off with many Statues and Pilasters, but the Architecture is very mean, without Spirit or Life ; the Capitals are flowered, but the Pillars large, round, and low ; the Organ is at the West End, with a large Gallery for the Musick ; the Choir is plain, but adorned with a fine Altar, which has an Ascent of eight Steps, with a half Pace, on the Middle of which are the Arms of *France*, finely inlaid with various-coloured Marble, the Steps are all Marble ; on each Side the Steps, and half Pace, are four Arches, with fine Iron-work between, supported by large Pillars, to each of which is an Angel gilded ; in the two Arches that are next on each Side the Altar, are two Monarchs upon Pedestals kneeling, and offering their Crowns and Sceptres, cut in Alabaster : In the Front of the Altar, over the Table, is a Crucifix, and at the Foot of it the Virgin *Mary*, with our Saviour in her Lap, as just taken down from
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the Cross, both cut in fine Alabaster, and full Size ; over the Crucifix are a Choir of Angels, in a Glory, and finely gilded ; over the Stalls are many excellent Paintings, and round the Choir is a large Gallery, in which we and many more stood to see the Ceremony. The Cardinal was entered the Choir before we came, he was seated in a rich Elbow Chair, on the half Pace, to the Left of the Altar ; over his Habit he had a Surplice made of the finest Point in *France* ; I was told the Surplice cost Eight Thousand Crowns, and that it was very common to see one of half the Money ; he had a Bishop sit on each Side him ; in the Stalls was placed the Canons, dressed in most extraordinary fine Vestments: This Preferment is so grand, that they are of the best Families. In the Body of the Choir sat the Priests and Lay-Vicars, who began the Service with Singing, the Organ, and other Instruments, playing ; there were twelve Youths in white Surplices, with long white Wax lighted Tapers : After some Time the Canons rose from their Seats, and made several Traverses about the Choir, which done, a Deacon in his Surplice kneeled down before the Cardinal, and kissed his Hand, and very solemnly took his Crosier from him, and withdrew ; then another Deacon kneeled, and kissed his Hand, and pulled off his Gloves and Gold Ring, and withdrew ; then two of his Gentlemen
who

who attended him, presented themselves kneeling, on each Side his Chair, the one with a Gold Bason and Ewer, the other with a pinched Napkin, on a Gold Plate; the Cardinal washed, and wiped, and the Gentlemen withdrew; then came the Deacon, who had held the Ring, and presented it to him in as correct a Manner as he had taken it off; then the Cardinal stood up, and being supported by the two Bishops who sat by him, he advanced to the Altar, where they left him to his Devotion: After he had made a short Prayer, he rose up, crossed himself at the Altar several Times, making many Dops on his Knees; then a Bishop on his Knees presented him the Wafer, which he with great Devotion laid on the Altar, saying Prayers and crossing himself and the Wafer, as before; in the mean Time the Priests and Youths in their Surplices, made many Traverses about the Choir, and every Time they came near the Steps, dopped down on their Knees, and up again in a Moment: After some Time the Cardinal, with his Face to the Altar, elevated the Host, which is a large Wafer put into a Chrystal Frame, with a Glory round it; the manner of elevating is thus: He takes up the Frame in both Hands, and raises it above his Head, to be seen by the whole Audience; and this he does for three Times together, a Priest tinkling a little

the Bell the whole Time, every one on their Knees, thumping their Breasts and groaning, and thus every one continued in this Posture, during the Time the Cardinal said a short Prayer; then a Bishop on his Knees presented him with the Cup, or Chalice, to which he kneeled, and crossed himself as before, covering it with a Plate, or Paten: Then came in two Priests, one with a Silver Pot, hung with a long Chain, in which was live Coals, the other with a Silver Bason (to which hung a Spoon) with Incense, both these they devoutly kissed, and presented to the Cardinal on their Knees: The Cardinal took the Bason with the Incense, and with the Spoon put some in the Pot, with the Coals, then delivered the Bason to the Priest, which he kissed as before; then he took the Pot by the Chain, and retired from the Altar to the half Pace, and there tossed it several times, with intermitting kneeling; then gave the Pot to the Priest, which he received as before; he was again presented with Water to wash him, by the two Gentlemen, as before; then the Deacon presented him his Crosier, with the same Solemnity as he took it from him; then at the South Side of the Choir came in Six of the Cardinal's Gentlemen, well dressed, with very large Wax Tapers in their Hands, and placed themselves on each Side the Upper Steps to the Altar; then twelve Boys in
Scarlet

Scarlet with Tapers, ranging themselves on the half Pace, six on a Side ; then six Footmen in handsome Liveries, with smaller Tapers ; then the others placed themselves below the Steps ; then he delivered the Crozier to one of the Bishops, who took it with much Solemnity, and held it the whole Time of the Ceremony ; then the Cardinal kneeled down before the Altar, for a small Space, then got up again, then took the Wafer in his Hands, and after many kneelings and crossings, with devout Ejaculations, broke it in half over the Cup or Chalice, then put it in his Mouth, with dopping down, as before ; then sweeping the Plate, or Patent, lest any Crumbs should have scattered into the Cup, he turned from the Altar, and begun a short Hymn, and was joined in the Chorus by the whole Choir ; after which he devoutly approached the Cup, then a Bishop brought him Wine, and on his Knees poured it into the Cup, or Chalice, whilst held by the Cardinal ; he crossed it several Times, saying some Prayers, and then drank it up ; he had Wine poured in a second Time, to wash it, and after shaking it round many times, lest any Crumb or Drop might be left of the former, which he also drank ; then he wiped the Cup very clean with the Napkin, then placed it on the Altar, and covered it with the Plate, or Paten, and then made another short Devotion : During this

Service he had the Gospel delivered to him many times, which he always kissed, and then it was presented to the Bishops, and Canons, who with great Humility rose up and kissed it ; then he administered to the Bishops, and Canons, who presented themselves singly before him, on the upper Step of the Altar ; but there was one Thing I observed, and for which I was in great Pain ; the old Gentleman gave the Wine to none of them, but drank each Man's Cup himself, which I was afraid would have been too much for him, but he bore it very well ; and after this was over, he again kneeled a little Time at the Altar, then he got up, and the Musick began to play ; then his two Gentlemen brought the Bason, Ewer, and Napkin, and he washed with the same Ceremony as before, and so the Service ended ; he then put on his Gloves and Scapler, or Red Cap, and took his Crosier in his Hand, and going out of the South Door, he there put on his Mitre, which was one entire Piece of Cloth-of-Gold ; he walked to a private Chapel, in the Church, and there was divested of all his Ornaments, and in his common Scarlet Robe performed again his private Devotion ; thus ended this tedious Ceremony, fuller of Pomp, and Superstition, than true Devotion ; when the Choir was empty the Musick ceased. It may not be improper here to give an Account of
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their Procession with the Host to sick Persons ; they set out from the Parish Church, to which the sick Person belongs, as thus : First come twenty-four Priests in Surplices, with lighted Wax Tapers in their Hands, walking in a solemn Manner, two and two ; many Servants in Liveries, with lighted Tapers, to which was hanging an Escutcheon with their Masters Coat of Arms, two and two ; then many Burghers (as Tenants and Tradesmen to the Sick) two and two ; many more Priests, as before ; then a Priest, adorned in his Vestments, supporting or carrying the Host, which is a Wafer, set in a Crystal Frame, with a Glory round it, and over this is carried a rich Canopy, supported by four Persons of Distinction, and from each Side the Canopy, descend three Silk Cords, which are held by the nearest and dearest Relations of the sick Persons, and followed by many more ; every Person that meets this Procession, is obliged to fall on their Knees to the Host, and at one of these Processions I had like to have been knocked o' the Head, before I knew what they were doing, as I was going along a Street called *St Margaret's* ; about four o'clock in the Afternoon I saw two Men, with very grave Countenances, and large lighted Tapers in their Hands, standing on each Side a Door ; I was staring at the Oddness of the Sight,

when the *Mobile* poured upon me, bidding me kneel down, which added to my Amazement ; a charitable Shop-keeper, at the next Door, pulled me into his Shop, seeing me a Stranger, and told me, if it was not my Religion to pay Homage to the Host, I might go backward in his Shop till it was passed, for that the Procession was coming to his Neighbour, who was to have extreme Unction, as a dying Person ; I thanked the honest Man for my Protection, and afterwards became acquainted ; I found him as good a Protestant as myself, had he dared to own his Principle : He told me there were many Hundreds in that City, of the same Opinion, and who had their Meetings on Sabbath-Days ; but this was the greatest Secret in Life ; he understood *English*, and could read it very well, but pronounced it very bad ; I had some *English* Books with me, for which he was proud to chaffer, and I made a good Market of them, selling them to him for three times the Value. He lamented the Supineness of our *English* Ambassador, who at that Time was Sir Robert Sutton, for not keeping a Chapel, as all other Ambassadors did ; this Repri- mand to my Countryman made me a little ashamed ; but this I must pass by, and now speak of a Burial, I saw there ; the Manner was this : First came twenty-four Boys, cloathed in Red, with large lighted Wax Candles,

dles, two and two ; then a Priest, with a Cross elevated ; then twenty-four Priests, in Surplices, with lighted Candles, and singing ; then the Corpse, covered with a Cloth of Gold, carried by Men in black ; then the Relations and Friends of the Deceased made the Close. I fear you will not think this a very proper Place to give an Account of their Plays ; but as I saw one to Day, I must not let it pass here, lest it slip my Memory. The *Comedie* : or *Playhouse*, stands in a Street of the same Name, *La Rue Comedie* ; which is one of the broadest Streets in Town ; the Playhouse is long and narrow, the Stage small, with Rows of Seats on each Side, for Company ; it is lighted with six large Glass Branches over the Stage ; the Musick sit before the Stage, as ours ; but what we call the Pit, they have divided, one Part without Benches, for the meaner Sort of People, as our Twelve-penny Gallery ; the other Part with only a Bar between, with Benches, and as our Eighteen-penny Gallery ; all round the House are three Stories of Boxes, that are divided so as to hold ten or twelve Persons, and have each of them a Door to themselves ; the lower Set of these Boxes are level with the Stage, and are set apart for the Quality ; when I saw it they acted two Plays together, *The Woman Judge*, and *the Cuckold in Imagination*, two dull and insipid Pieces, and what

would be hissed off the *English* Stage : But the best Diversion I met with of this Kind, was at *St Lawrence* Fair, which is kept every Year without *St Martin's* Gate : Here are great Numbers of Shops, with all Sorts of Nicknacks and Curiosities, with Raffling, Gaming, and Lotteries, and abundance of Booths for Farces, Rope-dancing, and Tumbling, which is the best they can perform, as every one knows the *French* have the best Jack-puddings in the World. There was a famous Harlequin, whose Name was *Francisque*, who had been in *England* the Year before, and had been mightily carested by our *English* Quality ; he had got a Booth there, and as every one had their Inscriptions, with some Encomiums on their Perfections, he had wrote himself in large Capital Gold Letters, *Here is FRANCISQUE the famous English Harlequin, who has had the Honour to perform before his Britannique Majesty, and all the English Quality, to their entire Satisfaction, being the most perfect English Harlequin in the World.* I own my Curiosity led me to see my Countryman, as I thought, but when I came in, to my no little Surprize, I found him to be the same Gentleman who I had seen on the Stage of the *French* Play-house in the *Hay-Market* ; but here we found the Booth so crowded, with the best Quality, that there was no Room for us, without we would sit on the Stage, which was also very full ;

full; after some Reluctancy, we seated ourselves, but in a little Time when Harlequin found us out to be *English*, he fell into such a Rapture, before the whole Audience, to see his Countrywomen, as he called us, and with his Cap in his Hand he came spluttering to us, with all his *English*, which consisted of five or six Phrases, as *How do you do ? I love you ; You lye, I won't kiss you, No, no.* This set the whole Audience in so great a Laughter, that I thought they would have split my Brains with their clapping and noise, if they did not bring the House over our Heads ; and thus he did every now and then between the Acts, and they again clapping him, so that I heartily wished myself out ; but it was almost impossible to stir a Hand, the House was so crowded : He afterwards came to us, and begged Pardon, making us a World of fine Speeches, assuring us we had done him a great Service, for now his Audience was convinced he was an *Englishman*. I thought in this I saw the Spirit of my own Country, who are ambitious, and flock to *Italian* Operas they do not understand ; and thus it was with them, for I question if any one there but ourselves, understood one Word of his *English*. From his Booth we went to several others, some of whom I thought much more dextrous and entertaining than him : It is true, they were
all

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all full, but none so crowded as his Booth, neither was there any Appearance of Quality in them.

WEDNESDAY the 17th, O. S. I must begin this Day with telling my Observations on their Fasts and Festivals. On the Eve of a Holiday, they are very peculiar, by making Bonfires, Fireworks, and Dancing; in some Streets you may see 13 or 14 Bonfires, made up of old Barrels, Wicker-Baskets, and Straw, the young Men and Maidens taking Hands, dancing, and singing round them; and in many Places you see Fireworks, which are very pretty, with Rockets, and Serpents in abundance; on the Holiday they have a Procession, the finest I ever saw, it was on this Day, and came from the *Augustines* in the *Sein-Street*: By reason of the Number of Archbishops, Bishops, and Abbots that attended, with the Monks of *St Germain*, they had a Concert of all Sorts of Instruments, with Hautboys, Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums; they stopped at a State-Room in the Palace of *Luxemburgh*, which was finely set off with Plate, Wax-Tapers, and Images, and all the Court hung with the King's Tapestry, and a fine Set of Musick in the Gallery. The Palace of *Orleans*, called *L'Hotel de Luxemburgh*, stands at the End of a broad Street, called *Tournon*; the Building is of Stone, very fine; the Portal has a Dome set off

off with Statues, and Pilasters, with a Gallery on each Side ; it opens to a square Court, on the Side Piazzas ; The Front ascends to a Platform, which leads through the Buildings into the Garden, which is an Oval, with a large Fountain in the Middle, and six Parterres of Box round it : There is a Slope from the Garden, environed with a Terras ; from whence are Groves of Trees, disposed into pleasant Walks. On one Side the Court is that celebrated Gallery, so richly furnished with fine Paintings : There are in it twenty-six Pieces, nine on each Side between the Windows, three at the Upper-End, one over the Chimney, one over each Door (there are two Doors) and one on the Side of each Door, next the Wall : Those between the Windows, are the Marriage of the King and Queen, a History Piece with a Mercury, some Beauties on a Shore quite naked ; that over the Chimney is *Pallas* ; over one of the Doors a Minister of State in his Robes ; over the other a beautiful Lady ; by the Side of one Door an Emblem of Time, being an old Man, with Wings, ascending with a naked Beauty ; by the Side of the other Door, three naked Beauties sowing ; in the Middle at the Upper-End is a large Crucifix, on one Side of it the Pope, on the other the late King, *Lewis XIV.* the Sight of which put me in Mind of a Story, which I had heard of Mr. Killigrew, who

who was Jester to King *Charles II.* *Killigrew* being at the *French Court Lewis* was mightily pleased with him, and often took him abroad; but one Time taking him in his Coach to the Gallery of *Luxemburgh*, the King gave himself the Trouble of explaining all those fine Pieces to him, except the three at the Upper-End, when going out of the Gallery, *Killigrew* pulled the King by the Sleeve, But Sir, saith he, your Majesty has not told me what these three Pieces are; Oh, says the King, *I did not doubt but you knew them; the Middle one is our Saviour Crucified; with his Holiness and myself on each Side.* Indeed, says *Killigrew*, *I have heard of our Saviour's being Crucified between two Thieves, but did not know who they were before;* which Jest pleased the King prodigiously. These Paintings discover themselves fine, to the meanest Judgment, and to those that have some Knowledge and Taste of Painting, the utmost Perfection; though at the same Time they seem unhappily to be decaying, by the Saltpetre penetrating through them from the Wall. In this Street is the King's *Hotel*, for the Reception of Ambassadors, in which at this Time was Sir *Robert Sutton*, as I have before related.

THURSDAY the 18th, O. S. We visited the Convents, and saw King *James II* lye in State, with his Daughter.

FRIDAY the 19th, O. S. This Day we spent at the Work-houses, and Mad-house : There is one that is called *Petit-Mason*, which is a Place of Charity, one Quarter for those that are disordered in Mind, another for old decrepit Men and Women ; there is an Apartment for those that are Mad, which are little Cells, even with the Ground, with a Court-Yard before them that lets in the Air, and keeps them sweet ; there are also several Apartments for Sick, and Lame, which are very neat, with white Dimitty Beds. The Place hath a large square Court, or rather Grove, it being full of Chesnut and other Trees ; and on one Side the Court is a large Chapel. These People are attended by the Grey Nuns, who are not Habited as the other Orders ; their Dress is a round Holland Cap, with a grey Bays-Jacket and Petticoat, very neat ; and it is these good Sisters that attend the Mad, the Sick, the Lame, and the Infirm, and let their Sores and Ulcers be what they will, they diet, clean, and dress them without murmuring ; it is in Performance of their Vow, and they think a very great Merit is in it ; they are most of them young and handsome. There is also another Hospital, which is called *Le Grand Mason*, which has near 3,000,000 Livres a Year Income : In this all manner of Persons whatsoever, that are Sick, Lame, or Mad, have a Cure, or a Maintenance,

Maintenance gratis, and are also attended by Nuns of the Order of *St Theresa* : In this Place there are commonly two or three hundred Mad People, and two thousand Sick and Lame : In one Part of this House are the Ladies of Pleasure, in great Number, few of them escaping coming there at one Time or other, there being a constant and diligent Search made for them in this City. They are kept in this Place, according to the Nature of their Crime, a longer or shorter Time, and after they have made a sufficient Purgation, and Contrition, are set at Liberty ; but during their Stay here they must work, not as ours do (*Mill-Dolly*, i. e. *Beat Hemp*) but are put to work on Embroidery, or other curious Works, the Merchants sending Work to the House, with Money to have it done, from which there ariseth three great Advantages ; the Traders have their Work done very cheap, the Money that ariseth by it makes great Additions to the Maintenance of the House, and these lewd Women are learned a genteel honest Trade, the want of which perhaps might, in some measure, be the Cause of their lewd Way of living, whereby they were destitute of the Pretensions of not knowing how to work, or at least wanting work. Another Part of this House is for Lying-in Women, where all that are with Child, and appear by their Garb Objects of Charity,

Charity, are, without any farther Questions, received, have a good clean Diet, and are well attended by these Nuns, for their Month, and then dismissed, with suitable Apparel for the Child. Though this Charity might be very good in its first Institution, yet it gives great Encouragement to Lewdness; for where there is no Scrutiny made, and so great a Shelter for their Shame, the bare Reflection of it may make many Women submit to the Frailty of Nature, which Fear might otherwise have kept honest.

SATURDAY the 20th, O. S. This Day I spent with Sister *Delphina Chapman*, an *English* NUN, in *Faubourg St ANTOINE*.

SUNDAY the 21st, O. S. This Morning, by an Edict, I lost 8000 Livres. However I went to *St Dennis*, and spent the greatest Part of the Day in that Abby, which is so famous for its Treasure and Tombs, and is the Burying-Place of the Kings of *France*, and where the Monks are continually at their Devotion for the Souls of their departed Monarchs, who, before their Death, pay them well for it. In the Choir of this Abby there is always a King lies unburied, as old *Lewis* the XIVth's Father lay till he died, so he must lie till the present King dies. The Church is long, and large, and of good Architecture; I think it is not much unlike our Abby of *Westminster*; over the great Door (or Entrance)

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to the Choir, which is never opened but to receive the Corpse of a crowned Head, is a very large Gold Cross, set very thick with Diamonds ; and over the High-Altar is another of the same Sort, though not quite so large, yet the Diamonds are bigger : In the Choir we saw the Monks (dressed in all their Pontificalibus, which was extremely fine) performing Mass for the Soul of old *Lewis*, when we were prodigiously surprized by a strange and unaccountable Noise we heard, and to our Apprehensions, founded as though a Knocking even in his Coffin ; but what, or where it was, we could not comprehend, but supposed it was something materially designed in this Farce. On the South-Side of the Choir, you go up a Pair of Stairs into a large Room, in which is deposited all their Treasure and Rarities, which are kept in Cases, or Presses, eight in Number.

In the First PRESS,

Is a great Cross, all massy Gold, covered with Rubies, Sapphires, and Emeralds.

- In a Cross made of Crystal, a Piece of the Wood of the true Cross on which our Saviour was crucified, and one of the Nails with which he was nailed to it.

An Oratory of *Philip Augustus*, King of France, Anno. Dom. 1200. It is Silver gilt,
and

and has in it thirty-four Sorts of Relicks, as some of the Virgin *Mary's* Milk, some of the true Cross, a Thorn of the Crown with which our Saviour was crowned, &c.

A large Image of the Virgin *Mary*, Silver gilt, holding in her Right Hand a *Fleur-de-Lis*, enamelled.

Another Image, Silver gilt, of St *John* the Evangelist.

A Tooth of St *John* the Apostle.

Another Image, Silver gilt, which holds in his Hand a Piece of the Linnen that our Saviour was wrapped in when in the Manger.

A Silver Chaplet gilt, in which is many Relicks, attending the Passion of our Saviour.

A Fragment of one of the Water-Pots that was used at the Marriage-Feast in *Cana of Galilee*.

The two Crowns of *Henry IV.* one beaten Gold, &c.

In the Second PRESS.

A large Image, Silver gilt, a half Body.

A Mitre, all covered with oriental Pearls, and precious Stones, enchaſed with Gold.

A great Cross, all maffy Gold, enriched with Garnets, Sapphires, and Pearls.

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A Silver Relick gilt, in which is a Finger and a Bone of *St Bartholomew*, enchased in a Crystal, garnished with Gold.

A Gold-Eagle, enriched with a fine Sapphire, and other Stones.

A large Ruby, cut into a Cup, holding a Quarter of a Pint, &c.

In the Third PRESS.

The Right Hand of *St Thomas* the Apostle, set in a Crystal, richly enchased with Gold, Diamonds, great Rubies, and Pearls.

A Crown of *St Lewis*, massy Gold.

A great Crystal of the Rock, enchased with Gold, and garnished with many precious Stones.

A Chalice, with a fine Agate Cover.

A Plate to the Chalice, made of a Serpentine Stone, with Gold Borders round, enriched with Emeralds, Amethysts, &c.

A Vial of Onyx Stone, much esteemed.

The two Crowns of *Lewis XIV.* one beaten Gold.

A compleat Set of Buttons for a full Suit of Cloaths, all large Diamonds.

The great Diamond, which was bought of Governor *PITTS.*

In the Fourth PRESS.

A large Cross, of massy Gold, enriched with a great Number of precious Stones, as oriental Pearls, Sapphires, and Emeralds, and in particular a fine large Amethyst, of the East, of the very best Sort.

An Oratory of *Charlemaigne*, all Gold, adorned with Sapphires and Emeralds, and abundance of oriental Pearls, of the largest Sort.

The Crown of the same Emperor, massy Gold, enriched with great Rubies, Sapphires, and Emeralds, with his Scepter, his Hand of Justice, and his Spurs, all Gold.

The Crown of *Charles* the IVth's Queen, all Gold, adorned with Rubies, Sapphires, and many Pearls.

A very fine large Basen (or Vase) of oriental Agate, which is esteemed the most precious Piece in all the Treasury, by reason of its Bigness, its Antiquity, and Work : They say it was made by Order of *Ptolemy Philadelpbia*, more than two thousand Years ago, by the Bacchanals which are represented under it, in Relievo ; with the greatest Artifice : it is worked with the Point of a Diamond, and judged to be no less than thirty Years a Working.

A Journey to PARIS.

A Book in Manuscript of the Epistles and Gospels; it is covered with Gold, and adorned with precious Stones, and large Pearls.

Here is the Lanthorn, which they say was carried when *Judas* went out to betray our Saviour; with many other such Rarities.

In the Fifth PRESS.

A Silver gilt Figure, representing a half Body, &c.

In the Sixth PRESS.

Two Crowns, Silver gilt, &c.

In the Seventh PRESS.

The Robes which their Kings have worn at their Coronation, &c.

In the Eighth PRESS.

A Horn, which is six Foot and a half long, very large.

The Claw of a Griffin, prodigious large.

Two Teeth of a Sea-Horse, very great.

The Sword of *Joan d'Arc*, the Maid of Orleans.

With many other Relicks and Curiosities, which I cannot remember. They have little

little printed Books, which they sell at the Abby Door, with every Particular in both Treasury and Tombs, which I have since repented I did not buy : It must be confessed that these Treasures are gloriously fine, and perhaps inestimable ; but the Relicks which are placed amongst them, carry such a Face of Falshood, that you must shut your Eyes and Understanding both, to believe the Truth of any Part : But as their Religion is, for the most Part, made up of an implicit Faith, and the poor deluded People are tied down to the infallible Ordinances of the Church, no wonder that the Legends of their Saints, and detail of these Relicks, gain a Belief. After we had staid some Hours in this Room, we went down again into the Church, and still saw the Monks at Mass, which, upon Enquiry, we found they never ceased, Night nor Day, for the House of *Bourbon*. Now we passed to view the Tombs, which are very fine, in Stone, Marble, &c. and are disposed all round the Choir : Behind the High Altar is deposited the Corpse of *St Dennis*, Patron of *France* and this Abby, and many other Saints and Martyrs. On the Sides and in the Choir, is the Tomb of *Dagobert*, King of *France*, and Founder of this Abby, who died *A. D.* 638. Near it, is King *Pipin*, with a Stone Effigy, and this Inscription, *Pippinus Rex, Pater Caroli Magni*. His Queen
lies

lies by him. Another of *Hugh Capet*, *A. D.* 997, his Inscription thus, *Hugo Capet Rex Nelies*. Near *Hugh* the Great, lies his Father, who was but Count of *Paris*. There are many other Tombs, as also a Vault with the Royal Family of *Bourbon*. On the South-Side the Choir, is the Tomb of *Charles V*, called the *Sage*, who died *A. D.* 1380, buried in the Chapel of *St John* the Baptist.

Matthew de Vendosme, Abbot and Regent of the Kingdom for *St Lewis*, *A. D.* 1286. On this Side are also many other fair Tombs, as *Lewis XII*. *Q. Blanch*, married to *Philip VI*, and many more.

The *Mausoleum de Valois* would have been very fine, if finished, begun by *Catherine de Medicis*, married to *Henry II*.

In the first mentioned Part, behind the Choir, is a large deep Recevoir, of a Capacity to hold forty or fifty Gallons ; it is one entire Piece of Porphery, and highly esteemed: Here I could have staid much longer, would my Time have permitted, it being a Place which affords great Pleasure, and Matter for Speculation ; but I must return to *Paris* this Night, so shall end this Day with that fabulous Story which the *French* tell you of *St Dennis* : When *St Dennis* lost his Head (which was at a Place not far from the Gate of that Name, which is a most beautiful Structure, and by much the finest Gate in the City of *Paris*,

Paris, and where there is a Cross erected to his Memory ; (as well as many more, between this and the Abby St *Dennis*) as soon as the Blow was given, and his Head severed from his Body, he caught it up in his Hands, and ran with it half a Mile, then dropped it, then caught it up again, and ran again, and dropped it again ; so on this manner, at every half Mile, till his Body dropped, which was five *English* Miles from *Paris*, and on the Spot where his Body dropped, and stirred no more, is this noble Abby built.

MONDAY the 22^d, O. S. This Day we spent in riding and walking about the City. *Paris* abounds in Ecclesiasticks of various Orders, making a pleasant and diverting Medley ; their Dress and Manner of living I have described elsewhere, so shall only now speak of some general Heads of this Day's Observation, and Remarks. *Paris* is an University, with about six Colleges, which are scattered thro' the Town ; the best Edifice is the College of the four Nations, which stands upon the *Seine*, near *Pont-Neuf*, and was built by Cardinal *Mazarine* ; it is a large Building, with a very fine Frontispiece, and is also famous for its Library and Rarities.

All the Colleges have but very small Endowments.

The College *De Lombard* are very strict in their Discipline. Considering the vast Numbers

bers of People that are in, and about, this City; it must be said to be well governed, and kept in great Peace and Order, all which is entirely owing to the Governor, who is stiled, the *Intendant of the Police*, and who is indefatigable in his Place; there is no Stranger, of what Degree or Quality soever, that comes into the City, but he has an Account of them; nor no Quarrel or Abuse, nor other Crime, that comes within Cognizance of the Civil Magistrate, but what he knows, and commonly decides; he generally dispatches the Business of two or three hundred People every Day, and takes such Measures in dispensing Justice, as makes him both feared and loved. He hath many Officers under him, called *Commisseries*, who do Business like our Justices of the Peace. The King, in Time of Peace, keeps a hundred thousand Soldiers in Pay, besides his Household Troops, which are in Number two thousand four hundred, all which are his chosen and best Forces, consisting of,

One Troop of Granadiers, of two hundred.

Four Troops of the Lifeguard, of one thousand four hundred.

Two Troops of Musketteers, four hundred.

Gens d'Arms de le Guard, two hundred, all fine Gentlemen.

One Troop of Light-Horse, two hundred.

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The Lifeguard are richly clothed, and are Gentlemen of small Fortunes, besides their Pay.

TUESDAY the 23d, O. S. This Day we went to see that noble Structure called the *In-valides*, in the Nature of our *Chelsea-College*, for old and disabled Soldiers. This Hospital is built with Free-Stone, of a curious modern Architecture ; it hath a spacious Avenue to it, and you enter at a great Gate in the Center of the Building, into a Portico, that opens to a large Quadrangle, furrounded with Piazzas : Over the Portico, is a large Room well furnished for the Reception of the Governors ; it has two Chimneys, with a Battle-Piece, finely painted, over each ; the Building is three Stories high, and disposed into long Galleries, in which are little Rooms (that hold three or four Beds each) for the Soldiers : The Apartments for the Sick, &c. are below Stairs, and are wonderful neat, and clean ; the Beds stand in a Row on each Side of the Room, with a Window between each Bed, and an Altar between every two Beds ; a large Space or Passage between the Beds Feet, and a Chimney at each End of the Room. In most of these Rooms they have six Beds of a Side, though in some they have fewer ; every Bed made but for one Person to lie in, and the Curtains white Dimity, and are

are clean shifted, Curtains and all, once a Fortnight ; but when any one dies, the Corpse is immediately removed, and all the Bedding changed, before another comes in : There are two Matrons, or Nurses, to each Room ; they are well attended and dieted, with every thing that is fit and convenient for them ; they have six Physicians and Surgeons, and an Apothecary, who has an Apartment, with all Conveniencies for him in the House : There are generally five or six thousand Soldiers in the House ; they are better clothed than most of the Troops, and well fed, and have every thing that human Nature can with Reason desire. Besides the Maintenance this Hospital affords within, they have two thousand Out-Pensioners, which are clothed, and receive Pay from them. On one Side of the Grand Entrance, in the main Quadrangle, is the Chapel, a very large Building, with three Iles. The High Altar is formed of six large twisted Pillars, from which rise six Arches, meeting in the Center, all finely carved and gilded. Behind the Altar is a most noble and magnificent Dome, one of the finest in *Europe* ; in the very Middle is a round Area, from whence is an Ascent of seven Marble Steps, all round ; on the Top of the Steps is formed an Octagon, the Back of the High-Altar makes on one Side a large Door, against it another ; the Sides that make a Right Angle

Angle to these, are two Altars, with a fine Image to each, the Roof at the Entrance arched ; the other four Sides are small Domes, with two large fluted Pillars to the Side of each, and within them three Marble Statues, in Niches ; the great Dome, and the inferior small ones, and above the Pillars, are most curiously painted ; all the rest abounding in Stone, Carving, and Gilding ; the Kitchen, Wash house, and other Offices, are in Wings from the House ; but the Outside of the Dome is most curiously wrought and gilt, so that you see it many Miles before you come at it.

TUESDAY the 23d, O. S. Now I fix myself to Business, and pass by all Diversions till that is completed ; Mercers, Mantuamakers, and some other Tradesmen, must take up my Time.

SATURDAY, *September* the 3d, O. S. Having now completed my Business, I shall pass the remaining Part of my Time I have to stay in these Parts, in seeing what is esteemed worth going after.

SUNDAY the 4th, O. S. This Morning we set out for the Palace of *Versailles*, which is certainly the most noble, magnificent, delightful, and beautiful Structure in the World : It may be looked upon as an enchanted Palace, by them that knew the Place before old *Lewis* began it, which was in the Height of

his Youth and Glory : It was then he raised this romantick Palace, from a Bog or Quagmire, and hath laid its Foundation some Fathoms above the Level of the Country round it ; it is certain, he did it with a Design to exceed every thing of that Name, and has carried his Vanity so far, that all the World, who have seen it agree, that nothing formed by the Art of Man ever came up to it : If any thing can give an Idea of the vast Sums it has cost, it must be the Knowledge that there is still Millions of Money yearly expended on it, and hundreds of People daily employed, only to keep it in Repair.

This Palace is four small Leagues from *Paris*, which is about 10 *English* Miles ; two thirds of the Road has the River *Seine* running to the Left, very pleasant ; most of the Road is paved with a square Stone, as the Streets in *Paris*, and for more than a Mile before you come to the Town, the Road is very broad, with a double Row of Trees on each Side, the Front of the House all the Way in view : At the End of this Road, on each Side, are the Stables and Dog-Kennels, a very handsome Building, with Stone, and in the Shape of a Semi-circle ; forward in a straight Line is the Palace, with a large Out-Court, where they keep Guard, and a spacious Inward-Court in Front ; the Building appears but dull : To the Left of the House is a Chapel,
which

which hath a Turret ; the Roof is all gilded, and makes a glittering Show at a Distance ; the Windows are prodigious large Sashes of Looking-Glass, each Square as big as a Front Coach Glass, and Diamond Cut, very fine, the Frames all gilt : The Inside of the Chapel is large, and has three Iles, supported on each Side with large Pillars, which go up to the Top, and are finely fluted ; the Top is oval, and gloriously painted, the Middle of the Ceiling representing Heaven, with God enthroned in the Figure of an old Man, and his Glory round him ; over each Pillar, a Prophet, or an Apostle : The Altar is gilded, and over it a neat plain Organ : At the West-End are two round Closets, glazed, and gilded, the one for the King, the other for the Queen. On each Side the Chapel are handsome Galleries, with fine Painting : In the Middle of the Gallery, on the North Side, is an Altar, with a Salutation curiously painted : Adjoining to this Gallery is a spacious Guard-Chamber, and within that another, which leads to the Top of the Great Stair-Case, which has a double Ascent of Marble Steps, in Shape an Oblong, hath a Sky-Light, and is well painted, all round it leads to the Apartments ; those of State, which are seven Rooms in a Range, front the Garden, all finely finished, and adorned : In one of these Rooms is a Picture of *Alexander* meeting *Darius's* Queen,

in her Tent, with her Daughters and Slaves about her ; and over-against it our Saviour, dining (as I take it) with the Publican : The Paint is strong, the Shades just, the Picture lively, and the whole little inferior to Life itself. In the next Room is old *Lewis* in a full Length, to the Life : The last of these Rooms has an Alcove to the Left, which opens to a long Gallery, finely painted, and adorned with Marble and Alabaster-Pillars, the Windows commanding the great Garden, and a vast Prospect : Here are intire Pannels of Looking-Glass ; nay, over the Door-Space, which is very deep, is a Looking-Glass, so that you see yourself and Company, walking upon your Heads. At the End of this Gallery, which (as I have said) is very long, there is another Alcove, where the King sits enthroned, to receive Ambassadors. Upon a Table in this Gallery, stands a Clock, which I cannot omit speaking of, for its Curiosity, believing there is not the Fellow to it in the World ; it was the Workmanship of a *Religious*, and a Present to old *Lewis*. The Case is black Ebony, about half a Yard high from the Table ; the Dial-Plate a common Size of a Table-Clock ; when the Minute-Hand gives warning for the Clock's striking, which is one Minute before it comes to the Hour, there are two Doors above the Dial, which fly open, and discovers three Apartments,

ments, one above another. In the First, next the Dial, is the Figure of a King robed and enthroned, with two Angels holding a Crown over his Head : On each Side of him, is a Man on Horseback, representing the Guard, with naked Swords in their Hands. In the second Apartment there is a Cock. In the Third you see nothing but the Representation of the Clouds and Sky : All these Things seem to be pure Gold : But when, as I said before, the Minute Hand gives warning, and the Doors fly open, then the two Horsemen (who seem to stand back) move forward, even with the King ; then you see the Sun rising out of the Clouds, in proportion to its Height at the Hour it is at ; then the Cock moves forward, clapping his Wings, and crows three Times ; then the Clock strikes ; and as soon as it has done striking, the Doors shut of themselves, which is all done by secret Springs, for there is no one touches it, or comes near it ; this I can aver for Truth, having seen it myself, and the Gentleman who shewed us the Lodgings, was so obliging to make the Clock strike round the twelve Hours, purely to satisfy my Curiosity ; the Clock does not go right, as to Time, but whether that may be owing to the Workmanship, or their daily shewing it after this manner, I know not. But to return to the Apartments : the King's Bed-Chambers, and all the Rooms,

are extremely rich in Furniture, the Beds either of the richest Brocaded Gold Stuffs, or Velvet, with Gold and Silver Lace, and Fringe, with Embroidery in abundance. The Building to the Gardens is gay and fine, and pleasantly set off with Pilasters, Statues, and fine Carving: The first main Part of the Garden is a Terras (the Length of the Gallery I have just spoke of) with two large Fountains, one at each End, and twelve Brass Statues on the Borders of each Fountain: To the Right and Left of the Terras is a Descent to fine Parterres, terminated on each Side by a Wilderness; from the Center of the Gallery is a broad Walk, that passes between the two Fountains, to a double Descent of Steps, at the Bottom of which is a spacious Parterre, of an oval Form. In the Middle is a Fountain, that rises with pyramidal circular Steps, garnished all round with the Figures of Tortoises and Frogs, &c. which spouts Water; on each Side this Fountain there are two little ones: This Oval is terminated by the Wilderness, which is finely cut, in Pyramids, and set off with Marble Statues: On each Side (from the Middle of this Parterre is another small Slope) is a large wide Walk, very long, upon a Fall, with Grass-Plats on each Side, and bounded on both Sides by the Wilderness, cut into green Pyramids, and Marble Statues at equal Distance, as before. At the End of

one of these Walks is a large Fountain, with *Neptune* drawn in his Chariot by Sea Horses : From the Center of the Gallery, you have a full View of a broad deep Canal, I believe above a Mile long, upon which are several *Venetian* Gondolas, and other small Vessels, and an open Country beyond it in one continued Visto.

The Wilderness being on each Side the Garden, is of great Extent, and cut into innumerable Walks, and Apartments, in which are most curious Water-Works, with 13 or 14 Allies or Walks, often meeting in one Center.

On the Right Hand, in one Apartment, is the Story of *Apollo*, under an Arch, his Grooms on each Side watering his Horses, all in full Proportion to the Life, cut very fine in Alabaſter ; near this are three Fountains, adorned with Rockwork ; they fall into each other, and make a fine Cascade ; and near this is the Triumphal Arch, with Pyramids and other Works ; when the Water plays in this Work, it appears on each Side like one entire Piece of Glaſs. On this Side there is an incloſed Place, which is called the *Cabinet* ; it is circular, and has two Marble Alcoves, with Seats, oppoſite to one another. The *Theatre* is on this Side, prettily ſet off with Rockwork. Upon the Borders, on the Left Hand of the Wilderness, is the *Labyrinth*,

rinth, cut into Walks, in which are placed the Whole of *Æsop's* Fables, all which, from the largest Figure to the most minute, are in Lead, and play Water. At the Entrance is the Figure of *Æsop* himself, pointing to his first Fable, the *Cock and Pearl*, which fronts the Door; they are disposed on the Sides of the Walks, and at the Angles that are formed by the meeting of the *Allies*: At the Bottom of each Figure there is a small Receiver, for the Water that flows from the Birds, or Beasts, that the Fable represents. Below this *Labyrinth*, and in the Wilderness, is an Apartment for the Grand Cascade; it is shaped in a Circle, the one Half of it for the Water, with seven or eight falls of Rockwork, the other Half are Seats of green Sods, and accommodated for Dancing: Old *Lewis* often made Parties in this Place for Musick and Dancing, with a Set of private Company, when retired. Not far from this is the Fountain of the Giant, where he lies extended, tormented by a Vulture, and partly covered with the Rock. On this Side also is a fine Oval, encompassed with Marble Pillars, a large Alabaster Bason, with a Fountain between each Pillar; and in the Middle, on a Pedestal, stands *Pluto*, with *Proserpine* in his Arms, carved out of one intire Piece of Marble, wonderfully fine, with all their Stories carved round the Pedestal. There are many other

other Statues, Fountains, and Water-works, on both Sides this Wilderness, impossible to give an Account of, without the most careful Survey, which my Time would not admit, therefore this must End. By the Side of the Building, to the Left, is the *Orangery*, to which you go down above 70 Stone-Steps, with many Landing-Places, and which is level with the Town, so that you may guess what a Height the Building stands above the Town. The Trees are all in Tubs, most of them very large, disposed in Walks, both delightful to the Eye, and fragrant to the Smell; here you see ripe and green Fruit, with the Buds and Flowers, growing together on one Tree. At the Upper-End is a very large long Green-House, arched over, and handsomely Sashed, it being under the Terras which I have before spoken of. In the Middle of the Front stands the Effigy of old *Lewis*, facing the grand Entrance, which is towards a Wood: But there are many Side-Doors to go out towards the Wilderness. At the farther End of all the Gardens, and to the Left of the Canal, is the *Managery*, or Place for the keeping all Sorts of Beasts and Birds. It is curiously designed, and has in the Front a small Building, that is a cool Retreat for the King when he comes to see his Collection; it is ascended by a Pair of broad Stairs, into an oval Room,
furnished

furnished with Paintings of all Sorts of Birds and Beasts. On each Side the Top of the Stairs is a little Nest of Rooms, one in another, circular-wise, all the Pannels Looking-Glass, and the Moulding gilt, which makes it very pretty : All round the Building are Aviaries, Cells, and Courts, for the Reception of Birds and Beasts : In the Aviaries are all Sorts of singing Birds, with Streams and Fountains rising through them. In the Cells are Racoons and Porcupines, with many other Beasts. In the Courts are *Indian* Sheep, Beavers, vast large Stags, with Hinds, and other Creatures. In other Courts are Ponds, with all Sorts of wild Fowls, and Foreign Birds, as the Ostrich, Pelican, a white Bird like a Swan, with a long large yellow Bill ; a Bird-Royal, that has a Feather Crown upon his Head, with abundance more of divers Sorts, which I did not know, nor cannot remember. This Building stands in a pretty little Wood, where there is all Sorts of Pheasants, Partridge, Woodcocks, &c. that run about, and are so tame, that they will come to you and eat out of your Hand. Not far from hence is a little Cloyster, called *St Clue*, founded and endowed by the *Duchess de Maintenon*, which is filled up by such a Number of young Gentlewomen, really born of good Families, and whose Parents are not able to give them any Fortune : Here they are handsomely

somely provided for, and kept from the Temptations of the World, and here the Ducheſs was retired to at this Time. On the other Side of the Canal ſtands the King's Summer-houſe, called *Trianon*; you enter it by an Iron Gate to a large Court, the Shape of the Building a Roman U, the two Wings are Apartments, and the Front a Portico, ſupported with Marble Pillars, from whence is a Deſcent into the Gardens, which are very fine; the Apartment on the Left Hand they call the *Dauphin's*; they are wainſcoted, and carved, but not painted: Here are very fine good Pictures, particularly the four Evangeliſts: To the Right is the King's Apartment, well furniſhed with rich Hangings, and curious Pictures, many Marble Tables curiouſly inlaid, with many other Rarities: One End of this Apartment opens into a long Gallery, which is over the Portico, and which is very airy and pleaſant, having Windows both Ways; but indeed all the Rooms are ſo pleaſant, that it may juſtly be called a Summer-houſe; and what by the Situation, the Building, and Furniture, would in any other Country be called a Palace.

FRIDAY the 9th, O. S. This Day, with a great deal of Reluctance, we left *Verſailles*, a Place in which we might have ſpent ſome Weeks, and each Day found ſomething new; but our Time was come, and we muſt go, but

but not the same Way we came, therefore it was resolved to make the best of our way to *St Germain* ; from hence we went to *Pontois* : It stands on a pleasant Hill, the *Sein* gliding at the Foot of it ; here we passed that River in a Ferry-Boat ; from hence we had but two Posts to *St Germain* ; we entered that beautiful Part of the Forest in which there are so many large fair Oaks : About half a Mile from the Town the Road in the Forest opens very wide, with a Row of young Elms on each Side, and affords a Visto to the Gardens fronting the Castle, or Palace. The Town is large, and hath many fine Streets : The Monks of this Abbey have a fine Church, and a curious Altar, with six fine Marble Pillars, and an Arch arising from them, and at their meeting an Angel holding a Canopy over the Host, which is on the Table below. The next Day we saw the Monks at Vespers, at which their Abbot assisted, it being their *St Matthew* : He was dressed in all his Pontificalibus, which was Cloth of Gold, rich Point, and other Gewgaws, the Monks in their Habits attending him, each having a Wax Candle in his Hand. The Cathedral Church of *St Germain* is large, and hath abundance of fine Tapestry in it. The Castle, which was for many Years the Court of King *James II*, of *England*, and his (pretended) Son after him, is a lofty old Building, walled and moated

moated round, and stands upon a Hill: The best Apartments are on the second Story, where there is an Iron Balcony all round the Building, from whence is a very fine Prospect of Mount *Calvary*, with several fair Towns, the River *Sein* washing the Foot of the Castle, the Aqueduct that conveys Water to *Marli*, to the Garden-Front of that Palace, and many Hills of Vineyards. The Castle hath an open Space before it, with new Buildings, tho' not finished, designed to have been made an outward Court. The Gardens to the Side of the Forest are large and fine, but now out of repair; there is a Wilderness, with curious Parterres on each Side, and many Groves of Trees; the Walks are well rolled, and extend to the Descent of the Hill that reaches to the River, and are there bounded by a Terras, which is a League, or three *English* Miles in length, hath the Forest on one Side, and the River on the other: At the Back of the Palace are some good old Buildings, which was formerly a Court. In short, the whole is fine by Nature rather than Art; but the Prospect surpasseth all; and altho' K. JAMES is dead, the QUEEN and the *Chevalier* gone from hence, yet here are many of those unfortunate People that followed the Fate of their Prince; and tho' they have been here so long, no Time nor Absence can wean them from the Love of their native Country, and

they still talk of it with a Mother's fondness, I shall here take my Observation of that Grand Machine which supplies *Versailles* and *Marli* with that Quantity of Water which those Works require. It stands upon the River, and is thus performed, *viz.*

The Current of the Water turns 13 or 14 great Wheels. To the Nave, or Axle, of every one of these Wheels is fixed a Plank or small Slope, which by the Turn of the great Wheels receive a backward and forward Motion, to the End of which is fastened an upright Beam, on the Top of which is a Piece of Wood or Iron of about sixteen Foot long, that reaches and is fixed to three great Pieces of Wood, which are set together in a triangular Form, they lie in a Bed, and turn upon a long Iron Pin in the Center, and at one End of the Triangle fixed Iron Bars of great Length, that are in many Places locked together, and supported in Frames of Wood, being small Beams of about twelve Foot long, standing upright, and moving in the Centre, having those Iron Bars both on the Top and Bottom, these Beams and Iron Bars receive the first backward and forward Motion, the upper Bars draw up the Water by the Suction of Pumps, and by the going back of the Motion of the under Bars, it is let into Pipes, and sent forward, where it immediately meets with a very steep Ascent of a quarter of a Furlong,

so

so that those upright Beams and Sway-Irons are continued all the Way, continually forcing the Water up to another Machine, where the Water is drawn up high above the Surface, and let down again with great Force into large Pipes, that conveys it into another Framework just by, made most curiously, which are Iron, and draws it up another steep Hill of half a Furlong more, where five Pipes dis-embogue into a Leaden Cistern, that sinks it into a Water-House, where it is again drawn up as by the first Motion in Pumps; and conveyed on the Summit of the Hill, (the Iron-work here ceasing) upon the Hill there is raised a high arched Wall, from the Top of which the Water rapidly runs to *Marli* and *Versailles*; the Reason of raising this Wall was, because the Hill is not high enough to carry the Water with a Fall sufficient to force it up for the Fountains and Water-works. This short Survey of this most stupendous Work I could not omit, which none but *Lewis XIV* would have had the Spirit to have undertaken.

At the Foot of these Arches is a pretty Village called *Marli*, has handsome Gardens, and Wilderness, cut into many Vistos, and seen by an Iron Gate, on each Side, to the Road going to *St Germain*, from the Arches going to the House is a Grove of Chesnut Trees, at the two Angles are Statues, each on the Back of a Pegasus, there is a Road of Water from

the Arches to the House, with a pretty Wilderness, on each Side. One part of the House, seems to stand in a Bottom, the other is level, to a fine Prospect, and open Country; this Road of Water, which is half a Furlong in Length, and runs in a great Descent, terminating at the Bottom with a large Fountain, from which by a Knot of Pipes in the Center, is thrown a vast Quantity of Water at a Time, to a very great Height; the House is a pretty square Building, but small, it being only designed by the King for a Retirement from Hurry and Business. The other Front is to the Gardens, which are very fine and beautiful for the Bigness of them, with many Fountains and Water-works, the Bottom is faced with Rock Work; in this Garden are built 12 beautiful little Lodges, 6 on each Side, of equal Bigness, and at equal Distances, completely furnished, and are for the PEERS his Attendants.

SATURDAY the 10th, O. S. We returned to *Paris*, and began our Preparations for our Journey back to ENGLAND, hired a Chaise for us Women, and Horses for the Gentlemen.

We set out on *Monday* the 12th, dined at *Pontois*, and lay at *Magny*. On *Tuesday* the 13th, we reached *Roan*, and took Places in the Stage-Coach on *Wednesday* 14th, O. S. Here concludes my Journal.

MARG. PENNYMAN.

A
P A R A D O X
A G A I N S T
L I F E.

WHEN God the mighty Mass of Matter
made,
As yet no Light nor Form the Chaos had ;
Darkness sole Monarch was ; below the Mass
Look'd all confus'd, and with an *Ethiop's* Face,
'Till the Almighty God did call forth Light
From the black Womb of yet eternal Night.
Light, without which the World had ne'er been seen,
Nor Good, could e'er the six Days Work have been.
The living Stream was not to Pipes convey'd,
But in the pure eternal Fountain flay'd.
'Twas near the End of the Creation grown
Before LIFE (now th' unhappy Theme) was known ;
When Good, the Gift first to the Fish was giv'n,
For the great Whales were the First-born of Heav'n.

78 *A PARADOX against LIFE.*

Man, tho' the first in Order, was the last
 That from his Maker did his Bounty taste ;
 Too sweet, alas, to be a long Repast :
 His short-liv'd Glory but fore-run his Shame,
 And Paradise did seem a vanish'd Dream.
 How short a Time, poor Wretch, thy Bliss did last ;
 Thy brighter Morn was in its Rise o'ercast.
 O fatal Ill, which Mankind may bemoan,
 All *Eden's* Fruit was freely giv'n, save one :
 But Things unlawful most affected be,
 Therefore she long'd for the forbidden Tree.
 What restless Passions rack the doubtful Mind,
 Who by Free-will to eat, was quickly pin'd,
 And a Plague worse than Famine left their Kind.
 The passive Mind was, by inflam'd Desire,
 To the new Fabric's Ruin, quickly set on Fire.
 Vain, and insatiate Appetite, and Lust,
 Have brought him back more low than to the Dust :
 The World's first great Recorder does relate
 Of wretched Man, the miserable State,
 Who following Sense, 'gainst Reason did rebel,
 And Traitor like, from all his Glory fell :
 Whilst in a State of Innocence he stood,
 No Fear made Beasts take Shelter in the Wood ;
 Nor did the Birds with hasty Wings take Flight,
 All hover'd round, and wonder'd at the Sight ;
 But when he felt how visible Sin was,
 That Beasts and Birds could read it in his Face,
 With various haste the affrighted Crouds repair,
 Some to the Woods, some to remoter Air.
 Thus when a Prince turns Traytor to the Laws,
 His Loyal Subjects do decline the Cause.

Ah curs'd Desire ! first Cause of all our ill,
 And yet the Plague that does infect us still,
 Now look no more for Rest, but toil thou must,
 'Till whence first came, thou art brought back to Dust ;
 The Breath which bless'd his Heav'n-stamp'd Dust is

now

That which the Subject makes him, of all Woe,
 And rolls the troubled Bubble to and fro.
 What does Man's Life when most serene afford ;
 'Tis but a Worm, that gnaws the fairest Gourd ;
 Our Days of Gladness are but short Relief
 Given to reserve us for enduring Grief ;
 Poor Span of wretched Earth, if measur'd by
 The tedious Reign of Life's Calamity ;
 Tho' thus contracted, still thou may'st complain
 That yet too much of Patriarch does remain ;
 If in long Life there may a Blessing be,
 'Twas only known in the World's Infancy ;
 Man then a Stag, or Raven could survive,
 But we can scarce with Batts or Swallows live ;
 We spend the Summer of our Days as they,
 To rear a Pile of Dirt, and so away :
 The Sap of Life now to the Root is sunk,
 And the Hydropick Earth the Juice has drunk.
 If Life's Meander to the Spring we trace,
 It raises Troubles, and in Storms does pass.
 The impetuous Torrent swelling we shall find,
 Like Tides borne up by a strong Western Wind,
 Mouldering the Bark in which it is confin'd ;
 It dwells in Blood, and is the Tide of Fate,
 And does in Cares and Sorrows circulate ;
 In secret Channels, thro' the grosser Mass,
 The small Red-Sea, pursuing Life, does pass ;

But

80 *A PARADOX against LIFE.*

But no where rests, no Place affordeth Ease
 To this poor Man's incurable Disease ;
 A Breath soon gone, made up of Sighs and Groans,
 The unhappy Ligament of Flesh and Bones,
 From dull Prevention and lean Emptiness,
 A Quintessence deriv'd from Nothingness ;
 The false and gaudy Colours of the Bow
 May boast as much Reality as Thou ;
Iris may be thy Rival in each Part,
 Who but the Dream of a faint Shadow art ;
 Sun, Water, Earth, the Elements in One,
 Do club alike for thy Production :
 Both as the Smoke does vanish, so our Breath
 Serves only to bear up the Wings of Death ;
 A busy, noisy Thing, that does express
 Our hollow Joys, and real Emptiness ;
 Almost each Circumstance of Life declares
 How flat Man's Joys are, and how sharp his Cares ;
 A Glow-worm's fainter Light that shines in vain,
 Extinguish'd by the least of *Cynthia's* Train,
 Isthmus of Earth, that does so proudly rise,
 And thrust thyself 'twixt two Extremities ;
 That dost in Pain the Shock of Time sustain,
 And wash'd away art swallow'd in the Main :
 This vast Triangle, this most huge, small Thing
 Which all the World within itself can bring,
 Life's quaking Center still first quick, last kill'd,
 Like to some vast Abyss, can ne'er be fill'd,
 It still is pin'd, and does complain for Rest,
 By its continual beating in our Breast ;
 Mysterious Riddle which the Grave does read,
 We can't be truly said to live, till dead.
 We to a Foreign Country Natives are,
 And must by Pain, and Travel, enter there :

Till once arriv'd where we should daily tend,
Cares painful Progress cannot have an End ;
Our being from above does let us know
We're in Antipathy to Things below ;
And all our airy Joys do Anguish bring,
They want the Honey, but retain the Sting,
Yet hug ourselves, in hopes that Life will grant
Some Good, of which we still are ignorant ;
The lesser World, in which we so much trust,
What is it ? But a Wind inclos'd in Dust ;
A World in which War never yet did cease,
For still intestine Foes disturb our Peace ;
Unkinder Nature to a State of War
Design'd us, tho' we most defenseless are ,
Man's Life's a Warfare, and we're press'd upon
A most unequal Combat, Three to One, }
But the brave Victor reaps a glorious Crown.
The wretched Creature Man no sooner born,
But with Good-morrow we salute his Morn,
Tho' in a rugged, and a narrow Way,
The Pilgrim's bound to travel out his Day :
But to his Inn when he does safe arrive,
Altho' his Night of Rest be come, we grieve ;
With Joy we see him launch into the Storm,
But when he reaches the calm Port we mourn ;
What a preposterous Kindness do we shew,
Paying our Joy to the Object of all Woe ;
By the Reverse the *Spartans* do confess
Their Joy, and Sorrow, in an apter Dress.
Man, at his Birth, instructs us all to cry,
Complaining strait of Life's great Injury, }
And does himself weep his own Obsequy ;
His Birth's portentous, and he falls upon
An ominous Precipitation ;

The Lump of Earth is kneaded up of ill,
Sweating and Fainting, tho' he goes down Hill.

WHERE are those Joys which we can call our own,
That makes the bitter Draught of Life go down :
Life, the great Hinge, on which uneasy Man
Does turn in Pain, and never quiet hang ;
Life, which from worldly Cares contract each Day
A Rust, which eats our polish'd Joys away.
Life is a strange and fatal Energy,
Which does employ our Sense in Misery ;
It winds the curious Clockwork up, and strait
To make it go, hangs on a heavy Weight.
The chrystal Spheres, the Lanthorns of our Sight,
(Whether by drawing or dispersing Light)
The general Spies that every thing does mark,
Of all the lesser World the brightest Spark,
Which strait when clos'd does make the Great seem
dark,

Did of chief Pleasure once the Center prove,
Both from the World below, and that above ;
Suns of the Senses, Mirrors of the Mind,
Twin Orbs of Light, which once so brightly shin'd,
The Windows of the Man till Sight doth fail,
Clear as the Chrystal, and as Chrystal frail,
Being perverted from their Use at first,
Are turn'd to Stars of Pride, and Flames of Lust :
By these, as Doors, all Mischiefs enter in,
The Bates, the Panders, and the Gates of Sin ;
These oft with Pleasure smooth afflicting Cares,
Whilst some harmonious Sound does charm the Ears ;
These living Labyrinths, entertaining Sounds,
Which bring the Stuff on, which the Judgment grounds,

As

As ready Porters at Attendance sit,
 And whatsoever strikes does soon admit,
 And like some Strumpet that's grown dissolute,
 Is to the most Obscene a Prostitute ;
 Whilst strong Desire faint Goodness does controul,
 And *Ceres* like, pours Poison in the Soul ;
 By the strong Charms of a seducing Tongue
 Are tempted and corrupted unto Wrong ;
 Sin makes Attacks still on the weaker Parts,
 And by our Eyes, and Ears, does storm our Hearts.
 These are the Mines which first blow up the Mind
 To Lust, Ambition, Sins of every Kind,
 Which all our Strength by Treaty do betray,
 'Gainst Sense, and Reason, charge a guardless Way
 I' th' Eyes, and Ears, *Satan* in Ambush lay.
 These potent Entries can hold nothing out,
 But give each Moment ground to fear or doubt :
 Impregnable had this frail Post of Dust
 Been, against all the Batteries of Lust,
 Had not his Senses wrought his Overthrow
 By holding Correspondence with the Foe :
 Besiegers quickly may the Castle win
 If they corrupt the Centinels within.
 Unhappy Man, whose Life sublimest blest,
 In the Enjoyment but his Ruin is ;
 But Spaniel-like, altho' he's beaten so
 The Rod he kisses, and in Love does grow,
 With the enchanting Syrens of his Woe.
 Go ask the tortur'd Wretch upon the Rack,
 When his strong Nerves and Joints begin to crack,
 How 'tis he knows he suffers so much Pain ?
 He'll cry he feels it, and of Life complain.

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As

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Life

84 *A PARADOX against LIFE.*

Life is by its own Cruelty undone,
 For Sense no longer feels than Life lays on,
 She chains the Slave to th' Gally, bids him row,
 Which he must do, 'cause Life will have it so.
 Let us no more against the *Turks* complain,
 This prouder Sultan must endure the Blame,
 She puts us to a vast Expence, we pay,
 All that we have each Moment for her stay,
 And must at every Turn be waited on,
 For if neglected, the shy Guest is gone.

BEHOLD the greatest Man of all the *East*,*
 Who was (if Riches make Men so) most blest ;
 Who, like the Swan, in a melodious Strain,
 For all his Patience did of Life complain ;
 His Comforters were such, they brought far more
 Sorrow, than all his Messengers before ;
 From Death alone he did expect his Cure,
 Death, that's the last of Remedies, and sure ;
 That friendly Porter, who unlocks the Gate,
 And bids the Lazer now no longer wait ;
 Death, whose officious Hand binds up the Sore
 Which, with a Potsherd, he had prob'd before :
 Death, that must wing us for our eternal Home,
 And bids us fly quick as our Thoughts have done ;
 And by the Separation we shall gain
 One Bliss, the other Freedom from all Pain :
 Then the Soul's Knowledge, which before alone
 Was, at the best, but Speculation,

* J O B.

Will be reduced to a Certainty,
 What now she knows by Hear-say, then she'll see,
 As Travellers best know if Fame speaks true,
 When they in Foreign Lands the Wonders view,
 She recollects her Faculties diffus'd,
 Amidst frail Flesh no more to be abus'd,
 Then parts in Triumph, freed from Earthly Toils,
 Yet stays till last, to gather up her Spoils.

Why are we holden in this sad suspense,
 Death's the greatest Blessing that you can dispense ;
 (The cruel Cat that dallies with her Prey,
 Sports for a while with what she makes away.)
 To th' Innocent to die's an easy Thing ;
 Death unto them can never Terror bring :
 An Ax no more their Spirits can command
 Than can a Phlegm in the Physician's Hand ;
 For they, even *Cordus* like, would Death embrace,
 If for their Country's Good, or publick Peace :
 Death in itself is but a harmless Thing,
 'Tis Apprehension contributes the Sting ;
 And since a Debt of Nature we do own,
 Better on Scaffolds than on Beds of Down :
 The Storms of Fate these bravely can defy,
 Whilst on the Rock of Ages they rely.
 These Lords of Fortune sweeten every State
 Who can command themselves, if not their Fate.
 Thy Rod, Affliction, is to us most dear,
 Who lays it on will give us Strength to bear ;
 And missing, but the false World's Glory do
 Miss all the Ills that do attend it too.

86 *A PARADOX against LIFE.*

Thus from Court Luxuries we secured are,
 From vain Flatteries, and Clamours of the Bar,
 And from the Pulpit, a worse Mischief far. }
 What great Perfection can those Parsons teach,
 Who, far from Practice, only strive to preach ;
 Who learn their Science, as an Art to gain,
 And wanting Salt, would season Souls in vain ;
 Who, to buy Earth, do sell out Shares of Heaven,
 And drive a Trade with what is freely given :
 Vile Avarice, and Pride, by Heav'n accurst,
 In all Men bad, but in a Churchman worst.

That King * who was for Wisdom most approv'd,
 Whose Mind, and Fortune, in like Measures mov'd,
 Reach'd to that height of Bliss, that Earth could breed,
 While Wealth, and Honours, striv'd which should
 succeed,

Even he was cross'd alive, and scorn'd when dead,
 By Life's great happiness, unhappy made ;
 Of senseless Honour let's renounce the Care,
 The first Man he was made, the Rest born bare ;
 Honour, and Wealth, Ambition, Twins, with Pains
 Are bred, which Men with torturing Care maintains ;
 Only the Prickles in Possession stay
 When those gay Roses bud, and fall away :
 These floating Treasures come and go with Breath,
 And nothing have to give so good as Death.

WE may without a PARADOX believe,
 Tho' still confin'd, we do in Freedom live.

* SOLOMON.

The CAUTION.

87

So when the Audit of our Days is come,
And all our *Items* in *One* total Sum,
The Chearfulness with which to Death we'll go,
A dying Proof shall of this Poem shew.

1713.

MARG. PENNYMAN.

The CAUTION.

GAZE not on *Swans*, in whose soft Breast
A full-hatch'd Beauty seems to rest ;
Nor flaky *Snow*, which from the Sky
Hovers in its Virginity.

Gaze not on *Roses*, tho' new-blown,
Grac'd with a fresh Complexion ;
Nor *Lillies*, which some subtle *Bee*
Has robb'd by kissing Chymistry.
Gaze not upon yon *Milky-Way*,
Where Night vies Splendor with the Day,
Nor *Pearls*, which Silver Walls confine,
The Riches of an *Indian-Mine*.

For when my *Celia* once appears,
Swans moulting die, *Snow* melts to Tears ;
The *Roses* blush, and hang their Heads,
Pale *Lillies* shrink into their Beds ;
The *Milky-Way* rides Post to shroud,
Its baffl'd Glory, in a Cloud ;
And *Pearls* climb up into her Hair,
To hang themselves, for Envy, there.

To CHLOE, upon Reading CONGREVE'S
Judgment of PARIS.

WHEN the fam'd *Paris* saw with ravish'd Eyes
THREE *Goddeses* contending for the Prize;
Each *Rival-Fair*, with doubtful Thoughts he view'd,
Fear'd to displease, and in suspense he stood.
Had CELIA's Self but to the Judge been shown,
Without Delay he had resign'd the Crown,
The Shepherd had oblig'd them all in *One*. }

CHLOE to STATYRA.

LET other *Subjects* other *Poets* claim,
But *Love*, and *Friendship*, shall be all my Theme;
STATYRA's Praises best will make me shine,
And CELIA's Charms give Strength to ev'ry Line:
When Wit and Beauty both our Songs commend,
The list'ning World with Rapture will attend;
Repeated Praise our Theme will justify,
Nor will the *Subject* let the *Poet* die.

CHLOE'S

CHLOE's *Answer to* POLYARCHUS,
challenging Her to drink a Glass of
Wine. Extempore.

WHEN CELIA is the Toast I'll surely drink,
 And say I *love*, you dare but say, I *think*;
 Whilst *Wine* the *Wit* improves the Judgment's lost;
Tea quick'ning Both, does double Virtue boast,
 In which I'm pleas'd fair CELIA's Health to Toast.

To CHLOE.

SUCH Charms of Wit, such Beauty does appear,
 'Tis difficult to judge if, when I'm there,
 I see the *Graces*, or the *Muses* hear.

Visiting a Friend in Prison.

WHoe'er the Charms of Liberty would know,
 Must for Instruction to a Prison go;
 The want of Things the worth of Things best shew.

Walking in the Country with my FRIEND.

I.

HENCE vain Impertinence and Noise,
 Hence all the mean insipid Toys,
 Which the proud City boasts its greatest Joys.

II.

O! Life divine, O! peaceful Seat!
 I'm blest with this obscure Retreat,
 I never more shall covet to be Great.

III.

My Self, my Friend I here possess;
 I ask no other Happiness;
 Grant, O! ye Gods, that this may ne'er be less.

*To CELIA, who commanded me to write a
 Verse to her.*

MY Heart (as all Things to their Center tend)
 Moves with Delight to celebrate my Friend;
 Friendship's the Orb, by which my Life shall move,
 And CELIA's Merit shall preserve my Love.

Sitting by ELIZA, Painting.

BEHOLD, the trembling Pencil in her Hand,
 Which does the boldest Strokes at Thought command;
 Proud of its Guide shall each soft Touch proclaim
 ELIZA's Genius, and ELIZA's Fame.

The V I S I O N.

T I R E D with the Cares and Business of the Day,
 On a soft Bed my weary Limbs I lay :
 A Bed, the usual Antidote of Woes,
 There where the Sick meet Ease, and Weary find Repose :
 Not so awhile to me, oft and again
 Restless, uneasy, and disturb'd with Pain,
 I call'd the God of Sleep, but call'd in vain.
 Sleep fled my Eyes, and Rest my Limbs forsook ;
 At length indulgent *Morpheus* Pity took :
 A grateful Slumber o'er my Spirits drew,
 And a delightful Scene presented to my View.

T H E ruddy Morn appear'd, 'twas wond'rous fair,
 No dusky Cloud obscur'd the brighter Air ;
 No threat'ning Thunders heard, no Lightning seen,
 But all around was calm, and all serene :
 I seem'd to walk along the flow'ry Mead,
 Each anxious Thought, and every Care was fled :
 Nor Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold I fear'd,
 Nature in all its vernal Pride appear'd,
 No Voice but Birds melodious Ditties heard.
 Pleas'd with the bright attractive Scene, I fed
 My greedy Eyes, and gaz'd on every Bed.
 Each Sense with grateful Objects satisfy'd,
 And Fancy still with something new supply'd ;
 Amply content with this, ye Gods, said I,
 Here let me always live, here let me die :
 But Heaven design'd a more compleat Repast,
 Yet greater Pleasure added to the last.

NOT distant far, amidst the shady Trees
 A beauteous Nymph advanc'd by slow Degrees ;
 Her Mien majestick, all divine her Air,
 Like some descending Goddess did appear :
 Where'er she went, the chirping Birds around
 Her flock, and all the Notes of Joy resound.
 The Rose and Lilly too their Heads did hide,
 To shew with more Advantage in her Face, their Pride,
 Bless me ! said I, what more than charming Sight
 Does all my fix'd Attention here invite ?
 With what a secret Pleasure was I fill'd,
 'Twas *Celia*, was the Goddess I beheld ;
 Still she approach'd, but as she nearer came,
 Assist me, Muse, to tell the pleasing Pain }
 I felt, to hear her speak, and call me by my Name.
 Such Beauties then adorn'd the lovely Maid,
 Her every Glance unnumber'd Joys convey'd :
 Stupid I gaz'd, and with a glad Surprise
 Beheld ten thousand Cupids in her Eyes ;
 No Scorn appear'd, no killing Frown despair }
 Portend, but with a Look as kind as fair,
 Bid me, to hear the Story of her Love prepare.
 Unable to contain, I thus began,
 Sure none but ——— is the happy Man :
 Happy the Man that gets a Sight of thee,
 Fair Charmer, but how doubly happy he, }
 Who shall the sole Possessor of such Beauties be !
 All other Joys he surely will resign,
 And only covet ever to be thine.

Soon as I'd spoke she turn'd her Head aside,
 In vain essay'd the Virgin Blush to hide,
 When faltering in her Speech she thus reply'd,
 Why stands he mute, when *Hymen* bids him on ?
 This happy Day might surely make us one :
 She said no more, but fainting by me fell,
 And only could in Sighs her Passion tell.

BUT see the sad Reverse of envious Fate ;
 How soon, alas, our short-liv'd Joys abate :
 As when the near Approach of too much Light
 Dazzles the strongest Eye, and dims the Sight ;
 Charm'd with the pleasing Scene
 I awoke, and lo a Dream.

To Two young Ladies in the COUNTRY.

WHILST Friendship here resides, possess
 Of *Celia's* and of *Chloe's* Breast,
 Forgive his Pains, ye gen'rous Fair,
 And ease an anxious Lover's Care :
Thyrsis too, justly fears, lest you
 Should give the Friend the Lover's Due :
 The conscious Grove that hears your Vows,
 And all your tender Passion knows,
 Forbids you to neglect your Swain,
 To let him Love and Sigh in vain :
 Let Shades and Groves your tender Thoughts improve,
 For Shades and Groves were always Friends to Love.

THYRSIS.

CHLOE's

CHLOE's ANSWER.

FORGET thy Pains and anxious Care,
 Nor *Thyrsis*, once admit Despair,
 Since Love intirely has possess'd
 Fair *Celia*'s soft and virgin Breast;
Chloe can ne'er thy Rival be,
 Or hope for what is due to thee;
 If *Celia*'s Charms have conquer'd you,
 You only can the Nymph subdue.
 The conscious Grove that heard your Vows,
 And all her tender Passion knows,
 Obedient to your am'rous Wish *
 Aloud proclaim your coming Bliss.
 That shady Grove which will her Flame improve,
 That shady Grove first taught her how to love.

* *THYRSIS, when walking in the Grove with CELIA and CHLOE, wished the Trees vocal, and their Language intelligible, that he might be entertained with the amorous Complaints of the Nymphs that frequented it.*

To CELIA angry.

A SONG.

IF CELIA frowns, or if she smiles,
 My am'rous Heart she still beguiles:
 In vain, alas, we shun the Fire,
 When ev'ry Look inflames Desire;
 Her Smiles the pleasing Pain improve,
 Her Frowns command—but still to Love.

To CELIA, leaving me in her Apartment.

A S O N G.

I.

SOON as my CELIA does appear,
Surpriz'd with Bliss too great to bear,
I think a Paradise is here.

II.

But when the lovely Fair is gone,
With her my ev'ry Joy is flown,
'Tis Death to tarry here alone.

III.

So Heaven itself to those above
Would but a darker Prison prove,
Could they endure an absent *Jove*.

To CELIA *Encore*.

A S O N G.

PITY me CELIA, nor despise
The humble Slave that for you dies ;
Or forbear my Flame to move,
Or forbid me not to love.
The Passion which to Heav'n is due,
I cherish in my Breast for you ;
Why, cruel Nymph, will you increase my Pain,
When Heav'n's Adorers never sue in vain ?

To

To CELIA.

IN vain for him to Heav'n thy Prayers are sent,
 The Fever cannot cease till you relent ;
 Just Heav'n did ne'er the feign'd Petition hear,
 For faithful Suppliants only reach th' Almighty's Ear,
 Whilst your unactive Wishes are apply'd,
 You mock that God, and but his Power deride.

To the same.

WOULD CELIA own an equal Flame ;
 Her Joys the Shepherds, and her Pains the same ;
 Could she as true a Love as his return,
 Or should the Nymph with equal Passion burn ;
 Transported——would repine no more
 For all the Torments he has felt before.

*To the Countess of K——— drest in
 Masquerade.*

NO Form so like a Goddess e'er was known,
 Nay I must question if you are not one.
 From Mortal no such Influence could spring,
 Thou must be some essential Heav'nly Thing.
 Be what Thou wilt, or rather what Thou art,
 Thou Guardian-Sov'reign of each Sex's Heart ;
 I saw but once, and dare not look again,
 Lest I should sigh for Ever and complain.

A BALLAD on the DUKE of
MARLBOROUGH's Funeral, Aug. 9,
1722.

To the Tune of King John.

I.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
How Upholders did *John Duke of Marlborough* bury;
I'll tell you a Story, a Story of one,
Who tho' he was *not*, would have fain been *King John*.
Derry down.

II.

Tho' General for Life he had been for our Sins,
And a Sovereign instead of a *Mindleheim* Prince;
Death has ended the King's and the Conqueror's Pow'r,
Since he could but be General for Life, and no more.
Derry down.

III.

He's as dead as *Queen Anne* the Day after she dy'd,
And the Dead never bite at his Entrance he cry'd;
When his merry Men all more Civility paid
To the Dog when alive, than the *Lioness* dead.

Derry down.

IV.

There were large Bakers Hampers to honour the Dead,
But to keep an old Custom, without any Bread;
Not a Crust for the Poor, tho' your *Jacobites* say,
Now he can't eat his Leaves, he might give them away.

Derry down.

V.

There were Beggars by Forties, for Half a Crown Pay,
And as merry as Forty brave Beggars were they;
Had there been twice as many, it needs must be said,
There had not been one Half of the Beggars he made.

Derry down.

VI.

Next the Duke rode himself clad in Armour so bright,
Which all Folks agree was the best of the Sight,
In a large open Chariot, made after the Plan
Which was us'd for Queen *Mary*, but not for Queen
Anne.

Derry down.

VII.

There were Banners so gorgeous of Towns he had won,
By Courage, or Conduct, by Famine, or Gun;
With a Saying in *Latin*, in Letters full fair,
Which tells us he gain'd---*This and more by the War.*

Derry down.

VIII.

As Safeguards in Plenty, I'll tell you but that,
And Perquisites endless, for no one knows what,
As much as did ever a General before;
Nay, 'tis certain he gain'd---*By the War this and more.*

Derry down.

IX.

Such Pensions as none had before him, or since,
And a Palace more fit for a King than a Prince;
No Wonder he hated the Peace then so fore,
Since 'tis certain he gain'd---*By the War this and more.*

Derry down.

X.

Should the Bankers abroad tell Tales of his Store,
We should find that he gain'd---*By the War this and
more;*

More than any one knows, or perhaps ever shall;
Nay, 'tis well if he gain'd not the Devil and all.

Derry down.

XI.

'Tis Pity, great Pity, his Enemies cry,
Since in War he would live, that in Peace he should die.
Yet a Funeral *Sarah* could never have shewn,
Would have pleas'd People better, excepting her own.

Derry down.

There

A BALLAD.

99

XII.

There is *Mordaunt* so fly, a new General made,
That won't have a Pension, but Salary paid ;
A General once more, but without e'er a Man,
Tho' much better pleas'd now than he was when in *Spain*.
Derry down.

XIII.

His Malice to *Churchill* no longer must live ;
Who has five Pounds a Day may forget and forgive ;
After all his Vagaries grown careful of Pelf,
For he hopes to be General for Life now himself.
Derry down.

XIV.

Tho' the Nobles were wanting to make up the State,
At the Burying poor-faithful, tho' unfortunate ;
Not a Lord in the Land but would gladly, I trow,
Have been seen at his Grave ten or twelve Years ago.
Derry down.

XV.

With Hundreds his Epitaph was to be bought,
But you see I have sung him a Ballad for nought ;
Five Hundred the Man was to have that was chosen,
And if he speaks Truth 'twill be well worth a Thousand.
Derry down.

XVI.

But he's dead, and his Faults might forgotten have been,
Had he not led the Way by insulting his Queen ;
For the Show on the Second of *August* he made
He could ne'er make amends, but by this Cavalcade.
Derry down.

100 FAMILIAR LETTERS.

To Mrs. D. F.

Thursday Evening, 8 o'clock.

THE Satisfaction I received from my dear Friend's obliging Letter is so great, that I cannot persuade myself to reflect on the Pain I have endured this Day, otherwise I should have told you how excessive ill I have been, much beyond what I was yesterday ; but I am very willing to forget every thing of that Nature, except so much as is requisite to give me an Idea of the Obligations I am under to my Friend, for my Deliverance. Yes, Madam, I was that very Moment flattering myself with the agreeable Expectation, when I heard the Voice of the Post-man ; faint and weary as I was, I flew down Stairs, not doubting the Kindness of my Friend : It is impossible to tell you how I seized it, with what Eagerness I broke the Seal, and reviewed the dear Repetition of my Friend's Goodness.

Just so does an expecting Merchant wait
The coming Vessel that contains his Fate ;
A thousand Hopes and Fears distract his Soul,
And still he cries how dull the Minutes roll :
Impatient of delay he seeks the Shore,
Or climbs the Summit of a lofty Tow'r ;
Where fix'd he stands, and, far as Sight can ken,
Observes the utmost Prospect of the Main :

At

FAMILIAR LETTERS. 101

At length his greedy Eyes discern from far
 Sails undistinguish'd playing in the Air.
 Already he begins to bless the Gods,
 And with glad Sacrifice their Altars loads.
 But when a nearer View salutes his Eyes,
 And well-known Colours wanton in the Skies,
 So great's the Joy that fills his raptur'd Breast,
 Such his Desire to seize the welcome Guest ;
 His eager Passion he can scarce restrain,
 But almost leaps upon the liquid Plain,
 Unmindful of the diff'rent Elements - - -

Forgive, dear Friend, the unequal Idea ; I
 dare not attempt to describe the Joy, since I
 should do myself an Injury by it : By the
 way, my good Friend, give me Leave to
 take Notice, that you know well enough the
 Influence your engaging Conversation has
 upon me, and therefore think it necessary to
 qualify my Happiness, by adding something
 which you are sensible I dare not assume :
 Why, for God's Sake, must my Modesty
 be so often put to the Trial ? Prithce be so
 good as to take a little Pity on me, for I
 protest, while you run on in that Strain, I
 cannot tell what to say : If you design by it
 a secret Reproach for my not being so genteel
 as to attempt your Character, let me know
 it, and I'll promise to summons all the In-
 genuity I have, to do you as much Justice as
 I can ; tho' I must ingenuously acknowledge
 that I have always declined that Attempt

I 3

upon

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upon this Maxim, *That it was better to retreat, where I knew the Task impracticable*: Well, I'll forgive you for the present, in hopes of a future Amendment. I am mighty unwilling, my dear Friend, to quit your Company, for I must acknowledge it the best Cordial I have to revive my fainting Spirits, which, at present, I must confess, are low enough; all the Strength I have is owing to you; for I could not content myself without the Pleasure of telling you the Benefit I have receiv'd from your Present. The Account you give me of *Celia's* Recovery, and your own Illness, has distracted me between Grief and Joy; for how pleased soever I am at the Happiness of the one, I cannot be easy while the other is in Pain: Believe me, dear Friend, I have a more exquisite Sense of your Affections than my own: However, I cannot esteem myself unhappy while we have the Power to write to one another: If I am not so gay at present as you expect, I hope you will be so just as to impute it to my present Circumstances, for I assure you I can't have a more delightful Exercise than to subscribe myself my dear Friend's

Entirely affectionate Friend

and Servant,

M. P.

FAMILIAR LETTERS. 103

To Mrs D. F.

Tuesday Morning, 9 o'Clock.

Madam,

TO be insensible of, or unwilling to acknowledge the Favours we receive, as it betrays the utmost Ingratitude, so it speaks one below the Notice and Regard of others, and unworthy the Name of a rational Creature ; a readiness to assist, as far as we are able, the Necessities of our Fellows, is the nearest Approach we can make to the Deity, and in some sort merits the like thankful Acknowledgment. I hope I need not apologize any further for the Honour I have done myself, in presuming an Attempt, which I am proud to say is beyond my weak Capacity to succeed in ; I would not be understood so vain, as to believe that I could present any thing, which might hope to bear the Test of so refined a Judgment, any more than answer the mighty Obligation you have laid me under : But I forbear to excuse my own Inability, by impeaching your Goodness : The Tribute of Thanks is the least I could offer, and the utmost I dare assume to, let the Sincerity of it recommend it to your Acceptance ; and if the Muse has dared to make a Sally, believe it was only to shew that it could not be deaf to such a Call, tho' at the same Time conscious how unable it was

to

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to obey the Inspiration, such as it is, your's
is the original Right ; to you it flies for
Shelter and Protection, who first gave Birth
to it, and begs you would pity its tender
Years ; the greatest Blessing it asks is, that
you would

Not check the bold Adventure, nor refuse
The first Addressee of a Convert Muse.

The CONVERT.

I.

SPARE, generous Victor, 'tis enough I yield,
Th' unequal Combat I decline ;
Proud to submit the long disputed Field,
Your rightful Conquest gladly I resign.

II.

A willing Rebel I have been too long,
Too long resisted Musick's Voice ;
Disown'd the mighty Power of a Song,
And boldly dar'd to call it senseless Noise.

III.

The bright, the sacred Name of Harmony
My more unhallow'd Lips revild ;
Its happy Devotees (mad Blasphemy !)
Only enthusiastic Ranters stil'd.

IV.

So I presum'd, and still had been content
To want a Pleasure thus refin'd,
But that indulgent Heav'n in Pity sent
An Angel down to rouse m' unactive Mind.

V.

When you, best Advocate of Musick, sung
I came an easy Profelyte ;
I drank the charming Accents of your Tongue
Dissolv'd in Ecstasy and all Delight.

FAMILIAR LETTERS. 105

VI.

So sweetly did the flowing Numbers roll,
And so harmonious was the Sound,
Gently, yet deep it pierc'd my captive Soul,
And left a fixed, but a pleasing Wound.

VII.

Soon as fair CELIA tunes her Voice to sing,
I feel my Passions to arise ;
M' enlarged Soul is quickly set on wing,
And nobly reaches at her native Skies.

VIII.

Musick ! that only canst with Love inspire :
'Tis Beauty which does Love command :
And what is that ? But when all Parts conspire
In due Proportion regular to stand.

IX.

Musick ! thou greatest Blessing Heav'n could lend ;
The Employment of the Choir above ;
For when this dull Mortality shall End,
Our constant Work will be to sing and love.

X.

Say Charmer, tell me then (for you best know)
What Penance suits a Crime so great ;
No Punishment but I would undergo,
My aggravated Sins to expiate.

XI.

But need I call a greater Vengeance down ?
When only not to be with you,
Were sure enough the utmost Guilt t' attone ;
For all besides is Discord and Confusion now.

M P.

106 FAMILIAR LETTERS.

*To Mrs. D. F.**Saturday, 6 o'clock.*

I Have been this Hour and half inclined to write, and as undetermined whom I should write to; it is with much Difficulty I have brought myself to resolve upon the Sex; however, if I can have Constancy enough to keep the same Mind for two Lines together, you should be—I faith I have almost forgot where I am: Well, you are—Hold, What are you? Sure you must be—Alas, I have a sad Memory, it was at my Pen's End—You should be—You are—You must be; yes, it cannot be otherwise, you write yourself my Friend, so thank God there is one Load removed; but the greatest Difficulty remains yet, the Subject; a pretty Toad indeed, write to a Friend and want a Subject: Has the Fool ever had such a Thing as a Friend, that she knows not what to say to her? Why, it is true, I am as far distant as ever; I know the common Cant is grateful Acknowledgments for Favours received; but the Devil take me if I know what that Means in the Language where Friendship is understood: But hush, I see your Countenance already changed; ay—I read your Thoughts—Rage and Passion fires your Cheeks: Come, come, do not let Anger burst you; better burn the Scroll before you read further, than have one Thought of Revenge.

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venge. Now I am confounded ; the Vermillion of your Cheeks, by a secret Sympathy, attracts a Blush in mine ; the Lillies, as they prevail, strike a Damp upon me, whilst I hear you say, From whence proceeds these Flights ? *What would you be at ?*

W hen deepest Cares invade my Breast,
H ad I my dearest Friend, how I were blest ;
A bsence, that dreadful Word, how harsh the Sound,
'T is poison to my Hopes, and gives a deadly Wound.

W hen she is present, how my Spirits flow,
O pens my Heart, and not one Thought of Woe ;
U nder her Influence, I felt no Despair,
L arge was my Pleasure, little was my Care ;
D angers I knew not, so had none to dread,
Y ielding to all things that she did or said ;
O n her alone I safely could depend,
U nto whose Reasons, wondering I attend :

B right are her Morals, with a Judgment clear,
E asy her Maxims, and in nought severe ;

A Breast that's open, with a Mind that's great,
T ruly sincere, and of a Temper sweet.

M any a Time I wish to see
A gain, my dearest Friend
R eturn, and bless my Sight with thee,
Y ou'll find my Sorrows end.

K now that thy Absence gives me Woe,
N or can I happy be,
I oy without thee I cannot know,
G rant me thy Company.
H aste then and come to me, my Dear,
T O ease my Pain, and banish all my Care.

Let these Acrosticks answer to that Question, and give you the real Idea of the present State of *Your's, till Death.* M. P.

108 FAMILIAR LETTERS.

*To Mrs D. F.**September 5, 1732.*

THE Reason you gave me for not answering my Letters, is so different from your former Sentiments, that I cannot refrain writing immediately upon it : But as I resolve to be as little troublesome as I can, I will take Time to fill my Paper, and make this Charge serve for a long Time ; setting aside all corporal Maladies, I always thought your Silence my greatest Trouble, for, believe me, I have a more exquisite Sense of your Afflictions than my own, and indeed I could not esteem myself truly unhappy when I heard of your Health, and we had the Power to write to one another ; for certainly your Conversation has been my greatest Cordial, and I cannot content myself without telling you so ; you say, as you had no immediate Occasion to write, you deferred it by reason of the Charge of Postage, too weak a Reason for unhappy me : It is true, I have wanted many a Meal, by real Necessity, and have thought it hard ; but with what Pleasure I have parted with my little Stock for the Postage of a Letter from you, is not to be described, except you can take my Thoughts in the following Simile, *viz.*

— — — — —

As for my Letters being daily fresh Proofs of my Unhappiness, so consequently additional Troubles

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Troubles to you : Alas, forgive what is past, I will do so no more ; but you must be happy by this Reflexion, *That without the Knowledge of an unhappy Object, we have no Opportunity of assisting the Necessities of our Fellows.* And to do so (as far as we are able) is the greatest Approach we can make to the Deity, and in some sort merits the like thankful Acknowledgments ; and to be insensible and unwilling to acknowledge the Bounties we receive under our Distress, as it betrays the utmost Ingratitude, so it speaks one below the Notice and Regard of others, and unworthy the Name of a rational Creature. As for the Impertinence of Mrs. M. I must not take that to me, having a double Share of my own to answer ; I will send to her, and hope she will no more interrupt your Solitude. How blessed is your State, in which you have an Opportunity to enter into yourself, and learn this Lesson by contemplating and consulting the Ideas of Infinity, which we can never banish from our Minds ; by which we shall soon see, that all we can conceive of the first Being may be reduced to three Attributes, Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, that he is the Life, Light, and Love of all intelligent Beings ; that they receive from him at every Moment their Being, their Reason, and their Felicity ; that he could create us for no other End, but to make us eternally happy in the Contemplation and Love of his infinite Perfections. By

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these sublime Ideas of the Divine Nature we shall soon find in ourselves, and in all Beings that surround us, manifest Characters of moral Evil, and strong Passions that contradict Reason, with inevitable Sufferings that hinder our compleat Happiness. Thus we have a clear Demonstration from the Ideas of God, and the Knowledge of our own Nature, that we are degenerated and fallen from our first Original Purity, and that the Sovereign God being more intimately present with our Souls, than ever we are ourselves, we ought on all Occasions to lay open our superior Faculties to his pure and intellectual Influences, that so he may restore our elapsed Powers to their primitive Health and Strength, make us imitate his Divine Perfection, and transform us into his Likeness. By this Conversion of the Soul to its first Principle, we shall come to a true Knowledge of ourselves, discover all the Windings of Self-Love, see the Impurity of false Virtues, learn by Degrees to rise above ourselves, and be prepared, upon the Dissolution of this mortal Body, to be re-united to our Source and Center.

I am heartily sorry for the Loss your Family has sustained by the Death of *E. P.* Pray God send his Mother may spend her Time in her Retirement as you do, lest she should suffer by the Loss of all her Hopes; and that this Shock, if she has made it one to her, may make her sensible, that her Fabrick

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has no more a lasting Foundation here, than they which have gone before her ; and make her wise by a timely Preparation, necessary for the many Stages she must come at, in her long Journey, before she reaches her Place of Rest ; and for that End I would recommend to her, what I have found my greatest Relief in, that excellent Book, *The whole Duty of Man*.

Now my Paper draws near the End, I must draw near my Conclusion, therefore adieu my dear Friend. I bless God I have no Envy, and there is no room for Pity. I praise his holy Name for the Endowments he has bestowed on you, and heartily pray they may be continued to you many Years, and that you may see the Length of Days your Ancestors saw before you ; that your Reason may never decay, and all your Senses continue, till you lie down and are gathered to the Elect, with the same Quiet as your Aunt. So conclude myself your real and affectionate Well-wisher.

To Mrs D. F.

December 5, 1732.

IF what I have heard, of your being married, be true, sure that cannot make you forget the solemn Vows you have made of an eternal Friendship, especially when your Friend is in so great Distress, why will you not answer my Letters ? If your Retirement be the most strict Recluse, and your Time on-

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ly spent in the Contemplations of the Ideas of Infinity, that must exalt the Soul, and must (as *Plato* says) *not only bring forth the Shadows of Virtue, but Virtues themselves* : Because we can look upon nothing as such, but what tends to exalt our intelligent Nature, to purify the Heart, and divinize the Soul : Thus we must learn to distinguish true Religion, both Substance and Ceremony, and rise above all little Prejudices and Passions, which will make us be true, just, and good, from a Desire of imitating the Truth, Justice, and Goodness of Infinity : We must be true to our Word, tho' detrimental to Self-Love and Interest ; we must do Justice by distinguishing Merit, tho' many Errors and Imperfections attend it ; and by an Imitation of the god-like Virtue of Goodness, we shall not only acquire an inward Beneficence and Generosity, but a disinterested good Nature : Tho' Self-Preservation be our first Duty, yet it ought not to be our only Love ; and as our Capacity of doing good be narrow and circumscribed, yet we ought to strive for the Good of others, as well as our own private Interest, because our Capacity of loving Good is boundless. What can I say ? What can I do ? My Brain is strangely disordered. Are you a Disciple of *SOCRATES* ? Let me apply to you in his Words, *If you have not a Care you will break my Leg.* I must subscribe myself intirely

Your's, M. P.

A
COMMENTARY
UPON
Mr P O P E's
ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

A Wake my * LÆLIUS, leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die.)

Expatriate free, &c.

THESE Lines seem not only to discover a
Discontent, but something more *satirical* against
Grandeur; intimating that *Happiness* is not to
be found in a *Court-Life*. Whereas the *Mo-*
A *deration*

* The Author, in some late Editions, has substituted *Saint-John*,
instead of *Lælius*, to compliment the Lord *Bolingbroke*, but it ren-
ders the Verse much less harmonious than it was before.

deration of a Writer, who undertakes to prescribe Rules of *Morality*, ought to prepossess in favour of his Work: If he speaks with the *Authority* of a Master, he only renders his *Precepts* the more insupportable. A modest, reserved Stile is becoming, especially when we speak of the Great. So many Men unite to shake their Virtue, that they are the more worthy of Admiration when they continue firm in it, and the more to be pitied when they go astray.

WHEN a Man takes to the Court through Motives of Ambition, to have the pleasure of domineering over his Fellow-Subjects, and to see himself respected by the first Rank; instead of finding his Happiness there, he is exposed to a thousand Disappointments, and becomes a Prey to a thousand Sorts of uneasiness. But he who proposes nothing in a Court-Life but to render himself really useful to his Prince and his Country, and lays hold on all Opportunities which happen that way, without any View of Praise or Reward, equally zealous to discharge those Duties which are never to come to the Knowledge of any other Person, as well as those that are to be known by all the World; enjoys, in his constant Probity, the sweetest of Calms; possessed of a Virtue which nothing discourages, and which always supports itself, even tho' neglected.

BUT

BUT if the Tranquillity of Retirement has more Charms than a Life in which we cannot avoid being every Day a witness of a thousand shocking things, and in which Virtue is reduced to the Resistance of almost continual Attempts; I conceive that we may grow weary of such a Life and that it is natural to think of retiring. Such are the Dispositions in which I suppose a *great Wit*, whose works have render'd him famous, and a *Lord* whose Talents have shined in the Ministry.

I AM resolved to follow them; and the more easily to improve my self by the Light they are going to acquire; I suppose my self one of their *Valets de Chambre*. My Happiness goes on equally with theirs, whereas it would be very inferior to it at Court.

Expatiate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan:
A Wild, where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot,
A Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.

Behold a Medley! even of Oppositions, the Truth of which I acknowledge; Oppositions which disturb me, and from the clearing up of which I hope for the most satisfactory Calm.

Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the open what the covert yield.

It is what I expect with Impatience ; but I foresee that this Impatience for the Light will last some time. New Antitheses are about to redouble my Darkness and my Fears. What am I going to hear !

The latent Tracks the giddy Heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of Man what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason or to which refer.

Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the *God* be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.

He who through vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns ?
What vari'd Being peoples every Star ?
May tell, why Heaven made all things as they are.

But of this Frame the Bearings and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul

Look'd thro' ? or can apart contain the whole ?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by *God* or *Thee* ?

We have here a Plan of Explanations that still heighten my Impatience : I am attentive to each Expression ; and I learn at last that to arrive at the Light after which I sigh, I must look for and *eye Nature's Walks*. These Expressions

Expressions are very Metaphorical and adopt the *Sublime*, but my Heart wishes for the *Clear* and the *Simple*. What Idea must I substitute to this Phrase *eye Nature*, the Guide that is proposed to me? Are the Bodies that surround me expressed by it. The Word *Nature* is frequently made use of in this Sense; but here it will not do. By *Nature* shall I understand the Crowd of Mankind, whose Example leads me along and often seduces me? Shall I give to this Name certain secret Inclinations from which I sometimes find Good and often Evil? Must I extend it to my impetuous Passions, which are seldom useful, but generally hurtful to me? Shall I ascribe it to the Light of my Reason? But it is not yet decided by what Character we must distinguish the deceitful from the true Light. To follow Nature, will it be in my power? To tread in the Road which Men agree to approve, but where shall I find that Agreement; and in what shall I make them agree?

By Nature must I understand the Universal Cause of all Spirits and Bodies? Let them teach me the means to assure myself of its Steps, and to separate what there is a Foundation to attribute to it, from what would be wrong to attribute to it.

I HAD hopes given me of seeing the pure Light called back and collected together;

and also the Presumptuous Man who believes himself capable of all things, and the Indolent, who, to free himself from the Labour of Thought, chuses to despise every thing to which it might lead. I expected a great deal and am as yet in possession of nothing. However I don't lose Courage ; Promises grow upon me : They will shew me how to live, and, above all things, to think justly of the Creator, his Will, and the Establishments he has made. This is still infinitely better than only to know him simply and fix there.

THE last Ideas are borrowed from Sir *Isaac Newton's* System : They have more than once made Allusions to it that were not equally just. A profound Study of that System would have run the risk of cooling a very poetick Vein. The Effects of Attraction ought to be bounded and very moderate, or all the Universe would be immediately reduced into a very compact heap. But that is an Episode which I, as a Hearer of Morality, my pass over without hurting my Design.

Presumptuous Man ! the Reason wouldst thou find
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ;
 First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder and no less ?
 Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
 Taller or Stronger than the Weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Here

Here I am as far from my point and my Hopes as ever. I flatter'd myself that I should be fully instructed concerning my Destiny ; but instead of keeping their Word they murder me with Questions, and refuse me Instruction until I have answer'd these Physical Problems.

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
That wisdom infinite must form the *best*,
Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be,
And all that rises, rise in due Degree ;
Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense, 'tis plain
There must be, *somewhere*, such a Rank as *Man* ;
And all the Question (wrangle 'ere so long)
Is only this, if God *has plac'd him wrong* ?

Mr du Resnel Abbé des Sept Fontaines was in the right to observe in his Preface (*pag. 26.*)

‘ That the English love to give room for
‘ thinking, even in the least of their Wri-
‘ tings, and believe they please the Reader
‘ when they always leave him something to
‘ guess.’

MR Pope has followed this Practice in the place we are now come to, and done the honour to those that read him, of simply insinuating to them that *they must look for God only in this World*: He supposes them capable of unravelling this Thought, of mounting up to his Principles and then pushing it farther. If this Earth and the Objects that display themselves about it, presented nothing but
what

what the Mind of Man might perfectly comprehend at first Sight, the Work would not sufficiently declare the Character of its infinite Author. But if every thing was obscure here, it would be so far from making him known, and assuring the human Mind, quite imperfect as it is, of his Existence and Perfections, that it would absolutely conceal him. We immediately perceive that it would be extravagant, and throw the Mind into a total Confusion, to look upon so much Order, so much Connection, so much Symmetry as the mere result of Causes that had not proposed any one Design to themselves, and were ignorant of what they were doing. If ever Thought was contradictory to itself, it is evidently found to be so in the Supposition that the first Cause may effectually exist, but might also have not existed: For, in that Case a Cause must have determined it *to be* rather than not *to be*; from whence it follows that it would not have been the first Cause. It is then in the Cause, and not out of it, that we must look for the Foundation of its Existence. If we ask why the supreme Cause exists: The Answer is, because to say it does not exist implies a Contradiction; it is Reality itself, Reality complete; the Eternal Being complete, in which no true Perfection is wanting. We are forced to confess that he exists, and this has given Oc-
casion

caſion to call his Exiſtence, a neceſſary Exiſtence ; which is very true, very well ſaid, and very juſtly thought in one Senſe. But we may likewise abuſe this Expreſſion ; and we abuſe it the Moment we ſuppoſe God ſubject to any Neceſſity. He is not ſubject to any thing whatever : He is not dependent on any thing whatever : He is perfectly and infinitely ſufficient to himſelf. Infinitely powerful, he can do every thing he pleaſes. Infinitely intelligent, he knows and is ſenſible of his infinite Perfections. He has the Ideas of all things to which his Power can give *Being* ; and when he ſees what he found proper for him to make, he receives no new Impreſſion at all from it ; All the Efficacy of a Creature is but a reſult of the Divine Power. He ſaw in himſelf what a Creature would be, and what it would do, before he gave it a Being. Sufficient in himſelf, ſtanding in need of nothing ; his Perfections did not in any Manner neceſſarily determine him to the Formation of *Beings*. It was not poſſible for any of them to add the leaſt Degree to his Happineſs ; for, in this Caſe, if he had not formed them he would have wanted ſomething.

IT was by a Choice altogether free, and infinitely free, by his infinite Goodneſs that he determined with himſelf to give Exiſtence to Creatures. The Inſtant he was pleaſed to
reſolve

resolve the Creation of the Universe, he saw that the more perfect the Work, the more worthy it would be of him: But it is too bold and too rash a Conclusion to infer from thence, that among all the Ideas which his Intelligence could form of several Universes, one of them through absolute Necessity is made so perfect, that the infinite Intelligence could not form the Idea of another that might equal it. It is therefore by a free Choice that he has given Being to this of which we make a part.

HIS infinite Intelligence found it proper to give Existence to Creatures that might answer to the infinite Diversity of his Ideas. He has formed insensible Creatures that exist without knowing it: He has formed others capable of Sentiment; and he has given Existence to intelligent Beings, he has made them free and active: Their Knowledge, their Liberty, and their Activity, are in different Degrees of Force and Perfection, according to the different Classes into which he has distributed them.

THE Intelligent Creatures had Power to make a good use of their Liberty; they had also Power to abuse it, which Man happen'd to do: This Truth discovers to us the Source of the astonishing Medley of Perfections and Imperfections, of Light and Darkness, of Virtues and Vices, which we behold on the Earth.

So

So that these Words, *that Wisdom infinite must form the best*, might be interpreted with too great a Latitude; and therefore to avoid that Fault, we must, 1. Abstain from supposing the Perfections of the Eternal Being necessarily determined to create rather than not create, to give Existence to one *Whole*, such as we see it, rather than to another which would have been different from it; but which, every thing reckoned, that is to say, all comparison made, would not have been less perfect.

It is impossible that what was drawn out of Nothing, and has received *Being*, can equal the Perfection of the Eternal Cause of it which never had Beginning. Now, as one *Whole* is finite in Perfection, there may be others, the Union of whose parts may amount to an equal Degree of Perfection.

2. NEITHER must we imagine, that each Portion of the Universe is so essential a piece, that if it was wanting, such a want would injure the infinite Wisdom of its Author, and that his Work would suffer by it. A little Flesh-Worm or two more or one less, one Horse more or one less, a Mountain more or a Mountain less, would that disfigure the Work? *The Islands* are represented to us as scatter'd in the Sea by the Hand of the Almighty; it depended upon him to have made the Number of them more or less, and this

Truth may be extended to the Planets, and to all the inhabited or inhabitable Earths. Nothing is more agreeable to the supreme Cause, sufficient in itself, than a Sovereign Liberty ; that Cause, in its different Choices, is still God Almighty, God all Happy, and God most wise and most holy.

A Monarch finds it proper to coin Gold pieces of 30, 15, 10, and 5 Shillings ; his Neighbour coins others of 40, 20, 10, and 5 ; and in the Dominions of a third the Gold is in pieces of 6, 12, 24, and 30 Shillings Each Monarch has a Right to coin as he pleases, and it would be Madness in any Man to break his Brains with Combinations, for deciding which of the Princes shews most Wisdom or has the best Understanding. This is not a proper Subject to give proofs of either, it being only Matter of mere Choice.

In fine, we ought to prescribe to our selves quite another sort of Duty, that is, not to confound the immediate Effects of the supreme Cause, with those arising from created Intelligences when they abuse their Liberty.

Mr *Pope's* Expressions are vague, and as such *may* present the true Meaning : His *
able

* However able Mr *Groussaz* may take the Translator to be, and however ambitious the Translator himself was to shew the Force of his Language in poetical matters, there is no more comparison to be made between the Translation and the Original, as to Harmony, than between the croaking of a Frog and the singing of a Nightingale.

able Translator, willing to shew what our Language can likewise do in poetical matters, has borrowed vague Ideas from his Original, and expressed them the same Way, without imposing the necessity on his Reader of taking him in a contrary Sense. Accordingly, in the Gradations of a World, the Question is established, *Whether God has placed Man wrong in it*; and from its Generality, the Question is reduced to a Precision. God, as a Master at full Liberty, has, according to his own liking, regulated the Gradations of the parts that compose the whole. Nothing more then remains, but to make us comprehend, that in this Gradation Man possesses the place proper for him, and, especially, that it is agreeable to the Equity as well as the Liberty of his Creator. To this Question Mr Pope gives the following Answer :

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to *All*.
 In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
 A thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain;
 In God's, One single can its *End* produce,
 Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.
 So Man, who here seems Principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
 Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole;
 'Tis but a part we see and not a whole.

A Man must seem to me to be very good
 natured indeed, to take this for a satisfactory

B

I Answer.

Answer. In Man are Evils or Physical Imperfections, and also Evils or Moral Imperfections. Now these Evils are what renders the Question of great Importance; it is a very astonishing Subject. Let us begin with the Physical Evils. The more attentive we are to them, the more we shall find it incredible that the Megrim, the Head-ake, the Tooth-ake, the Gravel, the Stone, the Gout, the Palsy, the Weakness of Childhood, and the Infirmities of old Age, the Stupidity of some, the Fury of others, and the Chimeras of the Inhabitants of Bedlam, are Physical Circumstances, from which the Totality of the Universe reap an Advantage, and which carry their Influences so far.

THE View of the Moral Evils redoubles the Difficulties; for, in short, what Fruits can the most fertile Imagination suspect, that the Totality of the Universe gather from Cheats and Thieves; from Poisoners, Calumniators, Perjurers, and Murderers; from Violations and Impurities against Nature? Were all these Gradations absolutely necessary in the World to prevent its having any Vacuum, or taking too rough and hasty a Tumble?

MR Pope seems to have an extream Inclination to look upon the Universe as one *Whole* composed of Parts so exactly linked together,

together, that nothing can be displaced without taking away a Prop from all the rest, and putting it in danger of being overturned: This is carrying the System extravagantly far; and a Man would have trouble enough to imagine a Physick, from the Foundations of which such a Linking could result. A Machine extremely well composed with all its Parts in these reciprocal Dependences, would certainly be the Effect of a great Attention and as great a Dexterity; but we should regret the time employed in a Work so easy to be entirely destroyed.

WHEN we propose to study Man, to arrive at the Knowledge of him, * *to sound the Depth of his dark Heart*, Retreat is of use; in it we more easily become attentive to the Inclinations of that Heart, and read its interior with less Distraction. But all the Knowledge of a Man, who knows nothing but what he learned from himself, is commonly too limited, and several Things escape him. In matters of Fact we ought to instruct our selves by Experience, and if we are not in a Capacity to do so, we must consult those who have tried that Method and reaped Benefit by it; And as to what

B 2

regards

* This is one of the Translator's many Flourishes, not to be found in Mr Pope; this Criticism is then more properly on the Translation than the Original: However, as it is not bad we insert it.

regards Events we are obliged to read History. If our illustrious Travellers, whom I suppose to be entirely simple Philosophers, and bounded by those Conjectures which Reason is capable of making, after having quitted the Court to study Man, his Nature, his Duties, and his Destiny, had followed this reasonable Maxim, they would have informed themselves of the Fall of Man in an antient History, which very able persons have demonstrated to be altogether worthy of Credit.

BEFORE supposing that God made Man in the Beginning such as we now see him, they should have begun by asking themselves, *How it happen'd that the first Man, the Chief of Human Kind, in receiving Existence, was not formed with the happy want of Power to abuse his Liberty?*

To this Question it is easy to answer, that the Creator is the supreme Arbiter of his Gifts, and that he distributes them with what Restrictions he pleases. It was sufficient for Man to be * born with Power to make a good use of his Gifts and his Liberty, and it was a great Honour, an immense Honour, that his Sovereign Master would be pleased with his voluntary Love and Obedience.

BUT why are Infants born disposed to chuse Evil? Why do they fall into hands which, far from

* We think Mr Croufaze might have said created.

from endeavouring to rectify what is amiss or defective in their Dispositions, let those Dispositions grow habitual by their neglect, and increase them by their Example, and all the Effects of a bad Education ?

AN entire Class of Intelligences, of great Power and great Activity, withdrew themselves from the Submission they owed to their Creator ; those Intelligences chose rather to follow their own Humour. Perhaps the Marvel of their Creation, and their springing out of Nothing, appeared to them as an Event altogether incredible ; or perhaps they looked upon themselves to be the Result of some Destiny. But in whatever Manner it was they rebelled, the supreme Being did not think proper to annihilate them ; he chose rather to make them feel the Effects of his Wisdom and Power, and afterwards of his Justice, in the overthrow of all their Projects, which should not end but to their Confusion, and the Issue of which should be quite contrary to what they proposed to themselves.

MAN's Disobedience did not go without Punishment : It was fit that Man, become a Sinner, should fall from the Happiness designed for Man persevering in Innocence. But Man, from innocent is become a Sinner, because he has been seduced, and yet the Seducer has not gained his point. Fallen Man became an Object of Compassion ; his

Life was prolonged that he might obtain a better by his Repentance, and perpetuate to his Descendants the Remembrance of what he had seen.

THE perfect Intelligence of God and his infinite Equity very exactly discern, in the Disorders of Infants and Adults, what may be imputed to them from what they are to be pitied for; and in this Discernment the Balance always leans to the Mercy Side. There would be Impiety in the Thought, that God produces Moral Evil, and gives Birth to Vice, in order to draw Good from it. But that Evil, of which it is not possible that he has been the Cause, gives Room for a new Exercise of his Virtues.

FROM thence therefore, the blessed Intelligences have seen a new Order of Creatures arise: They begin to exist in Darkness and Ignorance; they live in Infirmities and Imperfections which vary in a thousand different Shapes, and which prove that their Life has a great many condemnable parts in it. But they are born with the wonderful Talent of being able to enlighten and correct themselves, to advance in Knowledge and Virtue; and, in a word, to acquire what they want, and labour themselves towards their own Perfection. They enquire for the Source of their Being, as it were in groping
for

for it; but yet they find it, * *and the Universe displays to their Eye-Lids, though weak, a Light of sufficient Lustre.* Interior Sentiments further instruct them, and discover the Will of their Maker, these are proofs that God calls them to please him, and offers them his Grace; and the Assistance which he grants, when they demand it, finishes the work of convincing them.

I return to my first Supposition; I fancy myself in the Train of those two great Genius's, and as a recompence of my Attachment and Fidelity in their Service, I expect that they will communicate some of their Discoveries to me; I take the Liberty, at last, to put them in mind of it. † *You have promised to discover to Man his Virtues and his Vices, and the Indiscretion of his Vows. Your Fire has carried you very far from this Plan, of such Concernment in itself. Keep your Word, and begin with me, I beseech you. Instruct me in the Laws from which I am not permitted to stray. Teach me what I ought to desire, what End I ought to propose to myself, and what Fate I must expect.*

BUT

* This is mere play of Words in the Translation, no where to be found in the Original.

† All this is the pert Babble of a Frenchman; the Original no way authorizes it, though it must be owned the Translation do's in some Measure: By which we may judge of the Goodness of it.

BUT what do I hear? An Answer that throws me flat on my Back, and is just ready to extinguish all my Hopes.

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the Plains ;
When the dull Ox why now he breaks the Clod,
Now wears a Garland, an *Ægyptian* God ;
Then shall Man's pride and Dullness comprehend
His Actions, Passions, Being, Use, and End ;
Why doing, suffer'ing, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

Here behold me sent far enough for Instruction ; they have given me the Horse for my Preceptor, and the Ox for my Parish-Priest ; and I may count upon living in Ignorance as long as those two Doctors can't see into the Reasons of what they are made to do. The Emperor that named his Horse to be Consul was more a Beast than that Animal, and the Ox adored by the *Ægyptians* was less stupid than the Kings who gave themselves out to be Gods. The Contradictions then that dishonour Man, are not to cease until the Horse and the Ox cease to be Beasts ; and until then, Man will not know whether he falls, or does not fall into Contradiction. Does the Right of Poets extend so far as boldly to publish the greatest Paradoxes, provided they be deliver'd in pompous Expressions ?

I have

I have no need to wait until the Horse and the Ox shew themselves capable of reasoning, to be sensible of what passes within me; I find that I can make a good Use of my Liberty, and that I can likewise abuse it. Either one or the other happens to me, according as I am more or less attentive to my Duty, to the Discourses of Wise Men, and the good Examples they give. From what passes within myself, I may conjecture what passes in others. In proportion as we deliver ourselves up to Sensuality, or abandon ourselves to Pride, we forget not only what we are, but what we ought to be; we degrade ourselves in living like Brutes, we break loose from all Law, and no longer acknowledge any Master. From one Excess to another we push Sensuality farther than Beasts, and yet we exact from Men that Respect which falls little short of Adoration. The Christian Religion therefore spreads its Light to us; it teaches us that God abandons those Persons that turn their Back upon him to a certain point, and that the Evil Spirits aspire at nothing more than to turn every thing topsy-turvy in us, and take full possession of our Minds.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
 Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought;
 His Being measured to his State, and Place,
 His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

This

This is one of the most precipitate Conclusions that ever was drawn; the Horse and the Ox are perfectly ignorant of the Reasons why they are put to the Race or the Plough; We cannot therefore arrive at the knowledge whether we are perfect or imperfect, nor in what degree we are either one or the other. I don't know what the Horse and the Ox think; therefore I don't know what I think myself, and it is useless for me to endeavour to get myself better instructed.

BUT upon what does Mr Pope found his Decision, *Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought*; from whence has he received this profound Knowledge? Has he forgot that the Mind and Wit of Man is *little and blind*? * *Has he then assisted in the Heavenly Council.* Mr Pope's Expressions are vague and equivocal. God formed Man such as it was convenient for him to be: Man degraded himself; it was his fault and not the Work of God: The Touches in him *that declare the Wisdom of his Author, are the Remains of his first State.*

* These are not Mr Pope's Words but the Translator's: the Original says,

- ' Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
- ' And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

† *A more perfect Condition would not be fit for him.* Could a Man advance any thing bolder, and consequently more opposite to the frequent Censures which Mr Pope himself gives of rash Decisions? Are all Men equally perfect, physically and morally? Can it be said of a blind, or a lame, or a crook-back'd Man, of a Drunkard, a Cheat, or a Perjurer, *that a more perfect State would not be fit for him?* A Proposition so little expected, requires very strong Proofs, and here behold all that Mr Pope's amount to: *His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.* Is then an Exaggeration proved by Figurative Expressions; Expressions which if taken in the plain Meaning of the Letter are still more Hyperbolical and visibly false? And what shall we call throwing Dust in peoples Eyes, if we spare this Censure of such a Proof?

Was it worth the Pains of quitting the Court to raise up so fine a Discovery? Life is but a Moment, and we are too blind to be able to decide whether what passes in it is good or bad; Let us then make the most of this

† Mr Pope's Words are,

'His Being measur'd to his State and Place,'

Which words cannot bear such a turn as the Translator has given; this part of the Criticism is then consequently on the *Abbé des Sept Fontaines*, and not strictly on Mr Pope.

this Moment while it lasts, and, incapable of arriving at a solid knowledge of Truth, let us put an End to our Uneasiness by delivering ourselves up to Luxury and Pleasure, for which a Court-Life is, of all Sorts, the fittest.

I fancy I see a Circle of pretended Philosophers, who having undertaken to come to the Knowledge of Man, and, having a long time beat the Bush in looking for it, conclude him to be a Heap of Contradictions; that if we chuse to deny his being perfect, it is no more than what we see and he is what he ought to be; it would not be fit for him to be any more; his Life ought to be reckon'd as no more than a Moment, because it slips from him with so much Rapidity. If the very Moment in which this Conclusion is fixed, so improper to satisfy the Enquiries of the Heart, a Servant comes to tell them that *Dinner is on the Table*, up suddenly starts the Circle and every Member of it runs to the Solid. They leave their deep Speculations behind them, to give themselves over to Gaiety and Mirth, over which no impertinent scruple will cast any Trouble; for this Philosophy admits of none.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page prescribed, their *present State*,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could suffer Being here below?

These

These last Verses present a whole Heap of Equivocations.

To be curious to penetrate into Futurity, and be informed before hand of all the Events that shall succeed one another, is a Curiosity that no way becomes us; and if you please to give it the name of Pride I shall not oppose you. But an ardent Desire to know without Obscurity, if our Creator has placed us in this World to live in it under certain Laws, and what are those Laws to which he has subjected us, is not Pride; on the contrary, it is Duty, it is Humility and Submission.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate, is not the Stile of a Philosopher; it is the Language of Homer, who made every thing, even the Divinity itself, subject to Fate. *From Brutes what Men, &c.* Thick * Clouds then do not always cover that Book from us, and the Knowledge of what God is pleased to reveal to us ought to be the object of our Desires.

BUT *without that Ignorance of the Future could Man live in any Tranquillity?* Why not, if he places his Confidence in God, and lives resigned to his Will? Heroick Minds know very well that they are destined to a grievous
C and

* This is an Addition of the Translator's.

and shameful Death according to the World; but, nevertheless, without the least disturbance of Soul, they apply themselves to the Performance of their Duty.

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
Oh Blindness to the Future! kindly given
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,

Beasts give very strong Indications that they dread Blows, that they fear Pain; But as to Death, we perceive nothing in them that proves they have any Idea or Apprehension of it.

BUT as to Man's Part; to reflect upon Death and consider it as unavoidable, are great Helps to him towards conducting his Life wisely and ending it happily. Here Reason agrees with Religion, and we must equally abstract from the Light of Both to cry out

Oh Blindness to the Future! kindly given
especially when we add

That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n.

This

This supposes that if Men were made acquainted with their Destiny, they would do their utmost to avoid it, and prevail too in their Endeavours ; for without that Ignorance of the Future, Heaven could not guide every Being to fill, each, the Circle marked for it. This is, however, a Consequence that cannot take place, if it is impossible for Man to dispose freely of his Force and his Activity. But the Dogma of *Fatality* drags us into Contradictions ; as soon as we lose sight of it good Sense leaves it, and the Books of the Stoicks prove this in almost every Page : The Beauty of their Morality is established upon quite opposite Foundations.

GOD has given Men sufficient Talents for forming upon Subjects, not above their Power, Conjectures solid and just enough for regulating their Conduct wisely and happily, and even for giving useful Advice to such as stand in need of it.

NEVERTHELESS, God, who sees into Futurity infinitely clearer than Men, and who holds all Events in his hand, often, through Goodness to them, does not permit their Projects to succeed as they propose, because that Success would be less advantageous to them. Much oftener still does he dash all the Pride and Rashness of their Undertakings to pieces. In this Respect Men abuse their Liberty : One while they perswade themselves of the

Certainty of whatever pleases them, without having the least reasonable Proofs of it, and another time, warned to avoid the Misfortunes that threaten them, they refuse to submit to Advice that does not please them. Of this we have an astonishing Example in the Conduct of the Israelites, a little before their Captivity.

BUT there is another sort of Fate, into which it is of infinite Importance to Men to get a sure Light, and which the Goodness of God never will fail to grant them, if they seek it with a zealous and sincere Heart.

By Mr *Pope's* Confession, the Marks of the Wisdom and Goodness of God shine in his Works, and in Man in particular. These are Truths which he most pompously displays in his Verses.

WISDOM directs always to one End. Since then God has given us Feet, he would have us make use of them to walk with, to convey us whither it is proper for us to go. The Eye is given us to see with, and the Organs of Voice invite and engage us to speak. We need only be attentive to ourselves and to what is about us, and the Light of our Destination will encrease to Infinity.

IN vain would the infinite and all-powerful Goodness of our Creator have loaded us with Presents if we did not love ourselves; there
would

would be nothing in us but Insensibility. He will have us love ourselves, that is to say, according to the just Definition of the Term, he will have us esteem ourselves, he will have us eager to procure Advantages for ourselves. Now what is there estimable in us? What God has placed there. We are his Work, and by that we find ourselves worthy of our own Attachment, and worthy of our own Respect: From thence it is that we fear to dishonour ourselves. We find that we are capable of Gratitude, and to what Object ought we rather to direct our Gratitude and our Thanks, than to the Great Being, from whom we hold every thing? What ought we to be more sensible of than the acquitting ourselves of what we owe him? What other Good can we procure for ourselves that deserves to be put in Comparison with the just, the glorious, the lively Satisfaction of offering him our Devotion and Attachment? His Power, his Wisdom, his infinite Goodness, which renders us capable of that Devotion and Attachment, will then approve of and accept them; What new Subjects for us of the most profound Returns of Thanks, and the most lively Admiration! He makes us capable of acquiring Knowledge, and what Knowledge can more contribute to the Perfection of our Nature than that of his Will? Would his infinite

Goodness refuse us the Power to discover, by what Obedience it would be possible to shew him our Zeal and Devotion? We need not soar up to Heaven, nor plunge into the Depths of the Abyss, to arrive at that happy Discovery. His Laws are engraven in our Hearts. To endeavour to know them is already the first part of our Duty: This conducts us to love and adore the Source of that precious Knowledge, and to find our dearest Delights in our Submission to his Orders. We can offer him all that we are, but we can give him nothing. It is impossible for us to add any thing to the Plenitude of his Happiness, which is above all Want: But there are Creatures which he offers as Objects of our Assistance. All Men ought to be valuable and amiable in our Sight, because they are, like us, the Work of the Being which we adore, a Work of the same Order, and, like us, Objects of his Attention. It is thus that whole Morality opens itself by degrees to our Enquiries; and those divine Raptures which its Author gives us the Grace to feel in the Knowledge and Practice of the Precepts with which it enlightens us, finish the Work of fully convincing us of our Destination, and the End for which we are created. Behold then our Lot, as well as the Light afforded us, infinitely above the Ignorance of the Horse and the Ox; and
this

this Happiness highly deserved to be celebrated by the Vein and all the Talents of the Poet whom I study, whose Verses, should we have ever so little Leaning to take them in a wrong Sense, would lead us directly into Discouragement and Indolence.

Who sees with equal Eye, as God of *All*,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into Ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World!

Mr *Pope* may possibly confine himself to write for Wits more piercing than mine, and for that Reason, perhaps, I find Obscurity in Places where his favourite Readers don't perceive any. By the * *just Balance*, does he mean that of Equity in the Reward of Virtue and Punishment of Vice? or if by that *just Balance* he simply means the Attention of the Supreme Cause to preserve the *Æquilibrium* between the Parts that compose the great Machine of the World, it would suppose too much Conformity between the Ideas of the Supreme Cause and those of an Artificer; would that Cause be attentive that the Death of a Sparrow, or the Death of a Man might not break that *Æquilibrium*?

DOES

* This is the Translator's Way of rendering *equal Eye*, which he likewise has too in the next Line; or *sa juste Balance* is a Flight of his own.

DOES Mr *Pope* fancy that God is the immediate Author of every thing that happens, and that he equally directs the Powder and Shot that kill a Sparrow, and and the Dagger that abridges the Life of a Hero? The more Reputation an Author has, the more ought he to be upon his Guard not to let any thing slip from him, that the Enemies of Religion may take hold of.

IF he lays down as a Fact, that the unalterable Happiness of the Being infinitely perfect in itself, is no more affected by the Assassination of a Hero, than by the Fall of a Sparrow, every Man ought to think as he does.

BUT if he proceeds so far as to insinuate that these two Events, are Objects equally indifferent to the Supreme Being, he injures his Justice. It is permitted to kill a Bird, but it is criminal to attempt the Life of an innocent Man, and, with much greater Reason, a Life that has so much Influence on the Happiness of others.

WHAT he adds appears to have been merely imagined, in order to fill his Work with surprizing Antitheses, which even agree but very indifferently with the Dependence which he has established between the Parts of the Universe: One single Link of the great Chain being broke, would cause a *Confusion that would extend itself even to the Throne of God.*

God. Would he then look with indifference
on Worlds falling into nothing ;

Hope humbly then ; with trembling Pinions soar ;
Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore !

Let us take Care not to wait until then :
This Indolence is too criminal ; for as God,
in giving us a Being, impressed in us the
Love of ourselvcs, let us not prove ungrate-
ful to him for his Gifts, by an obstinate In-
dolence to our own Interests ; let us be as far
from taking the Stupidity and Extravagance
of Mr *Pope's* Indian, as the Ignorance of
his Horse and his Ox, for our Model ;
and let us not go to their Schools for In-
struction.

* What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast ;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest ;
The Soul uneasy and confin'd at home
Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

† Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd Mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind ;

His

* These six lines are not in the Translation ; how they came to
be passed over, the Translator knows best.

† As to these ten Lines, the Translator, tho' counted one of the
French First Rates, has hobbled out their Meaning within the Com-
pafs of twenty four of his own ; but he has left their Spirit be-
hind him.

His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way,
 Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
 Behind the Cloud-topt Hill an humbler Heav'n,
 Some safer World in depth of Woods embrac'd,
 Some happier Island in the watry Waste ;
 Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,
 No Fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.

Here I am plagued again to know what reasonable Meaning to give to the Word *Nature*: May I permit myself to believe that Mr *Pope* in this Place more clearly explains its signification? That Nature whose Voice we must respect, and whose Steps we must follow; that Nature whose Gifts we must take Care not to alter, is it the State of a *Mind* that has given itself no Cultivation, tho' God sent it into the World capable of cultivating itself, of labouring towards its own Perfection, and acquiring some sure Light? Ought the Lessons of Nature to go no farther than the Grossness and Ignorance of the Senses? This happy State of Nature, is it that of a Man who, without vouchsafing to take Advantage of the Assistance of his Reason, for surmounting what tires and fatigues him, delivers himself up without scruple to the most fantastick Imaginations? And should we even suppose the Mercy of God looking with Compassion on the Darknes of this poor *Indian*, could we suffer ourselves to think the same of the voluntary and obstinate
 Blindness

Blindness of those Men whom Pride, Voluptuousness, Aversion to Constraint, determine to refuse those Lights; to which it only depends upon themselves to give Entrance?

GOD gave us Life, and shall we be ungrateful enough to look upon such a Present with Indifference? It comes from God; how great then is its Price! if we esteem it as it deserves, if we love it according to its Value, shall we not wish for the Continuance of it? To wish for the Continuation of a Good, is it making an ill Use of the Knowledge we have of it? To desire the Continuation of our Existence, that we may continue to instruct ourselves in the Will of God, and wholly surrender ourselves up to that Submission of which he is worthy, are these Desires that do not become us, and might displease the Goodness of God? He has render'd us capable of enlightening ourselves; full, then, of Admiration and Gratitude for this rich Present, shall we make any scruple to cultivate it? And will God be displeased with us, if we beseech him, with as much Ardour as Humility, to raise us to the Knowledge of him, that we may adore him, with the greater Purity? Can any One have the Heart to interdict us these Ideas, and put them upon a Level with the Dreams of the blind *Indian*? Every Man that will give himself up to these Desires so just in them-

themselves, so worthy of the Excellence of the Nature we have received from God, and so conformable to his infinite Goodness, will find, by a happy and constant Experience, that we are born to think after this Manner.

MR *Pope* continuing to speak of the *Indian*, says in his Praise that

To be, contents his natural Desire,
He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him Company.

If, for equalling the Imaginations of the *Indian* to the Persuasions of a Christian, or only of a reasonable Man, Mr *Pope* had affected to lend his Ideas and his Verse to that Savage, could he have made any other Use of them? The Poet even seems to give him the Preference, in saying, *He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire.*

MR *Pope* in heightening the Fire of his Poetry, by an Antithesis, ridicules the blessed Spirits as he goes on. The *Indian* much wiser than they, can do very well without a Flame, * *Which devours at the same time that it nourishes.*

Go

* Mr *Pope* has nothing to do with these Words, they are one of the Translator's Flights, which the Critick is only exposing at the same time that he thinks he is demolishing Mr *Pope*.

Go wiser Thou ! and in thy Scale of Sense
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence* :
 Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man alone, engross not Heav'n's high Care,
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God !

Who is searching for Imperfection ? who
 supposes it to be where it is not, except
 Mr *Pope* himself, who places enlighten'd
 Spirits in a Class below Savages ?

IN the Conduct of God, we take care
 not to find, nor even to suspect, any Imper-
 fection ; but we find Imperfection enough,
 and even something more than Imperfection
 in the Conduct of Men, indolent to what
 ought to be the Object of their most lively
 Ardour ; all in a Flame for what deserves
 but very weak Desires, often even In-
 difference, and still oftener a total neglect.
 These Imperfections, these Disorders, are
 what we see with Regret ; the Sweetness of
 our Days is disturbed by them ; and if we
 seek any Comfort from them, it is only in
 our Care not to imitate them, and in our
 Zeal to raise those that have fallen into them,
 and prevent their Falls as much as lies in
 our Power. Will any Man dare to continue

saying that this Choice of Conduct is not so wise as that of an Animal Life, entirely plunged in the present, and only mingled with some Imaginations without Proof, merely to drive Care away ; that is to say to feed upon Illusions.

I must still have a Word more, as I go on, about that *happier Island where no Christians thirst for Gold*. Can Mr Pope take it ill, if we look with Horrour on an intolerable Piece of Rudeness that dishonours the Christian Name, by a real Antichristianity ?

To whom does Mr Pope address himself in this long Period ? Is it to those Presumptuous Men, who are continually straining themselves, and incessantly abusing the Fruitfulness of their Imaginations, merely to harass Christians with Objections against Providence ? their Rashness and Impatience appear to us worthy of all the Censures with which Mr Pope very justly loads them.

BUT when he adds, *If Man alone, engross not Heav'n's high Care, Alone, made perfect here, immortal there* : he seems to me to go much too far ; and his Expressions, at least, seem to speak a great deal more than he thinks. To those who exclaim against the Wisdom and Equity of Providence, in order to conclude from thence that there is no Providence at all, he joins in one and the same Period the Adorers of its Goodness. The latter

latter acknowledge, that if God had deprived them of Life many years ago, he would have done no more than what they had deserved ; but as he has preserved them, and continues to make them participate of his Favours, they therefore conclude that the Eye of the divine Goodness does not look upon them as odious Objects, as Objects irrevocably condemn'd, but as Objects of Pardon and Mercy ; and that their sovereign Master preserves their Life for continuing their Repentance and increasing their Virtue. The Love of God succeeds all their former Strayings ; they adore him with a Heart filled with Adoration, and looking upon these Sentiments, which predominate in them, to be convincing Proofs of his infinite Goodness and their Reconciliation, they humbly and ardently ask of him what he permits, and even commands them to ask.

Is there not here an Allusion to the Faith of Christians, whom *St Paul* declares *sealed by the Holy Ghost for the Day of Redemption* ? and in such a Case should we not border upon the irremissible Crime of the *Pharisees*, who imputed the Miracles of *Jesus CHRIST* to the Power of *Beelzebub*, when we attribute the most precious Effects of the Divine Grace to a Spirit of Pride ? Did *Mr Pope* never read the Scripture, or did he read it, like the Libertines, in nothing but a

Spirit of Criticism, to extract something from it to make a Jest of by profane Allusions? Our Hopes are never mentioned in the Scripture, but we immediately compare the Greatness of them with our own Unworthiness; and we never ground them but upon the entirely gratuitous Mercy of God, and the Fidelity of the Promises of his Grace, which we can never be weary of admiring. Under the old Covenant the Faithful already lived in these Sentiments, and to their Prayers joined the Humility of their Hopes. O my God, said *Nehemiab*, *be mindful of me*, imploring God's Blessing on his Person and the Good he had done, *and pardon me according to the Greatness of thy Mercy.*

MR *Du Resnel* presents Mr *Pope* to us as a good Catholick. Is it in the Mode of those who invite others to be so, in these Words; *stick close to the Body of the Tree; call yourself by our Name; and as to the rest live according to your own liking and think as you please.* A Christian ought to be in sovereign dread of making himself the Occasion of the Fall of those whose Faith is not sufficiently fixt; Why then, by bold and pompous Verses, expose them to the Danger of familiarizing themselves to profane Ideas? In a great Number of those who call themselves Christians there are still Shoots of Incredulity. The Heart of a corrupt Man loves

loves every thing that tends to free it from Constraint ; and such as would not be the Author of certain Expressions, hear them without Repugnance in the Mouth of another. It is a great Subject of Mortification to Persons that do not deserve to be mortified, to see an Eagerness in others to read seducing and scandalous Books.

SNATCH from his Hand the Balance and the Rod, Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God. These are horrors which we cannot impute to any but Libertines, up in Arms against Providence.

In reas'ning *Pride* (my Friend) our Error lies :
 All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies. *
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Those proud, haughty Intelligences, whom we call *Demons*, importuned by a Submission which they found burthenfome, would conduct themselves according to their own Humour, and receive no Law but from themselves. God looks with Compassion on the deplorable State of Man, seduced by their Cunning and their Malice, and would do him more Good than they sought to do him Evil, and to put him above all Attempts

of Seduction, and out of all Danger of falling again, the Sovereign *Will* is to raise him to a Nature and a Perfection infinitely superior to his first Rank. Not then to be able to agree with Submission, thoroughly just as it is, and, with a Heart full of Admiration and Devotion, follow the Call of God, in hopes of seeing his eternal Laws reign in us and over us; are States so opposite, that we cannot help looking with as much Pity as Indignation on the Distractedness of a Man, who takes it in his Head to put two such contrary Conditions in a parallel of Equality.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine?
 Earth for whose Use? Pride answers, ' 'tis for mine:
 • For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
 • Suckles each Herb, and swells out ev'ry Flow'r;
 • Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 • The Juice nectareous and the balmy Dew;
 • For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings
 • For me Health gushes from a thousand Springs;
 • Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise;
 • My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies.'

This is the Language of Pride carried to the greatest Excess of Extravagance, and it is not even conceivable that it ever came seriously out of any Man's Mouth.

To form some sort of Idea of the Elevation and the Immensity of God, it is said in figurative Terms, that *Heaven is his Throne,*
and

the Earth his Footstool: And these Ideas united present the Universe to us as the Temple of his Glory.

THE Creator has placed us on this part of the Universe which we call the Earth, and loaded us with exterior Goods and interior Gifts. Our Weakness finds itself here surrounded with a thousand and a thousand Helps, and he has made us a Present of an Industry, which puts us in a Condition to secure ourselves from every thing that can hurt us, and make use of every thing that can be of Advantage to us. A reasonable Man, becomes attentive to his Favours: His Heart is penetrated with Gratitude for them; he is sensible that he does not deserve them; his Gratitude redoubles; With thanksgivings he humbles himself under the favourable and Almighty Hand to which he owes himself: And in these Sentiments he finds the Greatness of his Happiness in knowing the Laws of his Creator, and living obedient to them.

To this just, but pretended proud, State, shall we oppose the humble Modesty of those who, to shake off so many Obligations that importune them, lower themselves to the Rank of Brutes, put themselves upon a Level with them, limit themselves to the gross Delights of an Animal Life, and, to give full Swing to the present, without any Uneasiness
about

about Futurity, permit, for that Purpose, Illusions without Proof, and a Tranquillity without Foundation ; letting themselves be carried away by the Bent of their Desires, without opposing any other Barriers to them, than the fear of Imprisonment, Transportation, or the Gallows ; and if that does not confine them too much, some Care besides for prolonging their Days and preserving their Health ?

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
Towns to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep ?

‘ No (’tis reply’d) the first Almighty Cause
‘ Acts not by partial but by gen’ral Laws ;
‘ Th’ Exceptions few ; some Change since all began ;
‘ And what created perfect ? — Why then *Man* ?

If we suppose that Mr *Pope* has any sort of Chain in his Periods, or any Connection in his Thoughts, we must look upon what we have just read as a Continuation of Censures against Men, who imagine themselves to be, more particularly than brute Animals, Objects of Divine Providence. But every Thing he alledges as a Proof is without Force.

THE Scourges which God makes Use of, are not Events that serve to keep up the Relation which the Parts of the Universe have to one another, where they seem to spread Disorder ;

Disorder ; they are none of the Physical Goods, necessary for the Preservation of the Whole. Their Commission and End is to punish, chastise, and correct Men.

AND what created perfect ? Into what Labyrinths do not a precipitate System, and Suppositions destitute of a solid Foundation, throw a Man ? God, says the System, inevitably determined to create a Universe, and to form it such as it is ; And Why ? because it ought to be the most perfect of all those of which the Ideas presented themselves to the Divine Intelligence. But ought so perfect a *Whole*, and necessarily worthy of Preference by that Perfection, to be exposed to Innundations, to Overturnings, to Plagues, to Famines ? Why not ? *Is there any thing here below that can be perfect ?* If there had been any possibility of making it more perfect, it would have been made so ; the Almightyness of God could go no farther. And still why so ? Did the *Nothing*, did the *Matter* drawn out of *Nothing*, refuse to contribute to a greater Perfection ? *Slight Evils were necessary for producing great Good.* What we see most beautiful, the Light of the Day, the Order and Disposition of the Heavens, the most exquisite Fruits, the most wholesome Medicines, and an Infinity of admirable Parts, All owe the Continuation of their Lustre, and their Existence, to those Plagues, those

those Famines, those Overturnings and Confusions, that astonish us. It is by such Evils that great Goods are supported. It was not possible to put things in any other Order. All is linked together ; and a Megrim, a Catarrh, less would have spoil'd the whole.

If the *great End* be human Happiness,
 And Nature deviates how can Man do less ?
 As much that End a constant Course requires
 Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of Man's Desires,
 As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate calm and wise.
 If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Design,
 Why then a *Borgia* or a *Cataline* ?
 From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning springs ;
 Account for moral, as for natural Things ;
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
 In both to reason right is to submit.

Mr *Pope* lets fly from time to time, and even at every shot, Maxims so paradoxical, I don't say to a Christian alone, but to a reasonable Man, confirm'd in the Habit of living under Laws, and being pleased with a regular Morality, that we cannot avoid refusing those Ideas which he seems to have a Design to establish. We would willingly dispense with ourselves from believing that they are his ; but here the System discovers itself more clearly than we wish. *The Harmony of the World is kept up* by a Mixture of Principles, whose Jarrings and Squabbles are followed

ed by happy Effects. *Why should not Man likewise contain Contradictions?* The Passions do not agree among themselves, and if they unite, it is only to revolt against Reason. Why should it be otherwise? since there is room for it, it must necessarily be. The Universe exacts that all *that is, should be.*

THE Diversity of Particles, distributed in the Air, the Earth, and the Water, gives Birth to Fermentations, and those Fermentations contribute to the Nourishment of Plants and Animals: These are the Means which the Creator makes Use of to this End. But what would the Universe lose if Men constantly followed the Light of Reason, and if the Passions caused no manner of Confusion? But that Confusion spreads no *Physical* Disorder, and still less does it preserve in the Universe the Order and Union of its Parts; It is a *Moral* Confusion which the Will might and ought to prevent, and which by that Means renders Man culpable and worthy of Chastisement.

* STORMS and Tempests never disturb that Order which ought to reign in the Universe, neither do they contribute in the least to the strengthening of it. It supports itself independent of these Irregularities, which do
not

* These Words stand in the French instead of *Plagues* and *Earthquakes*, as *Nero* and *Cromwell* do instead of *Borgia* and *Catalins*.

not entertain, but make us admire, the Course of Movements, that preserve themselves regularly notwithstanding these little, thin-sown Irregularities.

GUILTY Heads, (for, at last Mr *Pope* acknowledges some; and can a Man be guilty, if he has no Liberty, if he has not Power to observe the Laws he violates, and refuse what leads him astray from them?) may cause great Disturbances in human Society, and make the Members of it suffer. But God, who does not make but only permits those Disorders, lets them happen for a Punishment to the Wicked, and a Trial to the Good; and sets such Bounds to them as he pleases. Mr *Pope* here brings in Pride, without any Necessity*.

GOD is the Author of natural Order, either immediately or mediately. A second Motion is the necessary Consequence of the first, and the third of the second. But as to Moral Evil, it is not the Consequence of any Necessity; God does not produce it either immediately or mediately.

WHY charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? God is not chargeable, for he gives

* Here we omit some of the Criticism, because it is upon a few Lines of the Translation that neither shew Mr *Pope's* Words nor his Meaning.

no Birth to Moral Evil; † it cannot be imputed to him without Impiety.

W H Y does Mr *Pope* then undertake to reason, lift himself so high, and decide with so much Assurance on the greatest of all Subjects? If we will believe him in the Case, the sovereign Perfections of the eternal Being inevitably determined him to create this Universe, because the Idea of it was the most perfect of all the Ideas that represented Worlds. Nevertheless, *there is nothing perfect* in this Part of it that is assigned for our Habitation; It swarms then with Imperfections; it is God himself that has made them, and it could not possibly be that he could act otherwise. Mr *Pope* took care not to

E

trace

† We think this Piece of Criticism might have been spared; since Mr *Pope* says,

‘ In both to reason right is to submit.

But, not altogether to condemn the Critick, we must lay some of the fault on the Abbé, who has translated the three last Lines of Mr *Pope*’s Period thus :

La Raison doit porter un jugement égal,
Sur l’Ordre naturel et sur l’Ordre moral
Le Ciel dans le premier vous paroît équitable
Pourquoi dans le second seroit-il condamnable ?
Sur ces Points, au dessus notre entendement,
L’Esprit ne peut former qu’un vain raisonnement.

This is as far from Mr *Pope*’s strong Sense and Humility in the conclusion of his Period, as it is from the Beauty of his Poetry : and yet this is one of the Places where the Translator has kept closest to him, by the Help of his *French* Circumlocutions,

trace Man back to the Abuse he made of his Liberty ; the Source of all our Sorrow and Misfortunes, and which agree with the State of Disorder Men live in by their own fault.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;

And what is there reprehensible in these Wishes, or fanatical in these Ideas? Far from stifling these Desires, it is not enough to let them spring up and entertain them ; every Man ought, with a lively and constant Application, to endeavour with his utmost Power to draw as near as possible to so desirable a State ; and he renders himself culpable, in suffering himself to be seduced by idle Stories that introduce Indifference to such legitimate Wishes,

That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind ;
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind :

It is a Piece of Sophistry to put very different Things in a Parallel, as if they were alike ; and this Sophistry is so much the more illusory and contemptible, the more difference is found in things where Equality or Likeness is supposed.

* RAIN

* RAIN is necessary, and consequently so are the Clouds; we see them form themselves with great Satisfaction. The Winds are also most useful: Natural Philosophy demonstrates it. Storms are to be fear'd, and fallen Man deserves to meet with Subjects of Terror.

A reasonable Man does not wish to see all the Passions extinct; he reaps an Advantage from them as long as they are subjected to Reason, and with this View he gives birth to and governs them.

But all subsists by elemental strife;
And Passions are the Elements of Life.

These Ideas are extremely Poetical. They came into *Ovid's* Head in his Description of the Chaos, and *Scarron* has adopted them. But natural Philosophy a part.

† The gen'ral ORDER, since the World began
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

E 2

W H A T

* This is not conclusive against Mr *Pope*; for, if most Travellers have not deceived us, it seldom or never rains in *Egypt*. As necessary as Mr *Croufatz* makes Rain and Clouds, we believe *Britain* and *Ireland* would be very well satisfied to have much less of both. Winds, no doubt are useful, since we have Rains and the Thick Vapours they cause; but as to Storms, Tempests, and Hurricanes, they are possibly what Merchants never long for, and what this Nation might very well be without. They would, indeed, be properly Subjects of Terror to wicked Men, did they not frequently hurt and destroy the Good.

† These beautiful Lines are thus translated in the *French*:
Et sans les Passions qui viennent l'agiter,
L'Homme, insensible à tout, pourroit-il subsister?

* humida puenabant callidistic ovid

WHAT could one make of an Intelligent Being that should not love itself, and should be always indifferent to every thing whatever? But because very constant and very strong Inclinations are necessary, shall we conclude from hence that Man must also have such as are tumultuous and extravagant, such as one while animate to Justice and Compassion, and another time hurry on to Injustice and Cruelty?

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;

A Man who finds the Lot of Sinners a very melancholy one, and is afflicted at the Remembrance of his past Faults, in the Dread of relapsing into them, as before, thinks nothing but what is just; and by these afflicting Ideas he puts himself in the right Road again. But he no way envies the Happiness of the holy Creatures, neither their Elevation nor their Strength. It is not to their Rank that he aspires; he would think himself happy to be very much below them, provided that his Obedience might be as complete as theirs.

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.

Made

Made for his Use all Creatures if he call;
 * Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all ?

Mr *Pope* makes himself merry in these Verses, and draws the Picture of a Madman that he may have the Pleasure of censuring him, and making his Censure fall upon Man in general; but such mere Madmen are very scarce, and I very much doubt whether there ever was one in this Degree.

Nature to these without Profusion kind;
 The proper Organs, proper Powers assign'd;

By this Word *Nature*, we must visibly understand its Author; it is a Figure much in Vogue. † *Spinoza* made use of all his Metaphysick, to blend and confound the two Significations into one.

Each seeming want compensated of Course;
 Here, with Degrees of Swiftnes there of Force;
 All in exact Proportion to the State;
 Nothing to add and nothing to abate.
 Each Beast, each Insect, happy in its own,
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?

E 3.

Shall

* This Line runs thus in the Translation :-

Serois-tu plus parfait, serois-tu plus heureux ?

from which it is easy to judge of the rest.

† This is slyly and undeservedly calling Mr *Pope* an Atheist.

Shall he alone, whom rational we call
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

We have here the Picture of a Man that breaks out into Extravagance : He is very much in the wrong, but all do not resemble him.

The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)
Is not to think or act *beyond* Mankind ;

Here Mr *Pope* seems to say a great deal in a few Words, and yet he teaches us nothing ; he assures us that to live *happy*, we must live *content*, these Terms are synonymous ; and we may say, with equal Right *, that to live *content* we must be *happy* ; but Mr *Pope* shews us the Way to be so. We shall † be *content*, we shall be *happy*, if we can arrive at the Point of being satisfied with the Presents of Nature, without wishing for any Thing further. But what must we understand by that Nature, to which we ought to give all our Attention, and by which it is fit we should set Bounds to our Desires. Is it the Author
of

* This is mere chicane, injurious to Mr *Pope*, and unworthy the Talents and Candour which the Critick has shewn upon some other Occasions.

† This Consequence does not flow from Mr *Pope's* Words, tho' they do from those of the Translator, who has turned Mr *Pope's* last Line thus :

C'est de vivre content des dons de la Nature,

of our Being? The Lesson is decisive; but as it is of very great Extent, it requires an exact Explanation.

THE Gifts, the Capacities which we have received from the Author of our Existence, his Presents, interior and exterior, are of two very different Kinds; one is common to all other Animals, the other raises us much above them. It would be ungrateful to give no Attention, either to one or other sort of these Presents; but the Fault would be much greater should we neglect the most excellent, to confine ourselves to the Animal Functions, and the Grossness of the Senses. Our Creator has rendered us capable of acquiring Knowledge, and conducting ourselves with Regularity: We therefore ought to advance in Understanding and Virtue. If we but put it to the Trial, we shall infallibly find that from thence springs our greatest Satisfaction.

IN vain would any Man oppose to this Truth, that the Acquisition of Knowledge and Perseverance in Virtue demands great Endeavours, and that those Endeavours are fatiguing: God exacts nothing from us but in Proportion to the Strength he has given us, and it is in the Exercise of that Strength that the greatest of our Comforts consist.

It is *Vanity* that labours and exhausts. As soon as a Man takes it in his Head to exceed others in Merit, their Progress disturbs him, and

and there is nothing but what he strives to undertake, in order to get before them. From thence proceed a Thousand unjust Steps, which carry a well deserved Punishment along with them.

BUT let us think, let us endeavour to cultivate our Talents, and enrich them in the Sight of God, with a View to his Approbation; let us be sensible of the Price of that Approbation; let us be attentive to it: That Price is infinite, and that of the Approbation of Men and their greatest Elogiums, vanishes in the Comparison between them. We find, by Experience, that to live after this Manner, is what we are greatly and gloriously designed for.

TO live in this Attention, is the Means of communicating a perfect Regularity to every Use of our Senses. If we open our Eyes we can never be weary of admiring, with Raptures, those Beauties which the divine Providence displays to our Sight; we could wish it in our Power to lend them our Ideas and our Sentiments, that they might be able to join with us in our Adorations and Acts of Thanksgiving.

THE Moment we think thus, we find no further Trouble to become moderate in Eating and Drinking, the Custom of much grosser Senses: We take what is necessary for preserving us in Health and Vigour; but we
also

also take Care not to suffer ourselves to be seduced by Pleasures that take off the Attention, and blunt the Vivacity of the Understanding.

WE are moreover then above Envy and Malignity, and those Uneasinesses which are the natural Consequences of them. In whatever Rank we are placed, whether in respect of the Universe or regard to Society; we submit to it, and acquit ourselves, in the Presence of God, of those Functions which he requires of us, being well assured that we enjoy the whole Approbation of our great Master, when we fulfil what he demands.

I HAVE already made my Remarks, on the Use it becomes us to make of the Capacity we are in to enlighten ourselves in respect to Futurity.

I HAVE Pleasure in thinking that we should wrong Mr *Pope*, if, in regard to the Presents of Nature, in the Enjoyment of which he advises us to set Limits to ourselves, (and certainly we should extremely wrong ourselves) we understood what we have in common with the brute Animals; tho' what he has just said seems to lead that Way, and that his Picture of the *Indian* seems to have been drawn for that Purpose,

No Powers of Body or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.

Were

Were we to limit this Advice to the Senses and the gross Gratifications and Pleasures we draw from them, the Order is quickly given, but the Practice of it is almost impossible, at least if it has not the Help of other Succours. If you give yourself up to the Pleasure of Eating and Drinking, your Health immediately suffers by it; if you refuse it, that Constraint is troublesome to you. What borders upon Excess never fails to pall the Taste, and to enjoy that Pleasure agreeably, Art upon Art must be added to Nature. Then great Incomes and Rents become necessary, and you have need of the Authority of Rank to maintain yourself in the Possession of Riches.

MR *Pope* has, according to his own Fancy, drawn the Portrait of an *Indian*, moderate and content. Mr *Bayle* has likewise given Representations of Persons without Religion, drawn at Pleasure and full of respectable Features; and to these, the better to arrive at his Point, he has opposed the Pictures of bad Christians by way of Contrast.

THE Savage must provide for his Nourishment, secure his Fields and his Provisions; he must make himself an expert and able Huntsman; he must run the Risk of falling into the Hands of his Enemies, and of being eat by them, when he is obliged to make Incursions abroad, for procuring those Slaves
by

by Violence, which he will afterwards oblige to serve him by Force.

DOES not Mr *Pope* find the Savages to be pitied, when he sees them robbed of their Goods and their Repose by covetous, pitiless Christians? A well regulated State of Society would have put them under Cover from those Pillages; but to how many Cares of Inequality and Dependence does he not expose the State of Society? The Resignation of an enlightened and religious Heart, is a Fund of Tranquillity against all the Traverses of Fortune.

* Why has not Man a microscopic Sight?
For this plain Reason, Man is not a Mite:
Say what th' Advantage of so fine an Eye?
T' inspect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky:
Or Touch, so tremblingly alive all o'er?
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore:
Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain?
To sink oppress'd with Aromatick Pain.
If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
And stunn'd him with the Musick of the Spheres,
How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

In these Verses I acknowledge the Talents of
a

* The *French* Translation of these Lines may be justly compared to the Dawbing of a Sign-Painter, copying from a *Vandyck* or a *Kneller*.

a Poet united to the Precision of a Philosopher, if we except *the Harmony of the Spheres in their Course*, which does not agree with what we now certainly know of the Nature of Sound, and the Causes that produce it. That Harmony of the celestial Spheres was one of the most chimerical Imaginations of Antiquity : It finds its Place in Verses calculated to strike the Mind by the Greatness of their Images ; but all the * Harmony of these Verses is reduced to their Cadence.

Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
The Scale of sensual, mental Pow'rs ascends :
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial Race,
From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass !

This Post of Honour, which was refused him in other Places, is assigned to him here, because it serves to embellish the Gradation. However Mr *Pope* forgets one of the greatest and most essential Rules laid down by Mr *Des Cartes* in his Method, which is to make exact Reviews, that we may be sure we have not advanced gratuitous Suppositions, and that every Thing is self-consistent in the System. What I have so far examined might furnish

* Mr *De Crousaz* is not here much out of the Way in speaking of the *French Verses* ; they are not even the Skeleton of Mr *Pope's* : If they are harmonious in the Critick's Ear, they rumble in ours like a Parcel of empty Casks on a Dray driving up *Holborn-Hill*,

furnish me with several Examples of this Forgetfulness, and my Reader will be able to observe it hereafter himself, without any Assistance of mine.

What Modes of Sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim Curtain and the Lynx's beam :
Of Smell, the headlong Lioness between,
And Hound, sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal Wood :
The Spider's Touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each Thread and lives along the Line :
In the nice Bee, what Sense so subtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew.
How Instinct varies ! in the groveling Swine,
Compar'd half-reas'ning Elephant with thine.

Mr *Pope* opens a vast Field of Reflections without end ; we may return to them every Day and we ought to do so ; the habit of giving ourselves up to them does not make them lose any Thing of their Beauty or their Efficacy ; they elevate the Mind, they nourish it, they fill it with a solid Satisfaction and a lively Gratitude. To become more and more sensible of them, argues the Character of a fine Soul ; they are proper to extinguish in it the Taste of Superfluities. It depends upon Men alone to make a happy Experiment of them ; and there are few Subjects equally worthy to exercise the Fertility of

of so rich and so distinguished a Vein as
*Mr Pope's, and * that of his Translator.*

'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier,
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near :
 Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd ;
 What thin Partitions Sense from Thought divide :
 And middle Natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable Line !
 Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?

I find Obscurity in these last Verses, and I
 am not astonish'd at it ; the Subject upon
 which it rolls is not sufficiently known.

The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one ?

Here are Privileges well distinguished ;
 here is a Superiority well mark'd out ; it
 would be a frightful Ingratitude to remain in-
 sensible of them, and it would be a very cri-
 minal Meanness to imagine ourselves upon a
 Level with living Beings, over which the
 Creator has rais'd us in so high a Degree.
 We find ourselves then under an indispensable
 Obligation

* The Translator's Vein is, no doubt, fertile enough sometimes ;
 for it makes *Mr Pope* say many Things which he never thought of,
 tho' not in this Place, which is the first of *Mr Pope's* that has met
 with the Commentator's entire Approbation ; notwithstanding the
 Beauty of the Original is quite lost in 23 Lines of *French*.

Obligation to lead our Lives like reasonable Beings.

See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,
All Matter quick, and bursting into Birth.
Above, how high progressive Life may go ?
Around, how wide ? how deep extend below ?
Vast Chain of Being ! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, Angel, Man,
Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect ! what no Eye can see,
No Glass can reach ! from Infinite to Thee.

Mr *Pope* comes back to his pompous Gradations, and gives a Proof that this Subject becomes inexhaustible, extends and makes itself admired in Proportion as we think of it. But when he adds ;

From thee to Nothing ! ——— On superior Pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior Might on ours ;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And if each System in Gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole ;
The least Confusion but in one not all
That System only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets, and Suns rush lawless thro' the Sky,
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'ns whole Foundations from their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the Throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—For whom ? For thee ?
Vile Worm ! — O Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

MR *Pope's* Physicks smell of the Poet, the most perfect Work is not that which by its Fragility, and nevertheless by its Duration notwithstanding that Fragility, declares a greater Dexterity in its Author: In Equality of Beauty and Usefulness, the Solid ought always to be preferred to the Subtile, and the Simple to the Compound.

MOREOVER, Experience does not at all agree with those pretended Dependencies and Connections, not one of which can be altered, but the whole must suffer, even to be entirely overturned. Mines may blow up Ramparts, Earthquakes may bury a City and its Territory under their own Ruins; Lightning may fall into a Magazine of Powder, shake a certain Extent of Ground about it, and throw down Houses and Walls; but at the Distance of a few Miles from thence, every Thing goes on its usual Way without any Disturbance. We change the Course of Rivers; we join Seas by new Canals; we level Mountains; we grub up old Forests and plant new ones; but yet the Earth pursues its old Course, and the Regularity of its Turning suffers no Alteration.

THE Comets, which traverse a Part of our Solar * Vortex, and plunge into it more
or

* *Des Cartes* Vortex's may, in time, become as mere Dreams and Chimeras as the Antients Harmony of the Spheres: They are now pretty much out of Date, and yet Mr *De Crousaz*, it seems, can build an Argument upon them against Mr *Pope*.

or less, have never hastened or retarded the periodical Course of any one Year. We have sometimes observed Changes in the Satellites of the Planets, afterwards a greater Proximity than usual of another ; but every Thing put itself in its former Order again, and those Alterations and Restorations have been explained by the constant Laws of Attraction, or Pressure, and Centrifuge and Centripete Force. The Return into Nothing, the Risk of a general Confusion, even to the very Throne of God, are Expressions infinitely exaggerated, by which the Poet proves the Power of his Verses to cast a Terror into the weak Imagination of his Readers.

What if the Fool, ordain'd the Dust to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aspire to be the Head ?
What if the Head, the Eye or Ear, repin'd
To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind ?
Just as absurd, for any Part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral Frame :
Just as absurd to mourn the Task or Pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

This Reasoning is either without Force, or it supposes common Ideas of a certain Measure of Power given to the Mind, for directing the Motions of the Body.

If the Sun, the Moon, and the other Parts of the Universe were intelligent and free Beings, and the Sun would according to its own Fancy lengthen or shorten the Night ; if the

Moon, in its Turn, should take upon itself to regulate the Motions of the Sun; if the Clouds should only shower down Rain but as the Whim took them, and the Winds only blow but by Caprice, without any Attention to either the Utility or Prejudice the Earth might receive from them: Disorder would quickly succeed to that Order which now so wonderfully supports itself.

THE *Pagans* knew this Truth, and made it the Ground-Work of the Fable of the Farmer, to whom *Jupiter* gave the Power of distributing Sun-shine and Rain to his Fields just as he pleased.

KING *Alphonfus*, was not less mistaken, if what is said of him be true, in thinking that he could have given better Order to the Celestial Spheres, which his deceived Imagination supposed to be very different from what they really are.

* AND so, in Society, if every Man, instead of applying himself to the Functions suitable to his Rank, and keeping within the Limits of the Performance of his Duty, should amuse himself in criticizing the Government, if he should undertake to direct it, and employ all his Time and Attention that Way,
Disorders

* Notwithstanding all Mr *Croufaze's* Logick, this Argument smells more of the Slave than Mr *Pope's* Philosophy does of the Poet.

Disorders would multiply with the same Presumption that gave Birth to them.

All are but Parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul.

THESE Expressions are very Metaphorical, and the Sense of them would be scandalous, and exposed to the most frightful Consequences, should we understand them literally.

That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in th' æthereal Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect in a Hair, as Heart,
As full, as perfect in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraphim that sings and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

That is to say, that his Immensity is quite different from that of other Bodies, and has neither the Grossness nor the Imperfections of them.

Spreads undivided; of this we have an Image in the Space that contains all Bodies, abandons and receives them successively, without changing either Place or Nature, and which, full or not full, is always the same.

Breathes

Breathes in our Soul, &c. We should make a criminal Abuse of these pompous Expressions, should we emancipate ourselves with *Spinoza* to confound the Substance of God with our own, and imagine to ourselves that the Substance of what we call *Creature* is the same with that of the Being to which we give the Name of *Creator*. They bethought themselves, say they, to give the Name of *Creatures* to the Modifications of the Only and Eternal Substance; whereas they ought to say, they unfortunately and criminally abused themselves, in giving to created Substances the Name of Modification of the eternal Substance.

It is not enough to think that the Substance of Creatures is quite distinct from that of God; we must add that he has given, especially to Intelligences, a real and different Activity from his own. To represent them to ourselves as Theatrical Machines, which seem to act, and yet do not act at all, but follow the sole Impressions of an exterior Agent, is it not to bring down the perfect, the happy, and most holy Being to such Operations? Could not his infinite Power extend itself so far as to form Beings with some Activity and some Power in themselves? They have not less Obligation to the All-good and All-powerful Being who has given them Existence and durable Force, if they receive both

both one and the other at each Instant; they have even more Obligation to him for it: The more we have received, the more we owe.

THIS being laid down, we read with more Satisfaction, and the Sense is more beautiful and clear, that, *he operates unspent, is, as full, as perfect in a Hair as Heart.* We shall find Details demonstrating this great Truth in the *Memoires de Mr De Reaumeur*, where he conveys to the Mind of his Readers, with that just Admiration in which he himself is, so great and so exact a Knowledge of the Cause.

*AS full, as perfect, in * vile Man that mourns, As the rapt Seraphim that sings and burns.* We, indeed, sometimes find in Persons of the lowest Rank, a Fund of Probity and Resignation that renders them respectable. Their Understanding and Knowledge are but of small Extent, but still sufficient for regulating their Conduct; firm and above all doubting, the Knowledge they have reigns in their Mind, and God reigns there by it.

THE more enlightened and more perfect Intelligences, even in Degrees above our Enjoyment, will be charmed to see the infinite
Goodness

* The Translator takes *vile* to signify *poor* and *wretched* as to worldly Circumstances, and therefore places the Man in a *Cbaumiere* (a Cottage); after which he very gravely shews that a *poor* Man may sometimes have good Qualities; but, it seems, never such good ones as are enjoyed by the *Rich*.

Goodness of God drawing up towards their Elevation, what appears so contemptible on Earth; and, in this Respect, God has given Proofs of his almighty Power in the Apostles, so ignorant in the Beginning, but all on a sudden enlightened, the very Moment that the * Holy Ghost descended upon them in the Day of Pentecost.

WE find an Image in these Changes very worthy of Attention, in the Caterpillars, produced in a Class next to that of the most crawling Worms, and passing by Degrees to a Species very near that of Birds. It is in the same Manner that Man shall become like Angels.

TO him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all. These Ideas are grand, tho' not equally clear; the Terms that declare them are proper to give an Air of Sublimity to the Verses in which they are made use of; they voluntarily present themselves to the Poet, he likes and adopts them. A Naturalist is not so easily pleased with them, and does not conceive it necessary that the Power of God should continually influence the Union of the
Parts

* As orthodox a Christian as Mr De Crousaz affects to shew himself, *Holy Ghost* is a Term he does not seem fond of using; for where it naturally occurs he commonly expresses it by the *Spirit of God*.

Parts that compose the Universe. They have no Tendency of themselves to separate and ramble from one another ; for they have nothing but what they have received, and if God by an Act of his Power determines and makes them tend to separate and distance themselves from one another, why, by a second Act, does he oppose the Effect of the first, and reduce it to nothing ?

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.

This is very true of physical Events, to which Providence gives Birth, and which are the Effects of it ; and all *weak* as *our Sight* is, Experience often convinces us of it. Order demands such Events either for punishing, or for correcting and amending Sinners, and for trying the Patience of the Good, and procuring a new Lustre to their Virtues.

BUT let us take Care not to reckon the vicious Actions of Men, and their evil Habits, in the Number of what compose Order. It is true however that the Power of God knows how to draw good from them : But he that could give Existence to what was not, can likewise make the most beautiful Order succeed the greatest Disorder. He does not cause that Disorder that he may have an Opportunity to repair it. It is due to the Blindness

ness of Men, to their evil Inclinations, and the Malice of the *Demon* that seduces them; but God draws Means from it to advance his Designs, and confound the criminal Intelligences that oppose them.

It is not God that swells the Hearts of Men with that Ambition, that Envy, and at last that Fury which makes them reciprocally labour each other's Destruction; but he abandons them to themselves, and to their condemnable Passions, to punish them equally by the Hands of one another: They are, in the Hand of God, Instruments that execute his just Decrees, without proposing that Design to themselves.

Know thy own Point: This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit ——— in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.

The Heart delivers itself up to the Magnificence of these Verses, and the great Hopes to the Idea of which they give Birth, and which the Poet orders us to expect with the firmest Certainty.

By this Expectation we effectually answer, not the simple Hopes which a Man makes us conceive, but those to which our great and almighty Master invites us. But here we
ought

ought to take great Care not to delude ourselves by accepting only what we like, and refusing what we think troublesome. It is absolutely necessary to submit our Mind and our Heart, and consequently our Conduct.

Now I ask Mr *Pope* on these comforting Ideas, Whether he entered into them without the Help of Religion? If his natural Light conducted him, why will he have it that the Indian could not instruct himself by the same Means? and if he has not vouchsafed to do it, will his Neglect excuse all the Absurdities of his Imagination, and all Irregularities of his Conduct?

THIS Passage is very important. Mr *Pope* and his * elegant Translator would be sorry to throw their Readers into dangerous Illusions. Men give easily into them; they love to flatter themselves: In the Quality then of a zealous Commentator, I am going to drive away all Equivocation.

IF the Submission of the Mind and the Heart, which Mr *Pope* requires, is a Submission of Obedience, a Submission to the Laws, which implies an assiduous Study of those Laws, an Affection of Heart to conform to them, and, in fine, an Attentive and

G circum-

* We are persuaded that, could every Man in *Britain* read this elegant Translator, Mr *Pope's* Reputation would be ten thousand times greater in his Country than it is already. The *French* Translator is to the *English* Poet, as a Mole-Hill to Mount Atlas.

circumspect Conduct ; it is a legitimate Foundation of happy Hopes.

BUT if the Submission of the Mind and the Heart, recommended by Mr *Pope*, as the Road that leads to a blessed Eternity, is no more than to behold all that we see doing and all that we do, with a constant Tranquillity ; if it is no more than a sort of Indolence, not to be disturb'd at the Actions of others, nor to be alarm'd at what we do ourselves ; it is a Security that tends to the overthrow of Morality and Religion.

IT is, nevertheless, the most reasonable Side we could chuse, in the Supposition that *God operates equally in all*, in the Virtuous and the Vicious. But still in this Case, Discontent and Submission would keep equal Pace ; He that condemns and contradicts, would not be more guilty than the Man that approves and acquiesces.

IF Men do not determine of themselves, if all their Liberty is reduced to mere Appearance, or to be really susceptible of the Impressions of a Cause of Action, different from them, which they do not perceive, and which goes so far as to make them believe they act themselves ; nothing is more superfluous than to give them Advice. Whatever they happen to do, their Conduct is good ; and we cannot judge otherwise
of

of it, without imputing the Evil to the supreme Cause.

FROM all which I conclude, that the Verses upon which I have just made these Reflections, are altogether edifying in the Mouth of a good Man: but they give Scandal and appear profane in that of a vicious Person.

IF we ask Mr *Pope*; from whence comes it, Sir, that the Desire of *Immortality*, which, a while ago, appear'd to you to be the Effect of the Pride and Impatience of Man, is now celebrated in your Verses? Will he answer, that to shew the Fruitfulness of his Vein he praises what he has blamed, or that he has since received new Light.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see.

This signifies that the Universe is not directed by a Cause that has no Knowledge of what it does; but Man has not Light and Knowledge extensive enough to see and comprehend in what manner all its Movements are executed.

WE don't in the least impute to Chance, an Effect that is not above the ordinary Strength of the Cause that produced it; which that Cause has seen and produced such as it proposed to itself.

BUT, for Example, when a Man stretches out his Hand before him, behind, to the Right or the Left, he, in that respect, does what he does, and he does what he will ; but when his Fingers seize a white or a yellow Ball, it is not the effect of his Choice, and may be found very contrary to what he designed. Then this Event is attributed to Chance, that is to say to a Cause that would act but did not see how the Action would end.

NOTHING like this ought to be imputed to the supreme Intelligence. It has distinct Ideas of every thing it designs, and precisely executes every thing it designs. The Reasons why it makes Choice of one Effect rather than of another, produces it in one determined time rather than before or after, makes it such as we see it rather than in another Form ; the Reasons, in short, why the supreme Intelligence permits, retards, or entirely hinders, the Execution of some Designs that do not surpass the ordinary Force and Power of Man ; those Reasons are often above our Penetration, and, for the most part, when we venture to form Conjectures upon them, if they are not rash they are not the less uncertain.

All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :

WHEN

WHEN Disorder is a moral Disorder by which Man violates the Laws which God has prescribed to him, or that his Conscience prescribes in his Name, it is effectually a real Disorder, tho' the Wisdom and Power of God makes it succeeded by an Order that re-establishes things in a just Situation. But that Order, the mere Effect of the Wisdom and Power of God, does not bring its Rise from Disorder, which by itself contributes nothing whatever to it.

THE Faults of Man are not then a particular Good for him that commits them, nor an Universal Good that influences over that of the Totality.

MR *Pope* has lately given us, in the Confusion that would have happen'd in a Man, whose different Members, instead of fixing themselves to the Discharge of the Functions for which they are design'd, would undertake those belonging to others; he has, I say, in that Confusion given us an Image of the Disorder which takes place in human Society, in proportion as the Men that compose it, stray from the Task assigned them, to disturb that of others.

I AM not ignorant that a certain * Order of Men, who think themselves superior Wits, have taken it into their Heads to display

* We suppose he means the Jesuits.

play the Advantages which the Vices of Men procure to Society, these are Sophisms of which the ingenious Author of *l'Alcypbron* has fully shewn the Ridiculousness and Falshood. Mr *Bayle* likewise lean'd very much on that Apology for Vice; but I shall not repeat here the Remarks I made in the Examination of *Pyrrhonism*.

As to the rest, if we happen to find some Imperfections in what environs us, it is not solely our Fault. Mr *Pope* himself puts us in Mind of it, when he asks, *is nothing perfect here below?*

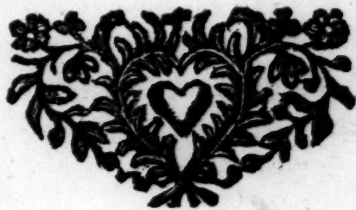
EVEN among Physical Events, which God gives Birth to, either immediately or mediately, there are some that draw off from the primitive Order, but their Birth ought to be imputed to the Fault of Men, who deserve to be advertised that they are guilty, by several Confusions designed to strike them with Terror, that they may correct and mend their Lives.

And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight,
One Truth is clear, " Whatever Is, is Right."

I had rather say, *without listening to the Insinuations of thy Self-Love, and its Inclination to a deceitful Repose, conclude that, in Men, there is a great deal of Evil to correct.*

THERE is nevertheless one Sense, in which we may say that *All is well*. A most holy
and

and most respectable Order reigns over Men ; this is a settled Truth. He that seeks God, and places his Delight in obeying him, will find what he seeks after, and infinitely beyond what his Understanding is now in a Condition to comprehend. He that turns his Back upon his Creator, that neglects to obey him, and perseveres in his Disobedience, will not meet with the Happiness destined for him that knew his Duty and discharged it. Void of Content, a Prey to Restlessness, to vain Regrets and Reproaches as devouring as just, he will find the Consequences of the Part he made Choice of. It is thus that *Justice* and *Goodness* will reign, and it is thus that the Order shall be re-established that Men have overturned. Each will find the Lot to which he devoted himself. *Affliction and Despair in such as give themselves up to Evil ; Glory and Peace to every Man that did well ;* it is thus that Order will reign, and these are Decrees of the Eternal Goodness, Justice, and Wisdom, that never will be revoked.





PAUSANIAS

AND

AURORA.

By Juan Perez de Montalvan.

Translated by Thomas Stanley.



DIONYSIUS the Sicilian Tyrant had a Daughter, for her celestial Beauty named *Aurora*, not more fair than unfortunate; and scarce had she compleated the last Years of her Infancy, when Heaven was pleased to let her know that she was beautiful, by eclipsing her Fortune. For Nature, as if she esteem'd Beauty a Crime, and not her own Image, doth for the most part punish it: The Mother of *Aurora* died, and *Dionysius*, altho' the Loss of his Wife gave him no real Resentment,

expressed in feign'd Tears how extreamly he lov'd her ; but within a few Days discovered the Hypocrisy of his Grief, receiving in her Place *Arminda*, an *Italian* Lady of Quality, but not worthy of that Crown, because he had many Years before kept her as a Mistress. She was of a lively Spirit, witty and fair ; but of a Disposition so harsh, that she gain'd little upon the Affections of the People, bearing such Command over her Husband's Actions, that she permitted not any thing to pass in the Kingdom, without first consulting her Pleasure; a Care proper to such of small Worth, as make Ostentation of the Power they enjoy, that by this Means they may dissemble their low Beginnings ; but the Success proves contrary, in regard the Injur'd, by Murmur and Complaints, discover more than was imagin'd. *Aurora*, considering that to permit such Excess were to lend Wings to her Pride, advis'd her not to rely with so much Confidence on her Father's Affection, since it was not impossible that it might fail, and then would she fall lower for not having treasured the Good-will of his Subjects: Adding, moreover, that she should remember what she was formerly, that she might not vainly be transported with her new Estate. These Words so incens'd *Arminda*, that from thence forward she plotted *Aurora's* Death ; and to effect her Desire, made

Dionysius

Dionysius believe that she was jealous, telling him he lov'd his Daughter so passionately, for being the Picture of the dead Original; since as the Phoenix leaves her Ashes to perpetuate her Succession, so Affection useth to leave some living Pledges to preserve its Memory; and certainly, the Neglect he sometimes express'd towards her, was occasioned by that dead Love pictur'd in the Beauty of *Aurora*. *Arminda* urg'd this so earnestly, that *Dionysius* making Impiety a Compliment, resign'd his Daughter's Fault into her Hands, allowing her in this Cause to be both Judge and Party. Love, the common Excuse of all Extravagance, did not here acquit *Dionysius*; for a Man is not oblig'd to despise the Pledges of his Blood for a Woman that dissembles when she weeps, and weeps when she pleases. *Arminda* was satisfied, so that *Aurora* were in some remote Place out of her Sight; whereupon her Father commanded her to depart out of *Sicily*, chusing rather to live without a Daughter, than displease a Wife; such was the Affection of a blinded Lover, the Rashness of an unnatural Father. They convey'd the fair Princess to a little Island, seated betwixt (the two Promonories) *Pelorus* and *Pachynum*, which seem'd as a Garland of Flowers in the *Tyrrhen* Sea; it was done privately to avoid the Mutiny of the People, who lov'd her

for her Beauty and her Vertue : He order'd
 a select Number of Servants for her At-
 tendants, with forfeiture of Life to any who
 should discover that *Aurora* resided in that
 narrow Palace. The discreet Lady did,
 with much Wisdom, bear her Father's Un-
 kindness, diverting her Mind now with the
 Musick of the little wanton Birds, which
 hearing her Name thought it ever Morning,
 and sung continually : Now with the plea-
 sant Wind, which, sporting upon the
 Smoothness of the Chrístial Sea, did amorous-
 ly disquiet it : Now with reflecting upon her
 own Misfortunes, for the Unhappy are often
 recreated with the same thing that afflicts
 them : Now with the Ladies that attended
 her, especially with *Celia*, who being of
 the same Age and Kindred well deserv'd
 her Privacy ; but when all fail'd, and no-
 thing could delight her, she took an Instru-
 ment, which, in her Hands, might boast it
 was not dumb ; and, weeping, sung thus :

When will arrive the Day,
 Which must my Life and Sorrows terminate,
 That angry Fortune may
 (The Tyrant Goddess of all humane State
 Her Cruelties fulfilling)
 By one kind Death thus make an end of killing.

When.

When shall my troubled Years
Be to a verdant Grave of Flowers restor'd?
My Injuries, my Fears,
Too little meritted, too much deplor'd?
When shall my just Complaint
From equal Heaven receive a full Restraint?

Now I am thrown thus low,
What more can be desir'd by cruel Fate;
No Hope my sad Thoughts know,
Of reinjoying their past happy State:
Oh my afflicted Mind!
Death, would'st thou come, a Welcome thou shalt find.

With Patience forlorn,
I pass the Months, the Years in Solitude,
The Evening and the Morn:
In vain my Hopes thus striving to delude,
My Tears I constant keep,
And as I am *Aurora*, daily weep.

When the Rebellious Sea,
Arm'd with Snow, strives to subdue this Rock,
It seems my Misery,
At once kindly to warn, and rudely mock:
For so the Destinies
My Life each Minute offer to surprize.

Soon

Soon as the Morn appears,
 And ushers in with dubious Light the Day,
 My real Sorrow wears
 So true a Shade of Death, that I betray
 My Reason to that Dream,
 And (though awake) dead to myself do seem.

All Things within my View,
 All Things that grow and thrive by Nature's Care,
 My Sorrows do renew:
 For by successive Change they better'd are,
 But to me Fortune still
 Is therefore constant, because she first was ill.

This Tree, from *January*
 No Livery but the hoary Frost receives,
 Yet *May* its Drefs doth vary,
 Proudly adorning it with painted Leaves;
 Unto the fruitful Plain,
 What *August* stole, *April* restores again.

This Sea sometimes enrag'd,
 Swells up in Christal Mountains to the Skies,
 Yet often is asswag'd:
 But only I in constant Miseries,
 Confin'd to endless Grief,
 Expect no Liberty, nor hope Relief.

Aurora

Aurora clos'd this sweet Musick with so many Sighs and Tears, that he must have had a Soul truly insensible, that could hear her without Compassion. One Evening as she entertain'd herself with the present Prospect of the Sea, she saw a Man struggling with the Waters, and breaking the Waves, though he relyed more on the Mercy of a Plank, than the Strength of his Arms, endeavouring to recollect his fainting Spirit, till he might approach the Shore for Preservation of his Life. *Aurora* mov'd with a noble Pity, and tender Fear to have him die before her Eyes, commanded those few that attended her, to relieve him: Who putting to Sea in a little Skiff, took him up and treated him most carefully; (for so *Aurora* had commanded them) besides, the Person and Civility of *Pausanias* (for that was his Name) mov'd them to Respect and Affection. Being recover'd from his rough Usage, (which had caus'd him to vomit much Water) he shar'd amongst them some Jewels, which he had preserv'd from the Sea in his late Danger; telling them that he was nobly descended, and that until he saw his Fortune amended, it was necessary for him to live conceal'd, and therefore desir'd the Company to accept of his Service, for that possibly hereafter it might not repent them of that Favour. His Gold and Person had purchas'd the Affection of those that
heard

heard him : They return'd Thanks for the Compliment, promising to serve him to the utmost of their Power. *Pausanias* was glad, conceiving he might securely continue there, without being known ; for that Island was little acquainted with other, than the watchful Guardians of that Beauty, which so unjustly suffer'd : Going forth one Night when the bright Moon with her Beams enlightned the Wood, he heard a Voice that with a chearful Sweetness thus related its Grief to the Birds and Waters :

From th' early Dawn until the Sun retire,
 In these Woods and Hills my Grief expire;
 My Eyes with boundless Rivers over-flow,
 Like troubled Fountains murmuring at my Woe :
 Perpetual Miseries I still deplore,
 As they are mine : But as immortal more.
 What is't by Nature Beauty's Wealth to own,
 If to these Woods confin'd I live alone :
 Or that my Eyes have Power to kill with Love,
 If near me none but Birds and Beasts do move ?
 Too cruel Heaven that know'it my Innocence,
 Or with my Sorrows, or my Life dispence.
 Thou to torment me dost forbid me die,
 For Death is pleasing unto Misery :
 Let those that happy are enjoy their Breath,
 The Wretched never live but in their Death.
 To each dull Hour that slides through lazy Day,
 My Griefs, or Memory of Griefs, I pay.

Thus

and A U R O R A.

Thus live I, only pleas'd with this Relief,
Death is the latest Remedy of Grief.
For Patience fails where th' injur'd Soul sustains
The Rigour of unintermitted Pains.

Pausanias was astonish'd as well at the
Sweetness of the Voice, as to hear it in so
strange a Place, wond'ring who it could be,
whose Soul so feelingly deplored its own
Misfortunes: And as well that he might not
be ungrateful for the Favour he received,
(though he were ignorant from whom) as to
try, if by this Means he might come to
know the divine Owner of so sweet a Har-
mony, to the suspence of the list'ning Nigh-
tingales he sung this Song.

Torment of Absence and Delay,
That thus afflicts my Memory,
Why dost thou kill me every Day,
Yet will not give me Leave to dye?

Why dost thou suffer me to live?
All Hope of Life in Life denying?
Or to my Patience Tortures give,
Never to dye, yet ever dying?

To Fair *Narcissa's* brighter Eyes,
I was by Love's Instruction guided,
A Happiness I long did prize,
But now am from their Light divided.

Favours and Gifts my Sute obtain'd,
 But envious Fate would now destroy them;
 Which, if to lose, I only gain'd,
 What greater Pain than to enjoy them?

The same Wonder which before seiz'd *Pausanias*, surpriz'd *Aurora*, knowing none of her Servants were of such extraordinary Parts, or could so sweetly complain of the insupportable Torment of Absence. *Aurora* inquisitive to know, and incited by the Curiosity that is incident to Women, was desirous to see the *Orpheus* of those Rocks: But the Shadow of the Trees, the Distance of Place, and above all, the Regard of her Quality which detained her, repress't this Desire, so that she deferr'd it till some other Time; and calling one of her Attendants, demanded of him, if there dwelt any in that Wood, besides those that came with her out of *Sicily*. The Servant answered, she forgot him, whom not long since she commanded them to succour, seeing him in Danger of his Life. *Aurora* asked, if he knew who he were? He replyed, he knew no more than that he had said he was called *Pausanias*, concealing his Quality and Country, yet could assure her, that he seem'd to be of noble Parentage, or at least his Person and Spirit deserv'd to be so. *Aurora* would not enquire further, least her Curio-

Curiosity might breed some Suspicion; and although it be true, that none can love what he never saw, or convers'd with; yet Fame, Vertue, and Desert incite a Desire to see whether that satisfy the Eye, which had by the Ear affected the Soul. We will not say *Aurora* was in Love, though her Solitude might require it, her Greatness would not consent to it: Yet she had a Desire to know the Man so well qualify'd.

Pausanias soon seconded this Desire, for not enquiring the Mystery inclosed in the Palace, he continued to frequent the Place where he first heard her: And *Aurora* had the Opportunity many Evenings of seeing him pass by with such a Grace as might endanger the Liberty of one less restrained than she was: For the Afflictions of Love are not for those that have other Misfortunes to resent. *Pausanias* could not behold the Fair *Aurora*, the Windows and Lattices debar'd him her Sight, neither would he discover himself to those he convers'd with; supposing, that since they kept their Business so private, the Secresy much concern'd them, and therefore he conceal'd what he desir'd: For it is a Rule of Discretion to know no more of any Man than he is willing to communicate. Nevertheless, desisted not to prosecute his Intentions, hoping he might find Opportunity to see that sweet Syren. The Morning often found him under
B her

her Window, not knowing whom he court-
ed, loving in Ignorance; yet confident
more than a private Lady was within those
Walls. Before the Palace he us'd several
Pastimes and Recreations, that he might
thereby obtain a Sight of the Goddess whose
Voice had enchanted his Soul.

Pausanias had good Success in all Things,
having been brought up in the Exercise of
Arms, he hunted the wild Beasts of that
Wood so fortunately, that he made their
Deaths acknowledge him Master of their
Strength and Fury. There was not any in
the Palace but applauded his Gallantry;
only *Aurora* was perplex'd at his Perfections;
for every Day he increas'd her Affection,
by new Deserts. And although she lik'd all
she saw in him, yet the Inequality she con-
ceiv'd was betwixt them displeas'd her Dis-
cretion, those that disparage themselves be-
ing unexcusable. Hereupon she advis'd,
whether it were not expedient to have him
kill'd; for when a mean Person may occa-
sion extraordinary Mischief, his Death is es-
teemed Mercy: But she could not attempt
it in Earnest: For, to take away the Life of
those we love, because we love them, is no
good Reason in the State of Affection; she
would have him depart the Island, but im-
mediately she repented: For it is hard to
put that out of Sight which is imprinted in
the Mind: In Effect, seeing that to kill
him

him were Cruelty to *Pausanias*, to banish him Tyranny to herself, she resolv'd to divert her Sadness, passing her solitary Hours with more Delight; and that he might never know that it was she that lov'd him, she exchanged Names with *Celia*, to whom she imparted the Plot, that she might assist her in Pursuit of it, and with her Name dissembling her Quality, she resolv'd to give Entertainment to this new Affection, until she might know who he was that had won so much upon her Heart.

Aurora might safely have admitted to her Greatness the Affection of *Pausanias*, for he was sole Heir to the King of *Macedonia*; and being enamoured of the Fame of *Aurora's* Beauty, which Verses and Pencils had extoll'd, whilst other Princes by Ambassadors solicited her Marriage, resolv'd that his Fortune should rely upon his own Diligence, and by going to *Sicily* to be both the Agent and the Lover: This Desire made him put to Sea, and forsake his own Country; such is the Power of a noble Resolution, so did the imagined Beauty disquiet the Prince's Mind, and attract his Will and Freedom, that he expos'd his Life to the Peril of the Waves, and his Greatness to a mean Lodging of Planks and Canvas, to see if Truth were correspondent to Fame. But he was less fortunate than adventurous; for one Evening the Sea being angry, or weary to sustain the

the Weight of so high a Majesty in so little Room, begun to rage furiously, so that the valiant Prince's Life was in Danger; the Heavens were darkned, and the Air so turbulent, that the Company expected every Minute should end their Lives, and without Thought of saving themselves made him leap into the foaming Sea, fearing some worse Event; and by embracing a Plank, to use the most difficult Means for his own Safety: Thus pass'd he two Days befriended by the Weather, at length arriv'd so near the Island, that *Aurora* could relieve, and after love him so extremely as we see.

She resolv'd at last to speak with him, but under the feigned Name of *Celia*, which Desire was encreased by *Pausanias*; for one Night he amorously sung these Verses upon the Curiosity of his Love.

What would'st thou have unquiet Breast?

What is it thus disturbs thy Rest?

Say not thou lov'st, it cannot be,

Who never didst deserve or see.

Love, where the Mind out-strips the Eye,

Is only Curiosity.

But thou wilt say, why dost pursue

Thine own disquiet then? 'tis true;

And though this only Care express

Of an imagin'd Happiness,

Desire to see doth ever prove

A sure Preparative to Love.

An Object so divine I frame
Within my Breast, as doth inflame
My captiv'd Mind: I love, subdue,
Desire, oblige, hope, and pursue,
Resign my Liberty, bestow
My Soul on one I do not know.

And thus can Master be of none,
For I no longer am mine own.

As soon as *Pausanias* had made an End,
Aurora call'd to him and said, (though with
some Difficulty, by reason that the Balcon's
were very high) that he might Leave his
Curiosity, and profess Love: For his Ad-
dresses were not unacceptable. *Pausanias*
remain'd contented with this Favour, since
although he had never seen the Bestower,
yet at least his Affections were not so ill
plac'd as he before imagined; and seeing it
was not possible to speak to her, he deter-
min'd to write, transferring his Thoughts
to the Pen, which useth to be the discreet-
est Tongue, expressing more than is felt.
The Letter was short (though the Subject
did not require it) to leave her with the De-
sire of receiving another: And thus it said:

MA

M A D A M,

I May justly say you are obliged to favour me, having cost me infinite Cares, without any Recompence, although ever since the last Night I have presum'd to be more fortunate, and so am resolv'd to die rather importunate than bashful: For my Birth is noble, and will not suffer me to fly from any Attempt. That which I now desire, is to see you, if perhaps my Love have merited it; and since Heaven suffers itself to be lov'd, and you appear such, be like it in Condition as in Beauty: For if your Beams inflame me, it is but Justice I should know the Sphere from whence they come.

Pausanias repaired thither as he used to do, and having first courted her with a Song, which he had composed that Day, as well sung as penn'd, he shew'd her the Paper, saying it was a Piece excellent for Musick, and that he should be extream glad to hear it set to the Gittar. *Aurora* understood him, and was pleas'd with the Deceit, because that which otherwise would have appear'd Lightness, now past for Civility, (for there are some so discreet in what they demand that by encouraging the Crime, they seem to excuse the Fault) and throwing
down

down a String of Pearl, *Pausanias* return'd it more weighty than before: *Aurora* read the Paper, and in Part to satisfy his Expressions, desiring him to expect a while, commanded *Celia* to write, not that she could not herself, (for she was extreamly accomplish'd in every Thing) but for the Danger might ensue, if her Hand were known; and betwixt them both they fram'd this Answer:

THAT you may not, when you return Home to your Country, accuse the *Sicilian* Ladies of Ingratitude; since your Desire is so reasonable, as the Sight of a Woman, I will perform what you require me; though then your Eyes will contradict your Fancy; for it is certain, that I am fairer in your Opinion now, than I shall be afterward: I am call'd *Celia*, and attend a Lady of Quality that lives in this Castle: She and I will be To-morrow in this Place, so that you may then see me; be of good Courage, and thank me for being so soon quit of your Love, if that can be Love, which hath past no further than Imagination: I only entreat you to keep this Indiscretion secret, and to tell me your Name, Estate, and Quality, for it imports us both.

Pausanias kiss'd the Paper, and read it often: For a Lover is never satisfied at the first,

first, and the Day following went to see what he so much desir'd. *Aurora* had commanded her Servants to retire to another Quarter of the House, and being alone with *Celia*, caused her to attire herself richly, and she stood beside her. *Pausanias* beholding, was exceedingly ravish'd, in Regard his Fancy had come short of the Truth; for *Celia*, besides her slender Shape, was of a pleasing Beauty; but her Lustre was eclips'd by *Aurora's* Presence, whose Eyes were Spheres of Light, her Forehead a Plain of Lillies, her Hair the Riches of *Arabia*; in her Cheek Roses, her Mouth Pearls, her Neck of Alabaster, her Breasts of Snow, and Hands of polish'd Ivory; she was attir'd in green Tabby, wrought with Gold, so that she appear'd like a Diamond enchased in Emeralds, her Gown Sky Colour, laid with black Buttons and Loops: In a Word, she was altogether Divine, her Perfections many, and her Years few. *Pausanias* was much astonished, yet fearful the Sea should see her, lest he should woe her for one of his watery Deities; and thanking his own Perseverance, he determined to gain her that had got his Soul, though at the Expence of a long Absence from his Country: For he found that the Picture of *Aurora* that he had seen was far unequal to the Divine *Celia*: He esteem'd the Time well employ'd that he had spent in adoring those

those Walls, since within them he had found so much more than Expectation had promised.

Whilst *Pausanias* enjoy'd these Favours, passing the Night with them, and the Day with Hopes, it happened that *Dionysius* sent for one of those that waited on *Aurora*, and threatned him, that if either through his or his Fellows Fault, it should be known where his Daughter was, they should instantly die a shameful Death. With this Fear he returned to the rest, and gave them Notice how much it concerned them that *Pausanias* would quit the Island, since he might easily at one Time or other, as he walked in the Wood, see the Princess, and occasion all their Ruins: So easy is it, replied another, that I think he pretends, if he have not already effected it: For I have observ'd, that he looks up very intently to those Balcones; and she hath enquired of me who he is; and if he persist, he must of Necessity come to know her, and we to lose *Dionysius's* Favour. In Effect, Fear overcame them, and all agreeing that he should not continue there, they advertis'd him that it concern'd his Life to absent himself.

Pausanias wondred at their sudden Resolution, and after many Conjectures began to suspect that without Doubt some one of them lov'd *Celia*, and would use that Means to
secure

secure his Jealousy or Envy : and thereupon he determin'd to speak to them all, that he might satisfy him who conceiv'd himself injur'd, and to beseech them again not to offer him so great a Discourtesy, as to constrain him to depart the Island, until such Time as he had News of his Servants, whose Lives perhaps the Sea had pardoned. He plainly perceiv'd how difficult it was to reclaim them, seeing those that before so kindly entertain'd him, now behold him distastefully (for ill Will is discover'd by the Eyes, Countenance, and Carriage) and one Morning finding them altogether, he said to them :

“ Gentlemen and Friends, my Birth is
 “ noble, and though I live where I am un-
 “ known to all but myself, I do not think
 “ any here can complain of my Demean-
 “ our, for Men of my Parentage receive
 “ not Benefits unthankfully, (Ingratitude
 “ and Nobleness differing as Night and
 “ Day) I came to this Island, or to say bet-
 “ ter, my Fortune threw me here, not un-
 “ happily, since in it I have found both
 “ Protection, and Friends. Here I have
 “ liv'd a while, endeavouring to satisfy to
 “ my Power, though not to my Desire,
 “ the Favours I have receiv'd from all:
 “ But it seems I have not sufficiently ex-
 “ press'd myself; since when I think you
 “ most my Friends, you threaten me with
 “ Death

“ Death unless I depart : I have enquired
“ what might be the Reason, but indeed
“ can find none, unless some one of you
“ being jealous, incites the rest to this Violence : Which if it be so, he ought to
“ consider, that a Man doth not offend,
“ unless he know that he injures ; for he
“ who through Ignorance or Innocence solicits that whereunto another hath right,
“ can only then be said to offend, when
“ after he knows the Truth he pursues his
“ Wish ; and so to have survey’d this
“ Castle, with a Desire to see what it inclos’d, or by Curiosity to have obtain’d
“ that Sight cannot disquiet any one ; for
“ before this Present I knew not that it
“ would give Offence ; and if I conceive
“ aright, there is more than one Goddess
“ inhabits there ; so that none hath Reason
“ to complain of me, because I neither injur’d him out of Malice, nor can he know
“ to which I am inclin’d.

Pausanias thought by this to have appeas’d and satisfied them, but the Event was contrary, for the Knowledge of this Secret being their greatest Fear, they needed no other Information to draw their Swords, and assault his Life. But before they could dispatch it, *Aurora* and her Gentewomen hearing the Noise, saw the treacherous Mischief they intended to a single Stranger, and forgetting her Greatness, (for
Love

Love considers not Quality, when that which is esteemed is in Danger) sent to command them all to desist, and inform her of their Quarrel; who coming before her, related what Charge her Father had given them, adding, that *Pausanias* for certain either had already, or else meant to speak with one of the Ladies that attended her Highness; which might give Occasion to discover what *Dionysius* intended to keep so secret, that none but Heaven and themselves should know, and therefore to excuse the Danger that threatned them, it was necessary to take away his Life.

“ It would be (reply’d *Aurora*) Impiety
 “ in me to consent to it, and Treachery in
 “ you to effect it, because I am informed
 “ you have received Courtesies from this
 “ Gentleman, and there is no Reason you
 “ should take away his Life, whom you
 “ yourselves confess to be of such estimable
 “ Parts; especially for that which may be
 “ remedied without Blood. I understand
 “ that *Pausanias* saw one Night one of my
 “ Women, whom either for the Novelty,
 “ or Opportunity he courted, and she (I
 “ think) heard him not unwillingly; for
 “ this Reason it concerns me that he stay no
 “ longer in this Island; and since his Ab-
 “ sence is sufficient to secure you, I take
 “ that and your Danger upon myself, for
 “ *Pausanias*

“ *Pausanias* is a Gentleman, and can conceal what he hath seen.

With these Hopes they were satisfied, and *Aurora* remained in a thousand Perplexities: For she lov'd him so passionately, that there would be but little Difference betwixt losing him and her own Life. And indeed so powerful was his Discourse and Conversation, that although he had been less worthy of her Beauty, yet to see and hear him would beget Affection: And at last she became so resolute, that it would have grieved her to have been freed from her Prison, if she should thereby be depriv'd of his pleasing Conversation: For Women, when they once fall in Love, are sensible neither of Pains or Misfortunes which befall them in the Company they affect: Wherefore she considered by what Means she might comply with her own Affection, and her Servants Fear. To keep him there against all their Wills were to hazard her Honour, and to give her Enemies an Occasion of a more severe Revenge. Having first advis'd with *Celia*, she writ a Letter, wherein she informed him of what had pass'd, entreating him affectionately to preserve his Life, and to prepare for Departure, two Things in Appearance contrary. When Night was come, the fair Princess went forth to take Leave of *Pausanias*, and delivering him the Letter, with a little Silver Cabinet wrapt in

Taffata, not having Power to speak, she withdrew herself, to lament her ensuing Misfortunes. *Pausanias* also retir'd, through the Suspicion of the late Quarrel, and kissing the Signature, which said, *Your Celia*, he read it with much Fear, on this Manner :

SIR,

I Have had much Care for you this Day ; I saw you draw your Sword, and I assure you it troubled me : I think it was Love, yet unfortunate, since it must die as soon as born. We are both the Cause of it, because I guess our Affection hath been discovered. My Birth is more noble than you imagine, and it concerns us both that you immediately absent yourself, that you lose not your Life, nor I my Reputation. Believe me, I am very sensible of it, for in a Word, I love you, and must lose you. You may comfort yourself with this Thought, that it was impossible I should ever have been yours, not for Love to any other, but for my Quality too transcendent. I send you here a thousand Crowns to serve you in your Journey, with a Knot of Diamonds and Emeralds, which I did sometimes wear at my Breast, that in your Country you may remember it was mine, and its owner yours.

Having read and deplor'd the rigorous Sentence of his Death, he resolv'd precisely
to

to obey all that *Aurora* in it had commanded; and to let her know some Part of his Regret, he took the Pen, and return'd this Answer:

I Should have esteem'd it a Happiness if to Day I had received Death by my Enemies (since such they were) that I might not have expected it from your Hands: Before the Morning's Light breaks forth, I will absent myself from yours, that you may say I knew how to love and to obey you: What I would not do for my own Life, I will for your Honour: I cannot express what I feel because I write perplexed, and can ascertain nothing; only I assure you my Blood is so noble, that the King of *Syracuse* himself cannot say he is my better. I came out of my Country to marry in this Kingdom, and for your Sake will return back. I give you infinite Thanks for your Present, and will not excuse myself from repaying it hereafter. The Knot I will keep as your Favour; and since you have given me so much Cause of Grief, give me Time to lament it, though I hope so to resent it, that when you least think of it, you will hear News of his Death, who knew how to love you, but had not the Happiness to deserve you.

Aurora with much trembling made an End of reading the Letter, and not able to

restrain her Eyes, bath'd it in Tears. *Celia* came to her, and took out of her Hand the Occasion of her Grief, but that little avail'd, for she took it not out of her Breast; so that as she went through a long Gallery, she wrung her Hands, beseeching Heaven to increase her Father's Rigour, and *Arminda's* Hate, that they might contrive her Death. She went to look towards the Sea, imagining that her lost Lover was already embark'd; and coming thither, so excessive were her Tears and passionate Expressions, that *Celia* fearing she might offer some Violence to herself, amongst other Reasons said thus to her.

“ Is it possible, Madam, that a disproportion'd Affection should so extremely work
 “ upon you! I should not have believ'd this
 “ of your reserv'd Discretion, if I had not
 “ seen it. I confess *Pausanias* deserves to
 “ be lov'd, but you know he is not a Man
 “ equal to your Condition, nor can in Reason
 “ be yours; what Proof have you of
 “ his Descent, more than his own Relation?
 “ which may well be doubted, for the
 “ meaner Sort, where they are not known,
 “ give large Testimonies of their Blood.
 “ Alas (reply'd *Aurora*) that Uncertainty
 “ is my greatest Trouble: If *Pausanias* be
 “ as noble as he hath intimated, perhaps I
 “ might have attempted something you
 “ would little have suspected from my Re-
 “ servedness;

“ servedness; and I persuade myself it
“ might yet well be done, were it but to
“ free myself from Imprisonment: And
“ though I should marry into a strange
“ Country, I should not lose my Right
“ to the Kingdom after my Father; I be-
“ lieve his Subjects affect me so entirely,
“ that if they knew I were here in Prison,
“ he would have little Security either of his
“ Kingdom or Life. Tell me, *Celia*, what
“ can I hope for in this Castle but Death?
“ My Father is married, and in love:
“ *Arminda* governs the Kingdom, and
“ bears me so much ill Will, that I many
“ Times eat my Meat in Fear, suspecting
“ she hath sent something to kill me,
“ though I shall now need no other Poison
“ than the Absence of *Pausanias*. Oh, *Ce-*
“ *lia*, you would oblige me, if you could
“ contrive how I might speak with him,
“ and be better inform’d of his Quality,
“ that I may not continue thus in suspence:
“ If he be of mean Parentage, I will rather
“ die by mine own Hand, than admit a
“ Thought may stain my Blood; and if
“ to my happy Fortune he should prove (as
“ is not impossible) some Prince cast upon
“ this Island by Accident, be confident,
“ I would hazard my Life for my Liberty,
“ though in all Things I should first take
“ your Advice, that I might not err thro’
“ mine own Opinion.

Celia was attentive to what she said, and compassionating her Tears, began to consider, if by any Means she might come to the Sight of *Pausanias*, without endangering his Life; she had an acute and ready Wit, but withal accompanied with so much Discretion, that whatsoever she undertook succeeded happily. After much Deliberation she concluded, that it was requisite (for Fear of his Enemies) not to see him for that Time; but that he should continue some Days in the Thickets of that Mountain, and then might come hither by Night, having Notice given him by *Libanius*, (one in whom she repos'd Trust.)

“ Thus far, reply'd *Aurora*, you have
 “ well ordered it, but what Means remains
 “ to speak with him? For to discourse from
 “ hence is very dangerous. If you will not
 “ hear me make an End, (reply'd the dis-
 “ cret *Celia*) neither can I let you know the
 “ Desire I have to serve you, nor you your-
 “ self obtain your Affection: I say, Ma-
 “ dam, that *Pausanias* coming to these
 “ Walls may get up, by our Assistance,
 “ and the Help of a Ladder, to this Part
 “ of the House adjoining to your Lod-
 “ gings: So that I having the Key of the
 “ outward Door, you need not fear, and
 “ by the Balcones that look towards the
 “ Sea, may discourse with him till you are
 “ satisfied concerning his Birth. Consider
 “ now,

“ now, if you find within yourself Love
 “ enough to embolden you for this Con-
 “ trivement: For my own Part I assure
 “ you that I am ready to lose my Life in
 “ your Service.

Aurora was by this much comforted, and embraced *Celia* a thousand Times; who by Letter advertis'd *Pausanias* of her Determination, she charged *Libanius* to deliver him the Letter, and attend him as a Guide. *Pausanias* had taken the Road towards *Sicily*, to try if he might find in that Way any of his lost Servants. *Libanius* overtook him, and deliver'd the Letter and Message from *Celia*: *Pausanias* receiv'd it as one that saw his dead Hopes revived, and having read it, and rewarded the welcome News, *Libanius* informed him of what he was to do. So passing through the wide Wood, they came to a poor Shepherds Cottage where *Pausanias* stay'd, and *Libanius* return'd to give his Lady Notice of what had pass'd. He continued there four Days, favour'd and cherish'd by *Aurora*, who every Day sent *Libanius* to visit him: and one Night, as dark as the Wish of any Lover could paint it, he came to the Palace, (or rather to the Sphere of the Sun of that Island) and dismissed *Libanius*, (for a Servant may not be Witnels to every Thing) then upon a Sign given, *Celia* and *Aurora* came forth, and letting down a Ladder of Cords, *Pausanias*
 in

in a Moment got into the Balcone, and having kiss'd *Aurora's* Hands as his Mistress, and *Celia's* as his Mistress's Lady, they led him through many Rooms, so richly furnish'd with Hangings, Chairs of State, and Pictures, that it shewed no less Magnificence than what he had forsaken in *Macedonia*. And coming to a Part that excelled the rest, as being furnish'd for Strangers, *Aurora* told him, that he might abide there, intimating how requisite Care and Obedience were, and that to attempt the contrary, was to put his Life in apparent Danger. Then so far reply'd *Pausanias*, I shall preserve it safe, having no Will but your Pleasure. *Aurora* gave him Thanks, telling him, that because her Lady was present, she omitted many Things which she reserv'd for more privacy; and taking her Leave shew'd him the Balcone by which they might discourse.

Pausanias was well contented with his courteous Entertainment, passing the greatest Part of the Day in contemplating that Miracle of Beauty; their mutual Affection increased equally (for by Conversation Love out-grows his Infancy) and as one Night they were both in Dispute, whether lov'd more truly (a Quarrel wherein it grieves none to be overcome) *Aurora* with some Expressions of Resentment, said thus:

“ I have long desired my *Pausanias* to
 “ know a Truth, though, for Fear of ex-
 “ posing

“ posing myself to the Hazard of dying,
“ I have not demanded it ; but that I may
“ not remain ever in this Suspence, I will
“ boldly adventure my Life : It concerns
“ me no less than my Honour and Quiet
“ to know who you are, that I may dispose
“ of myself with some Resolution, and
“ hereof I require no other Testimony, than
“ to know it from your own Mouth : For I
“ have so great an Opinion of you, and re-
“ pose so much Confidence in your Worth,
“ that I am sure you will not deceive me.
“ My Birth is noble, and so noble that no
“ Woman can boast higher Blood : For
“ this Lady on whom I wait (though my
“ Mistress) in this hath no Advantage of
“ me, as by the Favour she sheweth me,
“ you may have gather’d the Inequality
“ is not much. The Reason why we dwell
“ in this Castle, I will not now let you
“ know ; though, if your Answer suit with
“ my Mind, you may : But in the mean
“ Time I conjure you by myself, by the
“ Love you bear me, and by that you owe
“ me, to satisfy me in this Request, which
“ I assure you detains my Soul in extraor-
“ dinary Affliction.

Pausanias, oblig’d by *Aurora’s* Entreaties,
was ready to have discovered himself ; but
that he might with less Difficulty be believ’d,
he answered, that he was only Son to the
Admiral of *Macedonias*, a Man so eminent
and

and beloved of the People, and of *Timenides* his King, that he possess'd the first Place in his Affection, and in the Government of that Monarchy. *Aurora* remain'd not discontented, since the Inequality was not so great as might deface the pleasing Hopes she had imprinted in her Breast. Only *Pausanias* was angry at himself, being conscious that to deceive her who rely'd so confidently on him was a Kind of Treachery: Yet this Offence was not inexcusable, in Regard it is scarce esteem'd a Fault to make Use of a slight Deceit to compass our Desire. He succeeded so happily in his Love, and so favour'd by the Divine Eyes of *Aurora*, that though he were not naturally distrustful, yet was he fully persuaded of her Affection; and not without Reason, since the Expressions he had from her of this Truth confirmed him in that Belief.

Aurora communicated to *Celia* all that had pass'd; resolving at last to let *Pausanias* know the true Causes of her Imprisonment, that he might deliver her out of it, and convey her where she might be secure from her unkind Father's Severity; yet would she conceal this Happiness a while, to make Trial of his Constancy, whereof she had no Need to exact so many Proofs; for he liv'd so contented only in loving her, that he scarcely employed any other Desire, though sometimes he wish'd himself elsewhere, that
he

he might enjoy a nearer Conversation, yet with all Respect to her Honour. As he continued in this Mind, it fortuned that *Aurora*, through some Indispositions could not be seen for four Days: *Pausanias* bearing with much Impatience this Absence (along one to so true a Lover) resolved to see her; and though such Boldness might violate the Promise he had made, he supposed the Occasion would excuse him, whereupon one Night, forcing the Lock, he came with as much Fear as Silence to the Bed where *Aurora* lay, who had then yielded to a short Slumber. He was astonish'd, not without Cause, to behold the most perfect Piece of Nature's Pencil; and setting down the Light he carried upon a little Silver Cupboard, began to contemplate that dead Beauty, and living Pattern of Divinity. Her Hair was loose upon her Shoulders, without more Confinement than a green Ribband; her right Hand under her Cheek, and her left carelessly upon the Bed, which with a Lover's Timerousness he took and kiss'd. *Aurora* perceiv'd that something did disquiet her, with her Eyes half open, like the Sun when he wakens the Day, saw a Man at her Bed Side; and as soon as she knew it was *Pausanias*, warm'd with a modest Bashfulness, she chang'd the Lillies of her Cheeks to Roses: She asked him, angrily, why he came thither? he answered, to see

see her: " I never thought (reply'd *Aurora*)
 " you had valued me so low as to prefer
 " your own Pleasure before my Entreaties,
 " and your Curiosity before my Honour. I
 " warn'd you, that to stir forth, concern'd
 " the Reputation and Life of us both;
 " which since you have done, judge what
 " I may justly think of you. You will say
 " Love was the Cause: Presumption de-
 " ceives you; you know such Testimonies
 " better consist with the Hazard of the
 " Man than of the Woman. Reserve this
 " Freeness, or rather Boldness, for Women
 " of meaner Quality: Rudeness is not par-
 " donable with every one: And be assur'd,
 " I am herewith so offended, that you can-
 " not oblige me in all your Life so much
 " as you have with this one Action dis-
 " pleas'd me. Return to your Lodging,
 " and despair not of Liberty, if you esteem
 " it an Imprisonment to be thus lockt up;
 " To-morrow I will speak to my Lady,
 " that with her Leave you may return from
 " whence you came; so rash a Man is un-
 " fit for high Designs.

Pausanias would gladly have reply'd to
 excuse himself, but *Aurora* would not suffer
 him, telling him of the Danger she incur'd,
 if he were discovered. Being thus forc'd to
 retire, he wish'd with Grief he might expiate
 this Enterprize with the loss of Life. *Au-*
*ror*a was not so much displeas'd as she
 seem'd:

seem'd: Yet to let him know the Respect due to her Person, and to refine his Affection, she thought it Discretion not to see him for a few Days.

Mean while, the People (in *Sicily*) impatient of *Aurora's* Absence (whom they extremely lov'd) began to murmur at her Father's Cruelty, saying, what Mercy can Subjects expect from him that tyrannizes over his own Blood? It proceeded so far, that some with Clamours, others with Arms, required the Restitution of the Princess: The People's Insolency affrighted *Dionysius*, so that to dismiss them, and to comply with the Desires of his Subjects, Friends, and Kindred, he promised they should all suddenly see her: Hereupon he went out privately that Night with *Clearchus* his Favourite, and arriving where *Aurora* was, excused his Unkindness, and related the Reason of his coming; he commanded that immediately she and her company should make ready, for they must with all speed go to *Sicily*.

Aurora was so dismay'd as might have given occasion of Suspicion: *Celia* was struck dumb, and so suddain was their Departure, that *Aurora* had not time to weep. Nevertheless, *Celia* ordered it so, that she spoke with *Pausanias*, but with so much Perplexity and Fear, that she was hardly understood; in interrupted Expressions she said thus:

D

“ Now,

“ Now, Sir, the Time is come, that
 “ you may go out of this Prison, and en-
 “ joy the Desire you have to see *Sicily*;
 “ there is a Necessity that divides us. I
 “ believe the Love I bear you will seek you
 “ out wheresoever you are: One to whom
 “ my Fortune hath subjected me (more se-
 “ vere than his Relation requires) enjoyneth
 “ me to live absent from what I most es-
 “ teem; the Occasion is urgent, and he
 “ that commands powerful; so pardon
 “ me, and believe it lies not in my Power
 “ to excuse it: a Servant shall come hither,
 “ to bring you safe into *Sicily*, though not
 “ so soon as I could wish: more Witnesses
 “ than ordinary see me. Heavens give
 “ you Life to my Desire.

Sad and amaz'd was *Pausanias* at this
 Accident; sad, because *Celia's* Words
 seem'd to imply that he must lose her; and
 amaz'd, as being ignorant of the Cause:
 He could not apprehend the Meaning of
 what he had heard; sometimes imagining
 that he was sentenc'd to depart in Punish-
 ment of his late Boldness; sometimes that
 she meant to absent herself; and that which
 held him in greatest Suspence, was the re-
 flecting on her Words, That *one to whom by
 Fortune she was subject, less merciful than his
 Relation required, commanded her not to see
 him.* A Thing which she had ever conceal'd
 from him; but she referred the Discovery
 of

of this Truth to Time, the undeceiving Glass. The Day following pass'd, and neither *Celia* nor the Maid appointed to attend him visiting him; the Night came, when making his accustomed Signal from the Balconey, he was answer'd by his own Eccho: then listning at the Doors, and perceiving that all Things were in deep Silence he suspected one of these two Things, either some strange Accident had happened, or *Celia* dwelt no longer in that Place; having surpass'd those Doubts, he resolved not to suffer himself to languish, wherefore opening the first Door with a Dagger, he went so far till he came to the Chamber of his absent Mistress, where looking round about, and finding nothing but a dismal Solitude, he began to think all was Illusion and Witchcraft; and therefore confidently expected his Death: Yet being Master of no less Valour than Discretion, he drew his Sword, and went up and down the Castle to try if he could free himself out of those Enchantments: at length coming into a Hall, which to his thinking was the last, he saw a small Light, and a little further four Men: Drawing near them he said, they must either suffer him to go out quietly, or prepare for Death; for he was so resolute, that their Lives seem'd but few to his Indignation. They, amaz'd to see a Man where the Sun (the great Lynx of Heaven) could hardly

enter, to do their Office, drew their timorous Swords upon him: But he had endangered all their Lives, if one of them, laying hold of a Halbert, had not held it to his Breast. The valiant Youth was mov'd; for Fear is excusable where the Multitude of Enemies may assault on every Side; yet considering withal, that to render himself, were to run the Hazard of being carried dishonourably to *Sicily*, he would rather undergo the Danger, than preserve his Life with the stain of Coward; he charg'd them to dispatch him, or else he would adventure to change Fortunes with them. At these Words they were all daunted, and through Fear had not Courage enough to strike. At last they agreed, not only to let him depart, but that one should accompany him past Danger of the Way; because that Place was so encompass'd with Mountains and Woods, that they who were best acquainted with the Defart, often lost themselves.

Pausanias gave them Thanks for the Curtesy, though it rather proceeded from Fear than good Will; and taking Leave of them, went forth into the Wood, with one that held himself the most valiant among them: Before they parted, he entreated him to tell him who was Owner of that Castle, and to oblige him the more, put into his Hand a rich Diamond Ring; scarce had he

he receiv'd it, (though with many Protestations that he needed not any Reward to serve him) when he confessed that it was a House of Pleasure, . where *Dionysius* us'd to divert his Mind from the Cares which attend Affairs of State; though it were long since he had resorted thither, by Reason his fair Daughter *Aurora* had dwelt there privately, whom last Night (mov'd by the Importunity of his Subjects) he carried back to Court.

“ Had this Princess (said *Pausanias*) no
 “ Ladies that attended her? Yes, reply'd
 “ the timorous Flatterer, but there is only
 “ one, called *Celia*, who deserves her Affection: For, besides that her Beauty is
 “ as singular as her Discretion, she is
 “ Daughter to the Prince of *Arsinda*, one
 “ of the greatest and most eminent in all
 “ *Sicily*.” *Pausanias* with this Information was less afflicted: He dismiss'd the Man, determining to go conceal'd to Court, to see his Dear, though absent *Celia*.

Let us leave *Pausanias* in this Mountain, whilst *Aurora* seeks Means to advertise him of the Suddenness of her Departure, and *Celia* writing (as she us'd) a Letter in her Name, gave it to *Libanius*, commanding him to go where he was, and to bring him thence unperceiv'd if it were possible: It succeeded not as *Aurora* and *Celia* desir'd: For *Clearchus* a Favourite of the King's, had long lov'd *Celia*, and she favour'd him not only

by her Eyes and Affection, but by the Pen, assuring him by many Letters, that none but he should ever possess her Beauty. Neither was she mistaken in her Choice: for *Clearchus* in every Respect was her equal, and had so high a Place in the King's Esteem, that he was never from his Side. This Love was kept so private, that none but herself and Heaven knew of it. *Clearchus* by chance asking *Libanius* whether he went, he freely told him, on a Message from *Celia*. Seeing a Letter in his Hand he began to mistrust her Constancy: For long Absence occasions Suspicion of Injury. Disguising himself the best he could, he took Horse and went after him; but could not guess at the End of his Journey, because he went directly towards the Sea. It was already Night when he entered into a Fisher-Boat; *Clearchus* quitting his Horse, went over with him: When both were in the Wood, *Clearchus* bad him deliver what he had about him; *Libanius* supposing he was a Thief, drew forth the Crowns that *Celia* had given him, and laid them at his Feet; then begun to strip himself, to shew that he had nothing else about him. *Clearchus* finding the Letter, promised him his Life, if he would tell for whom it was; and so wrought with him, that poor *Libanius* confessed all that he knew. *Clearchus* confirm'd in his Suspicion, restor'd him

him his Crowns, doubled ; kept the Paper, and charg'd him to return to *Sicily*.

Clearchus remain'd solitary, grieving that he thought himself undeceiv'd ; and finding a poor Shepherd's Cottage hard by, hasted thither, where taking a Fire-brand instead of a Torch, he drew out the Paper, broke the Seal, and read what follows.

I Have been very sensible of this Absence ; the rather because I am in such a Condition, that I cannot communicate my Resentment to you : My Excuse is the Truth, which you shall hereafter know more at large. If upon Sight hereof you come to Court and discover yourself to his Majesty, I am confident his Nobleness will esteem of you according to your Merit. That you may the less delay the Performance of this Request, I say no more, but that I am (as ever) Yours,

CELIA.

Nothing can express the passionate Fury, or the Arguments wherewith this misapprehending Lover complain'd of *Celia's* ill Usage, and the Injustice towards his Affection. He was about to go back, with Intent to tear him in Pieces who was the Cause of this Jealousy ; but a compassionate Shepherd dissuaded him, entreating him to pass the

the rest of the Night under that Shed : for to do otherwise would shew Indiscretion.

Clearchus (though with small Content) yielded, and laying himself down upon a fresh Bed made of Flags and Hay, saw hard by him a Man sleeping, who by his Shape and Person seem'd of the best Quality : Demanding who he was, the Shepherd answer'd, that four Hours since he came to their Cottage, and desired to rest under that Covert, to avoid the Sharpness of the Night. *Pausanias* (for it was he that slept so securely, having his greatest Enemy beside him, and had been glad to find this poor Cottage where he might repose himself, wearied with Travel) awaking, perceived that he was not alone, but heard him that was by him, with sad Complaints curse his Love, Jealousy, and Fortune.

Pausanias list'ning, was troubled at what was said, but much more at the Mention of *Celia*, a Name that disquieted his Soul. Observing him more diligently, he heard him thus discourse to himself :

“ Is it possible (ungrateful Woman) thou
 “ canst find in thy Heart to dispossess an
 “ Affection of so many Years and Pains ?
 “ Could not thy Quality acquit thee of
 “ Lightness ? Oh *Celia*, how doth a deceit-
 “ ful Promise misbecome one that profes-
 “ seth so much Worth ? Dost thou so inju-
 “ riously requite so observant a Lover ?

“ I

“ I persuade myself the Reason why thou
“ enjoinest me to conceal my Affection,
“ was for Fear of making thy *Pausanias*
“ jealous. But I vow never to return
“ Home, till he hath satisfy’d my Jealousy:
“ Ungrateful, I will begin my Revenge
“ in killing him whom thou lovest best;
“ I will proclaim thy Lightness: The
“ World shall know, these six Years that
“ I have served thee, I have been in such
“ Favour with thee, that thou never us’dst
“ Pen but to assure me thou wert mine.
“ Thou hast deceiv’d thy self, false Woman,
“ deserting me for a Stranger, that cozens
“ thee with Profession of Nobility. What
“ canst thou say to excuse thyself, since this
“ Letter under thine own Hand speaks thy
“ Unworthiness, and my Misfortunes?

Pausanias hearing this, was in such Perplexity that he could not believe himself to be awake. Impatient that any Man should profess himself favour’d of *Celia* (to defend her Reputation, and to chastise his foolish Arrogance) he arose and told him, that the Part of his Sorrows which he had heard troubled him as much as himself; but if a Sight of *Pausanias* would allay his Anger, the last Night he was with a Gentleman of the same Name, and perhaps they might find him in the next Wood. “ I shall not
“ be so happy, said *Clearchus*, for I know
“ my ill Fortune when I desire a Thing.
“ Yes,

“ Yes, I believe you may, reply’d *Pausanias*.” Then lighting a dry Olive Branch he invited him to come after, promising that within a few Hours he would bring him to him.

Thus went they forth together, and coming to the most intricate Place of the Wood, *Pausanias* stuck the Light upon a Tree, and drawing his Sword, resolutely said to him :

“ I am *Pausanias*, thy greatest Enemy ;
 “ I love *Celia*, and must enjoy her, though
 “ the King of *Syracuse* himself should oppose it. Since thou say’st that thou seek’st
 “ me earnestly, make Use of this sudden
 “ Occasion which is offer’d thee. If thou
 “ refus’st to draw thy Sword because thou
 “ knowest me not, be assur’d, my Quality
 “ is so noble, that whosoever thinks he
 “ hath any Advantage of me, deceives
 “ himself. I have served *Celia*, if not with
 “ as much Secresy, yet with more Affec-
 “ tion : If she heretofore lov’d thee, and
 “ now forgets thee, complain of thy Fortune,
 “ not her Easiness ; and since thou
 “ say’st the Letter which thou unjustly detaineth
 “ was sent to me, give it me, for
 “ I will put it amongst others that I have
 “ of hers ; if not, I will force it from thee.
 “ Do not think (answer’d *Clearchus*) thy
 “ Menaces move me : My Heart is form’d
 “ for higher Enterprizes, and e’er long thou
 “ wilt

" wilt repent this foolish Rashness. Yet
 " that thou may'st know the Cause why I
 " sought thee so earnestly, and with what
 " Reason I complain of *Celia*, hear her
 " Falshood, and thou wilt confess that I
 " have not spoken very extravagantly of
 " her. *Celia* and myself have these many
 " Years reciprocally exchange'd a pure and
 " secret Affection; but she being necessi-
 " tated to absent herself from me for some
 " Reasons, I was so unhappy that in that
 " Time she saw and lov'd thee: If she had
 " neglected me for Love of thee, I had less
 " Reason to complain; but she was so far
 " from Neglect, that she never favour'd me
 " with larger Expressions than now; and
 " that thou may'st not think these Calum-
 " nies, proceeding rather from Jealousy
 " than the Truth of one that respects his
 " Honour, see whether it be false or no:
 " So drawing out of his Breast many Let-
 " ters and Papers, he cast them at his Feet.

Pausanias read some of them; amongst
 others his own, and another which the same
 Day she had written to *Clearchus*. A good
 while he took not his Eye off from the Pa-
 pers, it seeming to him impossible there
 should be in the World a Woman so facile
 and so cunning: But at last being fully per-
 suaded of her Falshood, he gathered toge-
 ther all the cozening Letters, and threw 'em
 into the Fire, as if he could consume so many
 Deceits

Deceits at once. Thereupon *Clearchus* with his Sword in Hand bad him, if he were a Gentleman, prepare to defend himself: For it was not fitting it should be said in *Sicily*, that having had his Enemy in the Field he left him alive. Thou shalt not need to prevent me, answered *Pausanias*, for that was the only Reason why I drew thee out into this Wood: And so assaulting him furiously, the Combate began, without any apparent Advantage on either Side. *Clearchus* was the more weary, as being less dextrous in the Exercise of Arms. *Pausanias* avoiding a Blow that he made, falsify'd another, and wounded him dangerously in the Head. *Clearchus* having his Face bathed in Blood, lost not his Courage, but inflam'd with Revenge, assaulted *Pausanias* so desperately, that he was forced to use all his Skill to guard himself. The clashing of their Swords disturb'd the Shepherds that went whistling their Sheep together. They came in the Instant, when the loss of Blood abated Strength, but not Courage in *Clearchus*. They all ran in to him, seeing him the more necessitated, and carried him Home to their Cottage, where with medicinal Herbs they entertain'd and cured him.

The valiant Prince (no less astonish'd at the Courage of *Clearchus*, than at the Lightness of *Celia*) expected the Approach of Day, with Intent to take shipping, and re-
turn

turn to his Country. He went towards the Sea, and discoursing with himself on the various Events of his Fortune, saw a Ship, which by its Loss of Tackling and Sails, shew'd it had suffer'd the Anger of inconstant *Neptune*. He observ'd the Arms it carry'd, and knowing they were his, drew nearer to satisfy himself: But this Doubt lasted not long; for *Leontius*, Son to the Admiral of *Macedonia*, leaping ashore with his Company, knew him, and gave thanks to Heaven for the Favour it had vouchsafed them in preserving his Life.

They related to him, how that after a long Tempest and imminent Death, it pleas'd Fortune to appease the Sea: But all of them bewailing their Prince's Absence, resolv'd not to return to *Macedonia* without him, since he might possibly escape alive. *Pausanias* gratified their noble Resolution, with Favours and Rewards. He caused them to repair their Ship, determining to go privately into *Sicily*; that they might not return unsatisfied to *Macedonia*; to see if the Beauty of *Aurora* pleas'd him; and to revenge himself on the inconstant *Celia*.

With this Resolution he went to Court; but his Arrival could not be so private, but *Dionysius* had Notice of it, and immediately gave him a Visit, bestowing such extraordinary Favours upon him, that Words sufficed not to express his Thankfulness. *Dionysius*

carried him to see the Princess; knowing her Beauty to be the chief Motive of his coming thither.

Pausanias amaz'd when he perceiv'd *Celia*, to whom he spake, to be by all call'd *Aurora*, was ready to have accus'd *Dionysius* of Imposture; but *Leontius* (who had been Ambassador before in *Syracuse*) assuring him it was *Aurora*, he was almost distracted, and not treating with *Dionysius* any further in that Business, he resolv'd to return to *Macedonia*, since a Woman engaged to another in Love, was not fit to be his Wife.

Aurora's Thoughts were very different from his, for perceiving her good Fortune, that *Pausanias* was every Way equal to her, she thought the Time long till she had some means to accomplish her Affection.

Celia already was inform'd of the Quarrel that had been betwixt *Clearchus* and the Prince. And as *Aurora* was once complaining of him, for not coming to solicit that which he so much desir'd, *Celia* told her, that the Reason why he was so cool in his Love, was the Deceit of her Letters, and thereupon recounted all that past, advertising her, that this Mistake was as well Cause of her losing *Clearchus*, for he was infected with the same Jealousy; so that it concern'd 'em both to discover the private Device her Love had made Use of. *Aurora* excusing the Prince's Indifferency, in Regard it proceeded rather

rather from his own Honour than Neglect of her, called *Clearchus*, and discover'd to him the whole Business, that he might not suspect any Thing in Prejudice of *Celia's* Honour; she commanded him to go visit *Pausanias* from her, and to let him know the Mistake that had detained him in Jealousy.

Clearchus now freed from all former Suspicion, obey'd, and having kiss'd the Prince's Hand, ask'd Pardon for drawing his Sword against him, though unknown. *Pausanias* told him, " he was engag'd to " love his Valour, and to desire his Friendship. I must requite this Honour, answered *Clearchus*, with welcome News; and then related the Occasion of *Aurora's* living in the Castle; and how imagining he was below her Greatness, she had dissembled her Name; changing it for *Celia*, until she were fully inform'd of his Condition; how to avoid the Danger of having her Letters known, she caused *Celia* to write for her; how the Reason of his going to find him in the Wood, was because he had for many Years loved *Celia*, as he had gather'd by his Words, and seeing the Letter with her Seal he was confirmed in his Jealousy, blaming the Affection of guiltless *Celia*.

The Prince was surprized with Wonder and Joy at this Relation of *Clearchus*, and casting his Arms about his Neck, in Sign

of Love and Delight, said, the News was so conformable to his Wishes, that only Time could express how highly he esteem'd it. Then went he to treat with *Dionysius* concerning his Love; who promised her to him, thereby requiting the Compliment of having left his Country; neither was any more worthy of the Princess, and immediately they writ to *Timenides* the Prince's Father about their Agreement.

Pausanias had now Opportunity to visit her, and to expostulate the favourable Deceit, whereby she had caused his Jealousy. Their Espousals were solemnized with the greatest Pomp that *Sicily* ever beheld, jointly celebrating those of *Clearchus* and *Celia*, whose Constancy merited a Success no less fortunate. Within a few Days they embarked for *Macedonia*, attended by all the Magnificence of the Court.

Timenides received them with the Joy of a Father, who supposing his Son lost or dead, found him so much improved in all Things; then feeling himself burden'd with Years, and through Infirmities unable to be the *Atlas* of that Weight, he transferred the Crown to his Son's Head: And that the Pleasure of so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleased to bestow on their first Year a Son. *Pausanias* and *Aurora* living and loving so unanimously that every Day seemed the first of their Marriage.



LOVE'S

By Boscan.

EMBASSY.

Translated by Thomas Stanley.

IN the bright Region of the fertile East, (Brow,

Where constant Calms smooth Heav'n's unclouded
There lives an easy People, vow'd to rest,

Who on Love only all their Hours bestow :

By no unwelcome Discontents oppress ;

No Cares, save those that from this Passion flow,
Here reigns, here ever uncontroul'd did reign,
The beauteous Queen sprung from the foaming Main.

Her Hand the Scepter bears, the Crown her Head,

Her willing Vassals here their Tribute pay :
Here is her sacred Power, and Statutes spread,

Which all with cheerful forwardness obey :
The Lover by Affliction hither led,

Receives Relief, sent satisfy'd away :
Here all enjoy, to give their soft Flames ease,
The pliant Figures of their Mistresses.

Love:

Love is the Subject all their Talk implies ;

Enamour'd is the Season of the Year :

Every thing kills with Love, or for Love dies :

Without Love's Pass, there is no coming near.

Love is their Traffick, Stock, and Merchandize :

Love is the only Business every where.

When the young Trees thrust their fresh Blossoms out,

The smiling Branches seem with Love to sprout.

Love every Structure offers to the Sight,

And every Stone his soft Impression wears.

The Fountains moving Pity, and Delight,

With amorous Murmurs drop persuasive Tears.

The Rivers in their Courses Love invite,

Love is the only Sound their Motion bears :

The Winds in Whispers sooth these kind Desires,

And fan with their mild Breath, Loves glowing Fires.

Amidst a wide, green Plain, the Royal Seat

Of this Majestick Queen is sweetly plac'd.

About it runs a purling Rivulet,

On either Side by spreading Trees embrac'd :

From whose thick Boughs, with constant Shades repleat,

The Day in her Solstitial Pride is chac'd :

These bloom with fragrant Blossoms all the Year,

And Nightingales their trillo practise here.

A thousand petty Rills there are beside,

Which in uncertain Windings loosely stray :

And by wild Labyrinths their Current guide,

One crossing wantonly the others Way.

The softer Murmurs of whose pleasing Tyde,

To their Embrace the Virgin Flowers betray ;

Which, with a bashful Niceness, trembling fall

Into the Stream, obsequious to Love's Call.

A Tower there is which this large Plain defends,
Kept by the Boy who o're all Souls prevails :
Here every Morn and Evening, he ascends,
And with his Arrows all the Earth assails.
The Wounds he makes, Art with no Cure befriends ;
His Mark he never sees, yet never fails.
The subtle stroke, at first, infers no Smart,
But on the sudden, gnaws the tortur'd Heart.

Weary with shooting through the darkned Air
These feather'd Tempests, mighty Love comes thence,
Enclos'd by thousand lesser Loves, a Share
To every one alike he doth dispence.
Affection is committed to their Care :
They also have the Power to wound our Sense ;
But their blunt Shafts can only raze the Skin,
And vulgar Souls, to vulgar Pleasures win.

In the remotest Corner of this Land,
Down in a vail, there is another Seat :
About it woody Mountains tott'ring stand,
To overlook the Shadows they beget :
Whose twisted Branches Day-light countermand :
With darkness all, all is with Night repleat :
The worst of Sorrows, and Misfortunes, dwell
With the sad Owner of this luckless Cell.

Dire Jealousy ; fear'd, and afraid of all :
Whom the Queen sometimes sees in Compliment,
And to divert the Mischiefs, that befall
Her wretched Servants, piously is bent.
She her Inheritance this Place doth call ;
And from the Royal Blood boasts her Descent.
The sacred Queen of Love, though she disdain her,
Because so near a-kin, bound to maintain her.

The Discontents that on this sad Wretch wait,
 She with her native Joys, sweetly allays :
 Amongst her People, (Strangers to Debate)
 Here lives and loves, and others Loves surveys.
 Pleasure, her Chamber, and her Chair of State,
 Richly adorns ; Pleasure, her Limbs arrays.
 The Loves of such blest Souls, as with most true
 Devotion serve, are always in her View.

These swell with Pride, that their fair Queen, before
 Her other Subjects, their Desires prefers :
 Of Lovers who obtain what they implore,
 The Praise and Victory, is only hers.
 With her, their pure Affections sacred Store,
 Repose the conquer'd, and the Conquerors.
 Their Stock continual Interest doth fill,
 Much by good Fate increasing more by ill :

She all these Suppliants distinctly knows,
 And purifies the Flames wherein they burn.
 Much Time with pious Diligence bestows,
 To ease the Miseries of such as mourn.
 Takes an exact Account of all their Woes,
 To give them of Delight a full Return.
 And to this End, in her admired Name,
 A general Assembly doth proclaim.

Now rose the smiling Star that guilds the Face
 Of our dark Sphear, at whose Approach grow dim
 The sparkling Gems of Night, forc'd to give Place
 To one whose Beauty far out-rivals them ;
 When *Venus* left her Court, the Plains to grace ;
 Her Love, and Jealousy attended him.
 Jealousy, Plague of every amorous Breast,
 Which with most Spite the fairest doth infect.

Forth comes this Queen of Beauty, and Desire,
Her tresses playing with the wanton Air,
Bright her Complexion is, white her Attire,
Sweetness, and Majesty, her Glances share,
Her Eyes, which Men adore, and Gods admire,
Forbid to hope, nor suffer to despair.
Including all the Graces in one Look,
That *Zeuxes* from *Crotonian* Virgins took.

When all her People were together met,
First to the midst, then round about she goes;
And as she views them, an enlivening Heat
On every Heart her radiant Eyes disclose:
Commands her Son appoint to each his Seat,
And every Lover in his Rank dispose;
The little Herald, place for all prepares,
According to the Quality of their Cares.

She saw the Loves of all this numerous round,
Alike successful were, alike were pleas'd.
Their Griefs by mutual Kindness softned found;
Their Discontents by joint Delight appeas'd.
All with Fruition of their Wishes crown'd;
All of their Sorrows by each other eas'd.
She saw them in Affection kindly strive,
And by Exchange their happy Passions thrive.

Happy indeed these present Lovers were;
But of the absent, bitter Discontents,
In several Shapes, were represented here;
Unequal Aims, the different Accidents,
Of Love, and Scorn, Temerity and Fear:
Perplexed Thoughts, expecting worse Events;
And all the sad Varieties of Fate,
Which on these disagreeing Lovers wait.

Seeing so many of her own undone,

This Queen was mov'd with Sense of their Distress;
And since no other Way was left to shun

The rigorous Cause of their Unhappiness,
Strait on an Embassy commands her Son;

And in this Language doth his Charge express;
Whilst, as she spake, the list'ning Winds were chain'd
To her soft Accents, Floods their Course restrain'd.

Son! thou art equally concern'd with me,

In all Mishaps that on our State depend:
Thou seest the Harms our Subjects suffer; Thee
To undeceive, and cure their Grievs, I send.

A World of fickle, faithless Souls, there be,
Who to the sacred Name of Love pretend:
And what more than my Wrongs my Thoughts doth vex
The Blame of this, lies chiefly on our Sex.

Indifferent Lovers, loosely by the same
Affection, are at once, to many led:
Inconstant, treacherously their Faith disclaim,
Their fleeting Vows no sooner taught, than fled.
Ambitious Honour court, whose sickly Flame
No longer lasts than by that fuel fed,
These Coyneſs counterfeit, and those Desire;
To stain my Name, and Credit, both conspire.

But some there are, who impiously protest
Against our Laws, and our just Power despise;
To Scorn and Pride, are Votaries profess:
And o'er their Fellow Subjects tyrannize.
These will infect, if not in Time suppress,
Our pure Religion with black Heresies.
These, whom in vain it were with Force t' invade,
By Reason bend, and in these Words persuade.

LOVE'S EMBASSY.

59

Fair Rebels! who your lawful King depose,
 And fondly your Allegiance cast away;
 To give Admittance to his mortal Foes;
 And in his Room Disdain and Pride obey:
 'Tis Love, who Beauty on the Fair bestows:
 Tribute to Love, the Fair are bound to pay:
 Him, who your Beings gave, you would destroy,
 And 'gainst himself, the Arms he lent employ.

This Deity, whose sacred Name you slight,
 Is Master of Content, commands all Pleasure;
 Will entertain you still with new Delight, (sure;
 More Joys, than Hours, your happy Lives shall mea-
 'Tis Justice to yourselves, to do him right;
 No other Way left to secure your Treasure.
 Bold Time will force the Prize for which Love sues,
 And rob you of the Wealth you would not use.

Strict Punishment, besides, you must expect
 From the just Powers you impiously incense:
 They your Contempt severely will correct,
 In others to prevent the like Offence.
 Your Prayers, too late presented, will reject;
 No Vows, no Tears, shall with their Rage dispence.
 Choose then the safe, if not the pleasing State,
 Reward attends your Love, Revenge your Hate.

This said, a general Shout past through the Throng;
 In which, her Subjects their Applause declare.
 Her Chariot then she mounts, and all along,
 Scatters rich Perfumes, through the ambient Air.
 Thousands of Loves wait on her with a Song;
 All to her Court with equal Joy repair.
 There every Lover his Delight renews;
 Whilst her glad Son, his Mother's Charge pursues.

F I N I S.

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ISMENIA

By *Juan Perez de Montalvan.*

AND THE

Translated by Thomas Stanley.

PRINCE.



FROM the Top of *Caucasus*, a Mountain in *Armenia*, descend-
ed a Man, savage in Appearance, tho' not in Mind; cloath'd with several Skins of wild Beasts, his Limbs strong and swarthy, his Face scorch'd with the Sun, his Hair long; at his Shoulder hung a Quiver of Arrows, at his left Side a Wood Knife, and in his Hand he carried a young Tree, which (being stript of the Boughs and Leaves) was both his Stay and Defence; who sitting down upon a Carpet of sweet, tho' ordinary Flowers, drew out of his Breast a beautiful Picture, so lively in the obscure Tablet, that it seem'd to have

more Soul than it receiv'd from the Pencil;
and beholding it as intently as if it had
been the Original; much troubled, he thus
passionately discoursed to it:

‘ O! Dear, tho’ absent *Polixena*! It is
‘ long since I enjoy’d thy divine Sight in
‘ another Condition; but what Assurance
‘ will not Envy and Fortune dissolve,
‘ where both conspire to prosecute? When
‘ I first caus’d *Tybrandes* to draw thy Pic-
‘ ture in this Tablet, I little thought that
‘ this unequal Shadow of thy Beauty should
‘ ever have been my greatest Comfort.
‘ Who would have said when in *Albania*
‘ I maintain’d a Tournay in a Habit which
‘ thy fair Hands had Embroider’d, that
‘ I should ever have seen my self in an Estate
‘ so different, the Inhabitant of a Moun-
‘ tain, my Arms naked, my Feet cover’d
‘ only with the Skin of a Bear, a Trunk
‘ of a Tree my Sword, my Lodging a
‘ Cave, and my Companions a pair of Lions?
‘ But the Heavens know, that neither to be
‘ so expos’d to the Injury of Weather, that
‘ the Sun takes me for *July*, and the Snow
‘ for *January*; nor to be brought so low,
‘ that I am forc’d every Day to kill some
‘ wild Beast to sustain me; nor to live in
‘ this dismal Solitude, where I converse on-
‘ ly with Flowers and Rivers; nor yet to
‘ consider the small Hopes I have of better
‘ Fortune, have Power to make me sad;
‘ but

‘ but only the fear that Thou dost forget me:
‘ For amongst the Troubles which an ab-
‘ sent Lover suffers, none but this is able
‘ to torment him. It is now twelve Years
‘ since for thy sake I first deserted *Albania*,
‘ and were my self dilated to an Age,
‘ should always thus preserve Thee in my
‘ Breast; but alas! I fear Thou dost not re-
‘ quite me; for Women are said to place
‘ their Eyes and Wills only on what they
‘ see present; because what is past is no
‘ longer enjoy’d. Having so long disap-
‘ peared, can I doubt my Death is not be-
‘ liev’d for certain? And some perhaps
‘ there are who affirm it, to comply with
‘ those that hate me. Yet if I live in thy
‘ Memory, nothing else can afflict or trou-
‘ ble me. I often imagine, that as being
‘ but a Woman, thou hast prov’d uncon-
‘ stant, and tho’ thy Love might conti-
‘ nue the first Year of my Absence, yet
‘ sure the second thou took’st Comfort,
‘ and the third didst quite turn me out of
‘ thy Breast. However, this World hath
‘ had some, whose Constancy had triumph-
‘ ed over the natural Imbecility of their
‘ Sex; and thou may’st be one of those.
‘ The Dagger of *Lucretia*, the Coals of
‘ *Portia*, and the Asps of *Cleopatra*, testify,
‘ that Love is an unapprehensive of Death.
‘ Thy Constancy (fair *Polixena*) would have

‘ had no such Inconvenience ; it would not
 ‘ have hazarded thy Life.

The tender Savage-Lover would have
 proceeded in Discourse to the Picture, had
 he not been interrupted by a young Shep-
 herdess, who passing by the Skirts of a
 Green Mountain, (imagining she was heard
 of none but the Birds) as she went along,
 sung thus :

*Menga, a Shepherdess, near these Brooks borne,
 (Wonder o’ th’ Earth, and Envy of the Morn,)*

Sad and asham’d complains of her hard Fate;

For Beauty seldom proves more fortunate.

Love whose soft Chains she freely did dispence

To all, at least insnar’d her Innocence.

Anton, a Swain, who many other Eyes

Attracted, was to hers a Sacrifice;

Nor slights she his Affection, tho’ she fear

Their Envy who for him like Passions bear.

Teresa’s Love she knows to him inclin’d,

A Nymph, tho’ fair, yet wanton as the Wind:

Favours and Gifts she never yet withstood,

Inconstancy deriving with her Blood:

All that she sees her boundless Thoughts desire,

For longing Fancies greedy Eyes require:

Once Menga found her with Anton less coy

Than she could wish, his but to rob her Joy.

Shame did suppress her Anger, but her Tears

Did unrestrain’d betray her jealous Fears.

What have I done, false Shepherdess she said,

That thou should’st all my Happiness invade?

Thou

*Thou lov'st another, me hast dispossess't,
 Because stoll'n Pleasures are to thee the best:
 I've seen thee Many love, but true to none,
 Thou dost hereditary Lightness own:
 Enjoy thine own, not my Delights remove,
 Thou wrong'st thy Beauty to molest my Love.
 Thus Menga, (who against Teresa cries,)
 When she began to love, left to be wise.*

Gesimenes (for so was this Prodigy of Fortune nam'd) was much astonish'd to hear so sweet a Voice in a wild Wood unfrequented by any. He arose and called to her, bidding her not fear, for he was a Man rational as others, tho' his Habit expressed not his Condition. The timorous *Shepherdes*, when she saw his savage Appearance, giving her self for lost, fled from this counterfeit Satyr, till staid by Weariness, she fell at his Feet, so affrighted and out of Breath, that it pitied him he had overtaken her. When he beheld her divine Beauty, he thanked Heaven that it had contracted its greatest Perfections in a poor *Shepherdes*. Neither did this Admiration proceed from a Forgetfulness of his fair *Polixena*; but the Reason which induc'd him to this Liking, was her Resemblance of the other; such as would confound a Painter in drawing them both: He took her in his Arms, and carried her to his poor Cave; where, having first recover'd her Senses with Water,
 which

which he fetch'd in a Tortoise-shell from a neighbouring Rock, he set before her Cakes and dried Fruits; he assured her that she was not in Danger; that his Quality was more gentle than his Appearance promis'd; that she might continue there in Safety; and, that her Beauty had kindled in his Breast so just an Affection, that tho' he had been savage indeed, he should not have been so to her: For at the first Sight of her an Inclination did secretly invade his Soul, which obliged him not only to Honour, but to engage his Life for her. Therefore he intreated her by the great Respect which, in so short a Time, she had gain'd upon him, not to leave his Company, but rather to help him to pass the Tedioufness of that Solitude, than afflict his love by her Absence, which he should infinitely resent.

Truly, reply'd *Ismenia*, (so was the Shepherdess nam'd) what you require is not only just, but due to that Civility and Protection you promis'd; besides, it concerns my own Interest as well as yours; for I am fled hither to avoid a Man, to whom my Parents would have married me; one, they say, who doth every way equal me; but, to say Truth, tho' I was born among the Rocks; and am of a low Parentage, yet have I a Spirit and Thoughts so high, that I am not in my own Opinion inferiour either to the
 ' Heir

‘ Heir of *Albania*, or the King of *Armenia*.
‘ This Morning I rose with intent to sub-
‘ due that Self-conceit, and love him in Obe-
‘ dience to those that perswaded me ; but
‘ finding I could not affect him, nor reclaim
‘ my stubborn Will, I stole away and hid
‘ my self in this Mountain, chusing rather
‘ to be a Prey to wild Beasts, than to
‘ one I could not without Disdain behold :
‘ Tho’ many Women are of Opinion,
‘ that Conversation may produce Affection ;
‘ yet could not I expose my self to so ap-
‘ parent Hazard, fearing the worst : For
‘ the Danger is great which She incurs, who
‘ out of this Confidence undervaluing her
‘ own Liberty, marry’s one that she abhors.
‘ But because I find within my self (besides
‘ the Thanks I owe your Courtesy and En-
‘ tertainment) something that moves me to
‘ love and respect you ; for tho’ you
‘ appear outwardly a Son of these Rocks,
‘ yet your civil Demeanor contradicts that
‘ Appearance ; I conjure you therefore by
‘ your self to tell me who you are, and the
‘ Reason of your living in this Desert ;
‘ since we have agreed to dwell together,
‘ and I have given you an Account of my
‘ Fortune, it is fit you requite me with the
‘ like. This Request (says *Gesimenes*) will
‘ much afflict me : The Remembrance of
‘ Miseries cannot be renew’d without Tears,
‘ tho’ I use often to repeat mine to the
‘ Heavens,

' Heavens, to the Fields, and to this little
 ' River; yet because in them you are my
 ' only comfort, and to satisfy in some Man-
 ' ner for the Favour you do me in dwell-
 ' ing (as you have promised) with me,
 ' I will relate my Birth, Condition, and
 ' Misfortunes.

' I am Natural Son to *Pharnaces*, King
 ' of *Albania*, who dearly lov'd *Clorinda*,
 ' a Lady whose Eminence and Merit made
 ' her hope to be his Wife, and in that Con-
 ' fidence resign herself to his Arms; but
 ' not long after was by Reason of State in-
 ' duc'd to Marry *Rodantha*, who prov'd
 ' with Child at the same time that *Clorinda*
 ' my Mother went with me: I would to
 ' Heaven I had never seen the Light, (for
 ' Life, but Death.) So it happen'd that
 ' *Pharnaces* had in one Day two Sons, one
 ' by his Wife, the other by his Mistress;
 ' and (tho' Brothers) of a different For-
 ' tune and Quality, for *Lucander's* Mother
 ' was the more Noble; but who would
 ' think that *Pharnaces* loving my Mother
 ' so affectionately, nay, she her self, for-
 ' getting the Pains, and Grief I had cost
 ' her, should hate me: It was sure the
 ' malignant Influence of my Stars which
 ' arriv'd, to that Height, that I was con-
 ' strained when I would obtain any thing
 ' of my Father, to have Recourse to the
 ' Queen, who, tho' she had just Rea-
 son

son to hate me, pity'd and favour'd me.
Lucander and my self came to the State
of Youth; I, as being the less fortunate,
was more belov'd of the People; he of
my Father, as Heir to the Monarchy:
Thus far I cannot say I was very unhappy,
for if he may justly be call'd so, who is
born indiscreet, and lives hated, *Lucander*
was the less Fortunate; but the Original
of all my Afflictions was the fair *Polixena*,
at the same time brought up at Court,
Daughter to the Prince *Saga*, one of
great Power, and near allied to the King,
without whose Advice he undertook no-
thing of Weight: I would discourse more
largely of her Beauty and Perfections, if
my Love would not make That seem Pas-
sion, which Heaven and my self know
is but Truth. I speak to a Woman, and
such hear with small Delight the Praises of
others: She was the fairest in that Coun-
try, and from our tender Years we be-
gan to Court her: I with less hope than
Lucander, as one not born a Prince;
but Love, both a Child, and blind, often
mistakes and stumbles. I did ill to say
my Birth was attended by no happy For-
tune, since *Polixena* fix'd her Eyes on me,
and that so freely, that whatever I did, she
grac'd with Esteem, whatsoever my Bro-
ther attempted, displeased her. At the
public and solemn Exercises, her favour-
able

' able Eyes encourag'd me, and made me
 ' successful, not without the Envy of ma-
 ' ny Princes who ador'd her, especially of
 ' *Lucander*: Truly I had the Advantage
 ' of him in Behavior, Discretion, and
 ' Stature; yet few Women would have
 ' consider'd those Accidents, the Qualities
 ' of the Mind being in little Esteem in the
 ' Unfortunate. But *Polixena* either less ambi-
 ' tious or more unhappy, inclin'd her Af-
 ' fection to me so far, that after a long
 ' time she gave me Leave to obtain her Em-
 ' braces, which by a private way into her
 ' Chamber I enjoy'd: *Lucander* had treat-
 ' ed with her Father about Marriage, en-
 ' gaging himself still farther in his fond Af-
 ' fection; knowing I was his Rival, he
 ' was the more earnest in his Sollicitation,
 ' being vext to see *Polixena* prefer me, the
 ' illegitimate Son, before him, the Heir to
 ' the Kingdom. Her Father (transported
 ' with his Interest, and hope of seeing the
 ' Crown upon his Daughter's Head) being
 ' displeas'd with my Affection, look'd not
 ' favourably on me, and chid *Polixena*,
 ' advising her to love *Lucander*; because
 ' from thence more Good than she imagin'd
 ' might result. But this Counsel was vain,
 ' her Election was no longer free; much
 ' less when she perceiv'd she was with Child.
 ' This Confirmation of our Love increased
 ' my Obligation, and her Danger; for
 ' this

‘ this Disease being difficult to conceal, and
‘ her Father unwilling she should be mine,
‘ we had Reason to fear the Event; she
‘ dissembled the Mishap so carefully, that
‘ not any of her Servants suspected it. The
‘ Perplexity wherein I remain’d was as of
‘ one that sees his Love in the Power of
‘ Enemies: If she would have sent me the
‘ Child, she durst not; for *Lucander* had
‘ gained all, or the most Part of them to
‘ be of his Party. Thus every Moment
‘ did these Fears disquiet us, till one Night
‘ such Extremity of Pain wakened her,
‘ that she presently knew the Reason, and
‘ putting on her Cloaths in haste, she went
‘ out at the back Gate of the Garden,
‘ (having before provided her self of the
‘ Key for that Occasion) with Intent to re-
‘ tire to an House of an intimate Friend
‘ of mine, whom we had made acquainted
‘ with our Affairs; but she had scarce
‘ passed two Streets when she was so sur-
‘ prized that she could not stir a step fur-
‘ ther, turning aside into the Porch of the
‘ next House, was there delivered of a
‘ Daughter; and seeing two Men pass by
‘ muffled in their Cloaks, she called to
‘ them, and deliver’d them the Child; de-
‘ siring them, because she was a Woman and
‘ alone, that they would do her the Favour
‘ to carry it to *Gesimenes* the King’s Son, who
‘ would give them a better Reward then they
B ‘ imagin’d

“ imagin’d: Their Civility oblig’d them not
 “ to follow her; so she returned back to the
 “ Court, and within two Hours was laid a-
 “ gain in her Bed, where complaining of
 “ a sudden Indisposition, she was attended and
 “ serv’d as one, whom all hop’d e’er long to
 “ see their Queen.

“ But so unfortunate was my Affection
 “ and *Polixena*’s Honour, that one of those
 “ to whom she had deliver’d the Child was
 “ *Lucander*, my Brother and Enemy; who
 “ devising with himself who the Mother of
 “ it might be, and seeing that *Polixena* fell
 “ Sick that very Night, begun to think it
 “ was she; her extraordinary Affection to
 “ me, making any Conjecture seem credi-
 “ ble; the Child’s Countenance confirmed
 “ this Suspicion, which like a Copy could
 “ not deny the Original: Wherefore to
 “ revenge his Jealousy, and to punish my
 “ Boldness, he resolv’d to tell my Father,
 “ and my Wife’s, (for so I must call her as
 “ long as I live) what had happened; first
 “ commanding one of his Servants to cut
 “ the Child in Pieces, he sent it me in
 “ Performance of the Promise he had made
 “ the Night before. As I was in the Morn-
 “ ing making my self ready, there came
 “ into my Chamber a Gentlewoman of great
 “ Trust with *Lucander*, and a Page bear-
 “ ing in a Bason the Body of the little Child,
 “ so pierced with Wounds, that the Fea-
 “ tures

‘ tures of the Face could hardly be discern’d.
Thou may’st imagine, *Ismenia*, how I received this Present: My Heart was instantly congeal’d at the bold Impiety of *Lucander*, I then foresaw my Misfortune, and mixing a Father’s Tears with the yet warm Blood, I bathed the mangled Limbs; dissembling my Passion as well as I could, I went to see him, and asked him the Reason of so strange a Present, which would have moved Fear and Pity in the most cruel Breast. My treacherous Brother, as if he had done me an extraordinary Favour, related the sad Accident, and told me his Design to ruin me, and persecute the afflicted *Polixena*. ‘ It is not possible (replied I) he can be of noble Blood that glories in such base Attempts. There is no Reason to embolden thee to injure my Life and Soul, but the Lowness of my Condition; if it were otherwise, I would make thee feel my Anger; if my Love displeased thee, and thou wer’st jealous, why dost thou not like a Man rather kill me, than to revenge thy self on a Thing that had neither Hands nor Tongue to defend it self: But thou art so base a Coward, that thou fearest me, though of a despicable Fortune: From hence forward thou shalt have more Cause to do so; for I will surprize thy Life when thou least suspectest it: But Heaven, I believe, not using

to remit the Punishment of such Wickedness to the next Life, will prevent me in the Revenge of that innocent Blood. *Lucander* knew not what to answer to so just an Accusation, but began to reproach my Birth, saying, that his Mother notwithstanding was free from Infamy. And as Sons are most sensible of those Injuries, though Truths, that reflect on their Parents, I was so full of Passion that the least Occasion would have transported me beyond Reason, and drawing my Sword I struck him before he could cry out for help or defend himself, and left him wounded, and weltering in his own Blood; with this the Court was in a Tumult, and the News coming to the King my Father's Ear, he commanded that they should seize on me, and tear me in Peices; but escaping from the Swords of those that pursued me, I took Horse and fled into the Covert of this Mountain, till my Enemies had lost Sight of me. After two Days I arrived at this solitary Place, where, to defend my self from the Sharpness of the Night, I made use of the Shelter of this Cave, and being overcome with Weariness, I slept till the Day following: So soon as the Sun enlightened this Wood, awaking I saw a fierce Lyon lying at my Feet, who having found me asleep, either imagining I was dead, or complying

‘ complying with his native Generosity,
‘ granted me my Life (for there is even in
‘ the most savage Beast, a kind of natural
‘ Pity) and not only forbore to do me hurt,
‘ but by fawning, and other expressions of
‘ Love, seemed to court me. Though the
‘ Society were dangerous, my Life being
‘ at all times in his Power: I considered
‘ that my Life was without doubt reserved,
‘ for some extraordinary End, since Hea-
‘ ven had preserved it from so many
‘ Chances. Having found more Kindness
‘ in a Lyon than in a Father or Brother,
‘ I made much of him, which he requites
‘ with his usual bringing me in his Mouth the
‘ Prey that he hath killed, to sustain my
‘ Life, esteeming me rather his Companion
‘ than Enemy. Within a Year I was so
‘ much Master of these Mountains, Cliffs,
‘ and Beasts, that all obeyed me, like the
‘ first Man, and for this Reason would I
‘ not leave this Place; in another I must
‘ meet my Death; for the Injuries that are
‘ done to the powerful cannot (but miracu-
‘ lously) escape unrevenge.

‘ Instead of a Palace I have here a secure,
‘ though poor Dwelling; for a Guard of
‘ Soldiers, two Lyons to protect me; these
‘ Hives offer me Honey; this River Wa-
‘ ter; these Mountains a shady Covert;
‘ and these Trees their wild Fruits: The
‘ Beasts that I kill afford me Cloathing,

' the Sea Fish, and the Woods Venison :
 ' This is my Life and Story, so that if thou
 ' resolve to continue here, I promise to En-
 ' tertain thee with as much Care, as if thou
 ' wert my dear Wife, or poor Daughter,
 ' whose Face I never saw, though I once
 ' handled it. Thou shalt have a fresh and
 ' sweet Bed made of Rushes, Flags, and
 ' Thyme ; in Winter we will shelter our-
 ' selves in the Bowels of this Rock, and in
 ' Summer thou shalt enjoy the pleasant West
 ' Wind, underneath the Shade of these
 ' Hazel Trees ; my Disposition is gentle,
 ' my Birth such as thou hast heard, and
 ' from this Minute I swear never to offend
 ' thy Chastity so much as in a Thought. We
 ' will spend the Morning in praising Hea-
 ' ven, that figuring itself in all its Crea-
 ' tures, hath enriched a mean Shepherdess
 ' with such Perfections. The Evenings we
 ' will visit this Grove, from whence we will
 ' borrow Boughs for Fuel and Light: The
 ' time that we save from Sleep, we will
 ' spend in relating our past Misfortunes,
 ' and by this Means I may beguile my
 ' Love, imagining that *Polixena* dwells
 ' with me ; for thou so nearly resemblest
 ' her, that Heaven seems to have made
 ' thy Beauty as a Copy of hers.

Here *Gesmenes* stopt (for the Remem-
 brance of his Wife drew Tears from his
 Eyes) and *Ismenia* coming to him, com-
 forted

forted him, promising not to be a Minute from his Side; for besides, that his Person deserved it, a natural Inclination induced her to esteem, and to give him as much Respect as if he were her Father; so that to divert some part of his Griefs, she took out of her Scrip an Instrument, and Sung thus:

*Narcissa passing through a pleasant Mead,
To cool her Thirst was to a River led:
When she perceiv'd the lazy Stream had lost
Its Course, condemn'd to Chrystal by the Frost;
Which had, perhaps, enamour'd of her Sight,
Begg'd of December Chains to stop its Flight;
But the kind Sun did with his warmer Beams,
Dissolve the Ice into its native Streams:
And th' angry little Brook, deny'd my stay,
Was enjoy'd flying, wept, and went away.*

The Company of *Ismenia* was an extraordinary Comfort to *Gesimenes*, who recreated by her Beauty and Wit passed the Hours of the Day with less Anxiety; loving each other with so true, yet chaste Affection as they never entertained one loose Thought. Thus lived they both secure and contented, especially *Ismenia*, because she was not in Love, nor acquainted with any Cares that might disquiet her Rest. But she could not long boast her Liberty; for as one Afternoon she beheld her self in that Chrystal Rivulet, when the dying Sun was giving up his

his languishing Light, she spied a young Gentleman, who wearied in the Pursuit of some Wild Beast, having left his Horse, slept upon the Flowers, (leaning his Cheek on his Hand) to the sweet Musick which the Water made, playing with the blue Pebbles. Having earnestly beheld him, (for his Person was Warlike, his Apparel Majestic, and his Form Divine;) she would have gone away, but could not; for Love seizeth on free Hearts, and like a Flash of Lightning suddenly scorches. In Brief, *Ismenia* found her Feet fettered, and her Soul inclined to stay. Thus suffering herself to be vanquished by Love, she softly approached him, and drawing the Sword that hung in his Scarf, suddenly awaked him, bidding him receive it, and acknowledge that he owed his Life to her, who could so easily have taken it. *Perôzes* (for that was his Name) starting up, and admiring *Ismenia's* exquisite Beauty, answered, ' That he could not thank her Pity for not giving him Death by the Sword, if he must receive it from her Eyes; that she expressed thus more Cruelty than Mercy, for a Sleep he should not have been sensible of the one, but it was impossible for him waking to escape the other. Her Habit caused in him no less wonder than her Beauty, wherefore he besought her by Entreaties and Promises to tell him the Reason why she lived

in

in that Mountain, enriched with such Perfections that might become a Palace; unless she were some new *Diana*, some divine Huntress, who disdainings to live amongst Men, resolved to spend her Time in that Wilderness. *Ismenia* reply'd, that she came thither to accompany her Father, one of a noble Birth, and excellent Qualities, tho' thrown down by Fortune to a low Estate. They were both as much entangled in Love as if they had conversed together many Years, each of them so delighted with the others Company, that *Ismenia* had no Power to retire up the Mountain to *Gesimenes*, nor *Perozes* to descend to the Valley to seek his Servants, whom that Afternoon he had lost in the Chace; but the discreet Shepherdess, seeing the Night threaten them, and being far from home, thus spake unto him.

' Sir, I would to Heaven, as you have
' engaged my Affection, so I had worth
' to deserve yours; yet if Love be begot-
' ten by Sympathy of Blood, what I have
' seen in your Suspence, your Eyes and
' Words, may at the least be good Will;
' and that you may not think I participate
' of the Rudeness of this Place, I will
' sometimes descend to this Seat, where you
' may see me, with this Caution, that you
' offer me no Injury: That would be both
' dishonourable and unsafe: For my Fa-
' ther

‘ther will at my call come down, and to
 ‘second him, a Lyon to tear you in Pieces.

‘It seems (answered *Perozes*) you do
 ‘not know me, seeing with such unneces-
 ‘sary Care you instruct me in a Respect
 ‘that I am obliged to keep for both our
 ‘Sakes: Yours, because I adore you, and
 ‘he that loves cannot injure; my own,
 ‘because my Birth is Noble, which it could
 ‘not be, if I had a Desire to tyrannize
 ‘over Women. When Heaven hath
 ‘cloathed the Night with Stars, I will come
 ‘hither with as much Humanity as Love,
 ‘and adore these Flowers; because you have
 ‘trod on them, and this River because it
 ‘hath been your Glass.

With this, they took leave of each other.
 The Affection of *Ismenia* daily encreased
 so much, that *Gesimenes* might easily have
 perceived it, if he had suspected there had
 been more Men in the Wood to converse
 with; nor was *Perozes* her Debtor, for eve-
 ry Hour of the Day she was in his Mind,
 and the Nights he waited in the Mountain
 expecting her; though she could not come
 down so often as she would; for *Gesimenes*
 had chid her for coming home so late, lit-
 tle suspecting Love to be the Cause, but
 rather her Eagerness of the Chase.

Upon a time she came thither unobserved
 by *Gesimenes*, and casting her Eye aside,
 found in a Crimson Taffata a Picture of a
 fair

fair Lady wrapt up in Paper, which served for its Case ; this it seems *Perozes* had thro' Negligence the Night before let fall amongst the *Jasmines* : *Ismenia* perceiving the Inscription was directed to him, moved with the Curiosity of a jealous Woman, read it, and found it said thus :

S I R,

I Am now come to Albania, where I live privately, and have seen the Princess, whose Beauty I here send you drawn in this Tablet, though it be so excellent, that these Colours do but injure it. May I know your Pleasure, that I may hasten my Journey, and the Contract of these happy Nuptials, whereby the Wars that have long infested both Kingdoms may have an end.

Ismenia would not proceed any farther, nor indeed could she for Jealousy and Anger ; a less Discovery might be sufficient to have killed her ; she accused her malicious Fortune, and much bewailed the Loss of *Perozes*, apprehending so many inconveniencies, that it seemed impossible he should ever be hers. First, his Birth, and the Distance between them ; next, he was to marry a Princess, enriched (as the Picture shewed) with extraordinary Beauty ; but hearing some body come, she dissembled her

her Grief, and perceived it was her Enemy, who (as he came along) sung thus :

*As fair Ismenia forth did go,
A Sapphire sparkled in each Eye,
And on her Cheek did Jasmines grow,
Bath'd in the Roses Purple dye.*

*But when I nearer came I have play'd
Within the Sun-shine of her Light,
She scorcb'd me, in her Beams betray'd
Like sportive Flies to loss of Sight.*

*What Fear and Reverence doth beget
Th' Approach unto so bright a Flame,
Which can extinguish with its heat,
And makes both Love and Death the same !*

An injured Woman is not sensible of any thing so much as of Flattery, from him that wrongs her ; and *Ismenia*, confident that *Perozes's* Love was Counterfeit, took it more unkindly to be deceived, than unrequited ; for Disaffection may be natural, and out of our Power, but Dissimulation is not, being bred only in malicious Breasts. That *Perozes* might not boast he had forsaken her first, though for the Princess of *Albania*, she went to him, and betwixt Reason and Jealousy said thus :

Perozes, though you see me in this Mountain, so rudely attired, that my richest Ornament is the spotted Skin of a Tygress

‘ Tygres, yet you may well perceive, my
‘ Soul hath more worth than my Habit
‘ promiseth. You say you love me so infi-
‘ nitely, that though you are of the best
‘ Blood in *Armenia*, yet you will hazard
‘ both Life and Fortune to be my Hus-
‘ band; and as this Expression must not
‘ either by the Laws of Civility or Affection
‘ be unacknowledged, I requited it with
‘ the like. But as those that love cannot
‘ dissemble, (for that’s a Crime) it grieves
‘ my Affection to have hid a Secret from
‘ you. It is impossible we should ever en-
‘ joy each other. Do not wonder that I
‘ undeceive you now, whereas I might as
‘ well have done it before. All Women
‘ at first conceal their Passions, unwilling
‘ to discover their Imperfections to them
‘ they know not; for by open Profession
‘ of Love they might beget too slight an
‘ Opinion of themselves; but when we find
‘ Engagement, we have a Care to discover
‘ the Truth to such Professors of Affection,
‘ that they may see the Danger they incur,
‘ either for Avoidance or Excuse. The
‘ Sum of all is, to let you know I am ano-
‘ thers; he, who I told you was my Fa-
‘ ther, is not so, but one whom Misfor-
‘ tune hath banished *Albania*, and he has
‘ my Promise to be his Wife, though in
‘ Truth he hath yet had no other Assurance
‘ than my Hand; therefore love me less,

‘ and contain your self more ; my Descent
‘ is Noble, and I must be his, having once
‘ professed it ; for my Obligation cannot
‘ be discharged but by giving my self unto
‘ him, and he is of so excellent and gallant
‘ a Mind, that he (think it not Passion) sur-
‘ passeth you.

Scarce had the jealous *Ismenia* ended, when without expecting an Answer of Satisfaction, she ran away into the more envious Part of the Wilderness ; *Perozes* being unacquainted with the Place, presently lost her, expressing so much Passion as might have mollified a Rock, if it could have heard him ; but all in vain ; *Ismenia* would not run the hazard of relenting, by hearing what he could say ; for the tender Disposition of Women is persuaded to weep by seeing others do so ; yet was she not without Resentment ; for, retiring to the remotest Corner of the Cave, she wept affectionate Tears, and taking out the Letter that was directed to her Lover, she kissed that Name in the Superscription which was engraved in her Heart. Thus the two Lovers passed two Days without meeting, not through *Perozes*’s Neglect, but *Ismenia*’s Obstinacy, who staying late one Evening at the Border of the Mountain to behold a Tree, on whose Bark both their Names were Engraven :
‘ What avails it (said she, complaining to
‘ herself) that *Perozes* writeth himself mine
on

on the Trees, when the Princess of *Albania* may countermand it? What that he flatters me with such kind Affection in this Solitude, if at Court he adores a brighter Beauty? She would have said more, had she not been interrupted by the Musick of a sweet Voice from amongst the Poplars; tho' she knew it was her ungrateful Lover, yet she was willing to dispence a little with her Resolution, and hearken to this Song:

Ifmenia's Eyes my Soul divide,

A fair yet hapless Shepherdess,

In whom rich Nature all her Pride,

And Fates their Poverty express.

To move the Suit I fear to miss

Her worth and my Respect deny;

For where even Hope endanger'd is,

Lovers in Silence use to dye.

Thus the Desire I entertain,

Neither shuns Love, nor Suit prefers;

For though she to be mine disdain,

I'm blest enough in being hers.

Ifmenia perceiving by the Words and Voice it was *Perozes*, sought to hide her self in the Bushes, that she might avoid Sight and Speech with him; not that she was averse from it, but she would not give occasion to awake that Love which slumber-

ed in Absence; but the rushing of the Leaves betray'd her: *Perozes* told her, "She had no Reason (unless she had with her Habit changed her Humanity) to fly from one who had not lost her thro' any Offence of his own: But since he was so unfortunate, that he could not be hers, he entreated her to inform her self by that Paper of his extreme Passion, that she might at least know how much she was indebted to him: So taking leave of her, he left in her Hand these Verses, which she imprinted as she read them in her Soul.

*Divineſt Syren, cruel Fair;
Cause of my Life, and my Deſpair;
Grief that deſcends to Words is weak;
But mine is full and cannot ſpeak:
For how can Fate more cruel be,
Than to grant Life, denying thee?
Yet I in Death hope to adore
Thoſe Joys without, which Life is poor:
My Reaſon's baniſh'd by my Pain;
Who can loſe thee, and it retain?
How ſoon was my calm Soul dejected,
And Ruin ſuffer'd e'er expected!
But ſince that Blifs, which once was mine,
Thou to another wilt reſign.
Be happy in thy Choice, whiſt I
In unregarded Aſhes lie.
Be happy in him, 'tis unſit
To wiſh the Joy and hinder it.*

- Then

*Then finish what thou hast begun,
Encrease my grief, and kill me soon.
And when I'm dead let pity move thee,
But to remember I did love thee.*

Ifmenia relenting would have read them often, had she not been hindred by *Gesimenes*, who coming to seek her, and glad to have found her, entreated her to divert his continual Melancholy with a Song; whereupon, more to obey him than please herself, (dissembling her Grief) she sung thus:

*Why doth that Fool unjustly love accuse,
Who through his own fear did occasion lose?
To miss an offer'd Happiness must be,
Or want of Love, or too much Modesty:
Thy scorn, Lysarda, I have justly won,
Who wanted Light, when I embrac'd the Sun.*

*O look into my Heart, thou wilt see there,
'Twas Admiration only caus'd my fear:
Respect curb'd my Affection; let me die,
(Displeasing thee) by thy enflaming Eye:
Such Death will make thy Cruelty confess,
I never wanted Love, though Happiness.*

When *Ifmenia* had ended her Song, it being late, they retired Homewards, and as they were going up the Hill, by a Lane fenced on either Side, with Willows and white Poplars, they heard a great Sound, as of something that fell from on high; *Ifme-*

nia was amaz'd, and *Gesimenes* laid hold of his Bow, thinking it might be some Wild Beast ; they searched all about, but could not find the Cause ; at last they perceived a Barque (for they were not far from the Sea) near the Shoar ; it was covered over, and had neither Helm nor Mariner to guide it ; *Gesimenes* and *Ismenia* fastened it to Land, and were desirous to know what was in it ; scarce were the Sails and Coverture taken off, when such Astonishment seiz'd them, that for a good Space they did nothing but look on each other : Within it was a Man bathed in Blood, and by his Side a beautiful Lady, living, yet so dismay'd, that she wanted little of the dead Body which lay beside her : They were both afflicted at so sad a Spectacle, especially *Gesimenes*, who intently beholding the Lady, fancied, he saw in her the Face and Person of his absent Wife. He gave the dead Body Burial in the Sea, since there was no means to restore his Life : He took the Lady in his Arms, and carried her to the homely Place of his Cave, where he entertain'd her with such Care, that in a short time he had good hope of her Life.

When she had recovered so much strength as to open her Eyes, and found on either side of her a Man and Woman : At first she was afraid of them, though their Behaviour and Hospitality had express'd more Piety

Piety than her severe Father and Kindred :
 She wondered much that *Gesimenes* so constantly fixed his Eyes upon her ; and hearing *Ismenia* sometimes call him by his Name, she said to him. ‘ Two things hold me
 ‘ in this Suspence, you may do me a Favour to instruct me in them : Is it true
 ‘ that you are called *Gesimenes* ? Why since
 ‘ I opened my Eyes have you so stedfastly
 ‘ beheld me, often sighing, and sometimes
 ‘ weeping ? you may ask the same of me,
 ‘ because when I first heard your Name, it
 ‘ struck me to the Soul ; for I loved a
 ‘ Gentleman of the same Name, at the Expence of so many Afflictions, that this
 ‘ hazard of my Life was the least ; and
 ‘ should I say, that this *Gesimenes* (whom
 ‘ I call Husband) was Son to the King of
 ‘ *Albania*, Truth would not accuse me.

Gesimenes was so transported with Joy, that he could scarce express his Mind. ‘ If
 ‘ (said he) I am the unfortunate Son of
 ‘ *Pharnazes*, and thy Husband ; if thou
 ‘ art *Polixena*, and my Eyes deceive me
 ‘ not, how can I behold thee without an
 ‘ Extasy of Content ? How can my Heart
 ‘ but break with the Apprehension of the
 ‘ Misfortunes thou hast suffered for my
 ‘ sake ? *Polixena*, I am *Gesimenes* ; and
 ‘ will be thine, till Heaven deprive me of
 ‘ this Life, which I esteem now I enjoy
 ‘ thy Sight and Embraces. Hence forward
 ‘ I shall

‘ I shall desire Life, which I thought I
 ‘ should never have done ; for during the
 ‘ time I have dwelt among these Rocks,
 ‘ the rising Sun never found me not suing
 ‘ to Heaven to be eased of it ; for Life is
 ‘ not a Pleasure, but a Torment to the
 ‘ Unfortunate.

Words are not full enough to express the
 Content of these two Lovers ; for Language
 is too narrow to cloath great Passions ; so
 that with their Eyes and Souls they congratu-
 lated their strange and happy Meeting.
 The Beauty of *Ismenia* and *Gesimenes*’s Care
 of her, might well have given *Polixena*
 Cause of Jealousy ; yet when she was in-
 formed of the Occasion which brought her
 to live with him, she esteemed her with as
 much Affection as if she had been her own
 Daughter. Thus being all three equally
 contented, *Gesimenes* desired her to instruct
 them in the Afflictions she suffered during
 his Absence ; for the Relation of past Mi-
 series in Prosperity, doth delight more than
 disconsolate : Wherefore to comply with
 their Request, she said :

‘ So many, my Dear *Gesimenes*, have
 ‘ been the Troubles that oppress me in
 ‘ your Absence, and so continual, that ’tis
 ‘ impossible I should either then have re-
 ‘ sented them, or now relate them fully.
 ‘ I was left as your Surety, to satisfy the
 ‘ Hurt you did *Lucander*, who seeing he
 ‘ could

could not Revenge himself on you, resolv'd to do it on your other self, divulging my Weakness, and giving it out that I was delivered in his Arms: My Father, instead of punishing the infamous Cruelty he used to the innocent Infant, forgetting the Relation it had to his Blood, encouraged him, and commanded I should be shut up in a Tower, where for a long Time, I neither saw the Face of the Sun, or of any human Creature; until at last the King your Father, mov'd with Pity, permitted one that had been brought up in my Father's House to visit me, for they repos'd Trust in him. With him I recreated the tedious Hours of my Imprisonment, relating to him my Misfortunes. One Day he telling me that you were for certain in a Village near *Albania*, I earnestly begg'd of him to afford me some private means of Writing to you, which he did: Then did I sign the Death of us both; for I writ a Letter, wherein I inform'd you of my sad Condition, and of the great Affection of the People to you, who continually pitied you as much as they wish'd *Lucander's* Death, for being possess'd of the Crown, he oppress'd them with tyranical Injuries. I advis'd you to make use of the Protection of some other Prince, by whose Aid you might compass your Revenge;

In

‘ In the mean time, that I would (if it were
‘ needful) poison the Prince, that the Sub-
‘ jects seeing him dead, and hearing you
‘ were alive, might be necessitated to seek
‘ after you, lawfully to possess the Kingdom
‘ after the Decease of *Pharnazes*. These,
‘ and other Things of Importance, did I
‘ write in that happy Letter, to ease my
‘ Heart, and redress your Miseries; but
‘ there is no Success where Fate opposeth;
‘ so unfortunate were *Arnestes* and I, that
‘ as he went from my Chamber to seek
‘ you out, he met *Lucander*, who questi-
‘ oned him concerning me; whereupon he
‘ was so confounded, that your Brother
‘ began to suspect something, and causing
‘ him to be apprehended and searched,
‘ found this Letter, by which he confessed
‘ more than he knew; this put the Court
‘ into a Tumult. My Father (who would
‘ be singular in Loyalty, tho’ at the Ex-
‘ pence of my Life) executed on me the
‘ greatest Cruelty the World ever saw: He
‘ gave Order for a Barque, so closed that
‘ the Air had no Passage; into which,
‘ having kill’d poor *Arnestes* with many
‘ Wounds, he shut him dead, and me alive,
‘ to the Intent that I might with the Hor-
‘ rour miserably end my Life. Then set-
‘ ting the Barque a-drift, he committed us
‘ to the Mercy of the Waves, pitied of as
‘ many as beheld us. Thus we floated un-
‘ til

‘ til Heaven (mov’d with my Prayers and
 ‘ Tears) was pleas’d to cast me on this
 ‘ Shoar, where your Care hath brought
 ‘ me once more into the Light, and re-
 ‘ stored that Happiness, which from my
 ‘ Infancy I desir’d, tho’ it hath cost me so
 ‘ dear.

Ismenia and *Gesimenes* congratulated *Po-
 lixena’s* good Fortune; for tho’ it were
 eclips’d with Troubles and Discontents, yet
 the Event being happy, it cannot be called
 adverse. Thus lived *Gesimenes* with his
 Wife more contented than if he had been
 Lord of the whole World, enjoying her
 Beauty and Company without Fear or Inter-
 ruption, endearing to himself that Blessing,
 which Heaven after so many Years of Af-
 fliction had reserv’d for him. *Ismenia* and
Perozes pass’d the time with less Delight,
 complaining each of the other’s Affection;
 she, as thinking he was contracted to ano-
 ther, and he, as having the same Opinion of
 her: But *Ismenia*, weary of concealing her
 Jealousy, was unwilling that *Perozes* should
 accuse her of Inconstancy, when she had
 just Cause to condemn him: Wherefore
 she found him out amongst the *Lawrels* and
Jasmines, and shewed him the Picture and
 Letter: She told him, ‘ That the Reason
 ‘ why she had bely’d her own Affection and
 ‘ Constancy, was not that she loved any
 ‘ else, but that she was of Opinion he was
 ‘ another’s;

‘another’s; that those two Witnesses would
 ‘prove it; and that he could not wonder
 ‘at her Cruelty, Since his Falshood and ill
 ‘Requital deserved it.

‘I confess (fair *Ismenia*) reply’d *Perozes*,
 ‘that before I saw you, I treated of a Mar-
 ‘riage with the Princess of *Albania*; but
 ‘I assure you, after I beheld your divine
 ‘Beauty, and believed that I had obtained
 ‘some Place in your Affection, I alter’d
 ‘my Resolution (tho’ to the Discontent of
 ‘my Father and his Subjects, who earnest-
 ‘ly desire the Accomplishment of that
 ‘Match, to put an End to the Wars be-
 ‘tween the two Kingdoms) to comply
 ‘with your Affection, I engage my Faith
 ‘never to marry as long as I live, unless
 ‘with you; nor shall you be (if the Sto-
 ‘ries say true) the first Queen that was
 ‘bred up amongst Woods and Rocks;
 ‘but before that he, whom you call your
 ‘Father, be so indeed; for if you deceive
 ‘me, and he prove a Lover, I will so re-
 ‘venge my self on both, that my Love
 ‘shall wonder at my Severity.

‘*Ismenia* was so well satisfy’d and pleas’d
 ‘with *Perozes*’s Promise, that to confirm what
 ‘she had said, she plac’d him so, that he
 ‘might see *Gesiments* in his Wife’s Arms;
 ‘and as Lovers seldom conceal any thing
 ‘from one another, notwithstanding she had
 ‘told him that he was her Father, she related
 ‘to

to him their true Story; to which *Perozes* hearken'd with much Content, seeing how nobly his beloved *Ismenia* was descended, if *Gesimenes* and *Polixena* were her Parents, for then she was Niece to the King of *Albania*, a good Reason to excuse his unadvised love, since he married, tho' not the Princess, yet one of her Blood. With these joyful Hopes *Perozes* took his leave, but *Ismenia* was troubled when she consider'd that she had done ill to feign her self the Daughter of *Gesimenes*, knowing how easy it was to disprove it; for tho' her Affection and Resemblance made it probable, yet she was conscious that their Births were extremely different.

Perozes, devoting himself wholly to the Affection of *Ismenia*, and resolving to marry her, refus'd the Match with the Princess of *Albania*, and sent to give *Pharnazes* Notice he was already married, who was sensible of this Affront, believing that this Neglect was in Contempt of his Alliance; and without expecting either Letters or Ambassadors, with his Son *Lucander* he raised a great Army, binding themselves by a solemn Oath not to return to *Albania*, till they had either taken or slain *Perozes*.

On the other Side *Perozes* was not negligent; for having Notice of the Intention of *Pharnazes*, he desired of his Father a Commission for that War, and levied sufficient Forces to resist the proud *Albanians*. Mean

while, visiting *Ismenia*, he desired her to persuade her Father *Gesimenes* (who was a great Soldier) to command his Army; as well to protect the Cause which was his own, being his Daughter's, as to revenge himself upon *Lucander*, who now came insolently with *Pharnazes*; besides the *Albanians* might hereby know he was alive, and had Power to oppose them. *Ismenia* was much perplex'd to foresee her Imposture would be soon discovered; but committing all to Time and Fortune; she determined to speak to *Gesimenes*, and thereupon informed him of the Prince's Affection, the Occasion of the War, and the Opportunity which Heaven hath offer'd him, to return from that miserable kind of Life to his first Estate.

Gesimenes disliked not the Means which *Ismenia* in *Perozes's* Name offered for obtaining the desired end of his Affairs. He was willing to serve him; but not thereby to injure his Father; a Relation (tho' he were ungrateful) not to be dispens'd with. His hope was to be the Instrument of Peace, and of the Death of his treacherous Brother, upon whose Death he might return to *Albania* and enjoy the Crown. *Ismenia* told him, that it would be requisite for sometime to acknowledge her for his Daughter. *Gesimenes* reply'd, that he should not only for a time, but as long as he lived esteem her so; for the love he bare her, and the Resemblance she had

to *Polixena* was such, that if her Parentage had not been very mean, it would easily have been credited. *Ismenia* brought him to *Perozes*, the two Princes convers'd together with great Expressions of Affection. *Perozes* wonder'd to behold him so alter'd, and different from what he had known him before; and enquiring after *Polixena*, he intreated him to bring her along, that she might bear his Sister Company. They were honourably received by the Nobility and Commons of that Kingdom, with Respect due to Persons of such Eminence. The King conferr'd the General's Staff on *Gesimenes*, who changing his Habit, appear'd so graceful and Majestick, that they could hardly perswade themselves he was the same whom the Day before they had seen in that wild Shape: So much do Ornament add to exterior Beauty.

By this time the proud *Albanians* were come so near, that the Mountains resounded with the Eccho of their Warlike Instruments: At Night *Gesimenes* went out in his old Habit, to espy in the Camp with what Force his Father came; he was so well acquainted with that place that he fear'd not to lose himself, and wearing so strange a Habit it was improbable they should suspect him. One Night as he went down from his Cave to the bottom of the Hill, with intent to return to the Court, he heard some not far off consulting privately together;

ther; withdrawing himself behind a Tuft of Oaks and Pines, he beheld from thence a young Man in Armour, whom all the rest seemed to respect and to honour as their Master: *Gesimenes*, by reason of the darkness of the Night, could not discern who he was, but he gather'd that from his Words, which sufficiently troubled him, for he was speaking to them to this Effect:

‘ Though here are but few that hear me,
 ‘ yet I may well say here is the greatest
 ‘ Part of the Nobility of *Albania*; for
 ‘ there is not any one can equal *Lucander*,
 ‘ or stand in Competition with you. I am,
 ‘ as you know, the King’s only Son; for
 ‘ tho’ I lately had a Brother, I believe ei-
 ‘ ther the Sea or Land by this time hath
 ‘ hid him in its Bowels; or if he were alive,
 ‘ yet being a Bastard, he could not oppose
 ‘ me the lawful Heir; nor hath he the
 ‘ Right I have. My Father is old, and
 ‘ useth both you and me too harshly. In-
 ‘ deed I am sorry he hath liv’d thus long:
 ‘ It troubles me to be a Subject, being
 ‘ now fit for Government, which so long
 ‘ as he lives I cannot enjoy. I have at
 ‘ other times advis’d with you about this
 ‘ Business. The Cause that moved me now
 ‘ to call you together, is an opportunity of
 ‘ effecting this Design, which offers it self
 ‘ unto you. My Father is so industriously
 ‘ careful in this War, that tho’ his Years
 ‘ dissuade him, he often goeth forth alone
 ‘ to

to view both his own Camp and the Enemy's. This Night I espied him; and if I mistake not, he is now coming along that Path, so that if you please now to follow me, we may this very Instant assault and kill him; and we will tear his Garments, that it may be thought the Wild Beasts of these Mountains were his Murderers. The Soldiers then being destitute of a King, must of Necessity transfer the Crown on me; of which when I am possess'd, and the Scepter in my Hand, I will by degrees destroy all that favour'd *Gesimenes*. You shall not be my Subjects but my Friends, my Companions, on whose Shoulders I will lay the Weight and Care of the whole Kingdom.

The Piety of *Gesimenes* could scarce believe the Villany which *Lucander* intended against him, to whom he owed his Being; but giving Thanks to Heaven for the favourable Opportunity of preserving his Father's Life, he went that way, by which *Lucander* said he was to pass. He had not gone far, when he found him compleatly arm'd, going about to inform himself of the State of the Camp, who seeing him, drew his Sword, thinking he was a wild Man, and assaulted him to kill him: But *Gesimenes* in Token of Peace throwing down the young Tree which he had in his Hand, told him, that he might see he was a Man as himself, that he came to advise him, not to go that way,

way, because his Son, with some of his Subjects, who it seems would be advantaged by his Death, lay in wait to kill him.

“ If thou dost think, said *Pharnazes*, by
 “ this Deceit to injure me, no, thou art
 “ mistaken, for at my Call twenty thousand
 “ Men that I have in the Field will come
 “ fourth, against whom neither thy Swift-
 “ ness nor Strength can avail thee; besides,
 “ I am able to defend my self not only a-
 “ gainst thee (who art a poor Conquest)
 “ but against as many wild Beasts as this
 “ Desert nourishes.

“ That you may be assured, (replied *Ge-
 “ ssmenes*) I neither deceive, nor desire to
 “ injure you, go down by this little Hill,
 “ and you will see to whose Trust you com-
 “ mit your self: Be confident, I would not
 “ suffer you to pass any further, or consent
 “ you should put your self into so imminent
 “ Danger, were I not certain my own
 “ Strength could sufficiently, defend you:
 “ Believe your self secure in my Faith, for
 “ I love you more than you imagine, tho’
 “ not out of Obligation, for you have used
 “ me with Severity, of which some other
 “ Occasion shall inform you, if my unfortu-
 “ nate Stars permit.

Pharnazes was amazed at this Speech,
 and was the sooner enclined to credit it,
 when he call’d to mind the ill Disposition
 of *Lucander*, and some others that he con-
 vers’d with; he was unwilling to return to
 his

his Tent before he had satisfy'd himself; wherefore he descended the bottom of the Hill, and *Gesimenes* after him, earnestly desiring the Traitors would fall forth, that he might have an Occasion to oblige his Father, and be reveng'd for all the Injuries had been done him. *Lucander*, so soon as *Pharnazes* came near, gave notice to the rest, and assauled him, crying, Kill the Tyrant of *Albania*. *Pharnazes* called to *Gesimenes* to perform the Promise, and protect his Life. He needed not much entreaty, for as soon as he saw the Ambush appear, he came up to him, and so laid about him on every side with the young Oak, that he dispersed them, and if any oppos'd him, he paid for his Boldness, by measuring his Length upon the Ground. *Lucander* adventured, for the Defence of one blow to trust to his Buckler, thinking to get in with his Sword; but with such Fury did *Gesimenes* let fall upon his Enemy, that he felled him to the Ground: The assistant Conspirators, affrighted at his Fall, left him and ran away: *Pharnazes* leading away *Lucander*, sent him to Prison, but concealed the Cause, fearing the Soldiers might mutiny: Then being alone with *Gesimenes*, entreated him to let him know who he was to whom he owed Life. *Gesimenes* yet unwilling to be known, answered, he was the Son of that Mountain; but the Reason which oblig'd him to his Defence with such earnestness,

earnestness, was the intimate Friendship he once had with one called *Gesimenes*, who profess'd himself his unfortunate Son.

'Alas, said *Pharnazes*, drowning his Face in Tears, had he liv'd, this Traitor *Lucander* durst not have attempted so impious a Treason.' 'He not only lives (answer'd *Gesimenes*) but e'er many Days pass, I shall be able to let you see him, as obedient still, as you had never us'd him unkindly. Then believe me, (replied *Pharnazes*) that very Instant will I set the Crown of *Albania* upon his Head; the Kingdom will not be sorry for it; tho' they think he be no Heir while *Lucander* lives, yet there is more in this than they know. You are his Friend, and will rejoice at his Happiness: That therefore you may seek him with greater Diligence, be attentive, and hear what a low Condition his Fate decreed him, even before he was born. *Gesimenes* with wonder, observ'd what his Father said, and giving him time to wipe away the Tears of his Affliction, heard him proceed in this Manner:

'Know that in my Youth I lov'd a Lady, with so unreasonable an Affection, that I forgot both Heaven and my self for her: This blind Passion arriv'd at such a Height, that the Queen and she, being at once both with Child, and delivered of two Sons both in one Day, to make

a transcendent Expression of my love to
 her, I caus'd the Children to be chang'd,
 unknown to any, except Heaven, and
 one who was my Favourite. By this
 means *Lucander*, the Son of my Mistress
 (suppos'd the Queen's) was esteem'd Heir
 of the Kingdom, and I had a better Pre-
 tence for my Affection. *Gesimenes*, who
 was indeed my lawful Son, had *Clorinda*
 (the Lady I most esteem'd) assign'd for his
 Mother. The whole Kingdom wonder'd
 I should hate *Gesimenes*, the Son of her I
 adored; and esteem *Lucander* whose Mo-
 ther I hated. I will not relate how I us'd
Gesimenes, it cannot but grieve you to hear
 it, if you love him; my Disaffection pro-
 ceeded so far, as to banish him *Albania*.
 If he be alive (as we had News of his
 Death) he hath lived many Years misera-
 bly Abroad in strange Countries. But
 the Nature of Man is unconstant, the Love
 I bear *Clorinda* vanish'd, and my unde-
 ceiv'd Understanding, perceiv'd its Error;
 then began I so much to dislike *Lucander*,
 that I intended to have discover'd his Birth;
 but I forbore, considering the Crown
 would be without an Heir, seeing *Gesi-
 menes* was wanting. But since *Lucander*
 proves so ungrateful, as by Treason to
 deprive me of Life and Scepter, and you
 assure me *Gesimenes* lives; if you perform
 your Promise in bringing him, you shall
 see him King of *Albania*, that he may
 have

‘ have his own, and you in Part be paid
‘ the Debt is owing you for my Life: His
‘ Happiness cannot but reflect on you who
‘ are so much his Friend.

Gesimenes was not able to contain his Joy, but falling down at his Father’s Feet discovered himself, saying he was *Gesimenes*, and that he was well content with the Miseries Fortune had inflicted on him, since he had been banish’d from his Sight: Now she had bestow’d on him the Happiness to rescue his gray Hairs. *Pharnazes* transported with such Joy to see him alive, as the strangeness of the Accident required, embraced him most affectionately, and told him that he should go along with him, for on the Morrow his Commanders should kiss his Hand, and his Presence would animate the Soldiers, for they all loved him extremely, and knowing his Valour, would undertake the War with the greater Resolution. In this *Gesimenes* could not obey, excusing himself with the Acknowledgment of many Favours received from *Perozes*; of whose Forces he was General, yet that he had taken Arms against his Father, was not to offend him (as he had shewn) but to be a Means of Peace between both Kingdoms. *Gesimenes* at parting enquired of him for his Wife *Polixena*; he, much troubled, desired him not to speak of her; for it would afflict his Heart to remember the Cruelty which her Father and *Lucander* had used in her Death. Let

Let it not grieve you so much, said *Gesimenes*, for she is living ; and altho' it may seem impossible, I have long enjoyed her Company in this Desert, for Heaven doth favour Innocence, and protect those Lives which Power and Fortune do unjustly persecute.

Hereupon *Gesimenes* departed joyfully : And *Pharnazes* was no less glad for having found his Son, and with him his own Life, which had that Night been lost, had it not been preserved by *Gesimenes*. Then communicating this strange Event to his Counsel, he determined to treat with the King of *Armenia*, and Prince *Perozes* concerning Peace, and the former Marriage. The Evening following, a Place of meeting was appointed for the two Kings. The first Thing they did, was, the proclaiming of *Gesimenes*, King of *Albania*, and the same Day *Polixena* was confirm'd his Wife ; the King and Queen of *Armenia* offering themselves to give her at the Temple. *Perozes* told *Pharnazes* that the Reason why he rejected the propounded Marriage with the Princess, was, because he was already married to *Ismenia*, who was Neice to him, and Daughter to *Gesimenes* and *Polixena*. Hereupon, they both, to inform him of the Truth, reply'd, that they had no further Knowledge of her, than that she had been brought up some Years in their Company ; that the Business was now of such Consequence, that it would be unjust to deceive him ;

him; and tho' they had Reason to love *Is-
menia* as well as if she were their Daughter,
yet in Truth she was but of poor and mean
Parentage.

This struck *Perozes*, as if he had heard
the Sentence of his Death, but it troubled
him more, when he understood *Ismenia* could
not be found; for seeing a Necessity that
her Deceit must be discovered, and that she
must lose *Perozes*, Shame would not suffer
her to appear; so she retired into the Woods,
flying from him she loved, and intending
to end her Life in that Solitude. The Nup-
tials were deferred till they might have
News of the lost *Ismenia*; for the married
Couple were so discontented at her Absence,
that their Resentment gave occasion
to many to suspect she was indeed their
Daughter, and that they denied it only be-
cause they were unwilling to give her to
Perozes: The Truth was, they loved her so
extremely, that if *Gesimenes* had not known
Ismenia's Parents might have contradicted it,
he would have owned her. *Perozes* in a
great Passion offered a great Sum of Money
to any that should bring News of her. *Ge-
simenes* calling to mind that she had often
told him the Place where she was born, in-
stantly dispatched Messengers to inform them-
selves with all Diligence of her Parents, and
to see whether she were not returned to them:
After Enquiry they found them, and upon
Examination they confessed, ' That *Ismenia*
' was

‘ was not their Daughter, though they had
‘ professed her such almost ever since she
‘ was born ; that a Gentleman of *Albania*
‘ named *Artaspes*, one Night brought her
‘ to their House, to be brought up by them,
‘ charging them upon forfeit of their Lives,
‘ not to reveal the Secret to any ; that three
‘ Years ago having a desire to match her
‘ with a Kinsman of theirs, on the Day in-
‘ tended for Marriage she stole away, since
‘ which time they could never know whe-
‘ ther she were alive or dead.

This increased the Admiration of all ;
seeing *Artaspes* had brought her thither,
they supposed she must be his : He being
at that time in *Albania*, they sent for him
to declare what he knew concerning *Ismenia* :
being come, he desired a little Privacy with
Gesimenes, and thus spake unto him.

‘ What I shall affirm of her that you call
‘ *Ismenia*, concerns none so much as your
‘ self to know ; not to keep you in suspense ;
‘ Prince *Lucander* and my self walking
‘ late one Night in the City, as we were
‘ returning to the Palace, a Woman with
‘ her Face veiled called to us, and address-
‘ ing herself to *Lucander*, he ask’d her,
‘ (being well nigh dead) if she would go
‘ along with him, or that he should do her
‘ any Service. I would beseech you (an-
‘ swer’d the Lady, delivering a Child into
‘ his Arms) to carry this Infant to *Gesimenes*,
‘ who will easily know from whence it comes :

and (believe me) we may both be able to
 requite this Favour; so giving it to *Lau-*
cander, (whom if she had known she would
 sooner have given it to a Lyon) she went
 away, desiring us not to follow her, be-
 cause it concern'd both her Life and Hon-
 our: We both stood amazed, devising
 who this Lady might be; for knowing
 how intirely you did love *Polixena*, we
 could not perswade our selves, that you
 should have any other Affection, and *Pol-*
ixena living so carefully watched, we lit-
 tle suspected it could be she. In the End,
 we carried the Child to my House, and he
 ordered me to deliver it to a Nurse; the
 next Day he understood *Polixena's* sudden
 Sickness, and viewing the Child's Coun-
 tenance, was fully perswaded it was hers
 and yours. The Rage of his Jealousy
 was incited by Cruelty, and relying on
 his Power, he commanded me to kill it,
 and perform the Promise he had made to
 send it you; when I understood this unjust
 Intent, I was as much perplex'd as if the
 Child had been mine own, so divine was
 the Beauty of it. I was (to say truth) afraid:
 If I obey'd him not I lost his Favour, (for
 Princes for one Displeasure forgets the Ser-
 vices of our whole Life) and to obey him
 was contrary to my Piety; at last I resolv'd
 to bring it to him, not to displease him;
 but as I was going to this bloody Sacrifice,
 Heaven seemed to applaud my Compassi-
 on

' on, offering me an Opportunity to save it;
 ' for understanding that a Servant of mine
 ' had a Child born two Days before, newly
 ' dead, I took it; and wounding the inno-
 ' cent Breast, besmeared it with the congeal-
 ' ed Blood, and carried it to *Lucander*, who
 ' thinking it had been that which caused his
 ' Jealousy, commended my Cruelty, and
 ' perfected his furious Revenge on it, tear-
 ' ing in Pieces the poor Infant, and thus
 ' was it sent to you, the more to afflict you,
 ' that the Grief of seeing it might kill you:
 ' Hereupon ensued the Misfortunes that you
 ' know; when Night was come I departed
 ' privately from *Albania*, and in a private
 ' Place enquired for a Nurse, with whom I
 ' left the Child, telling her it was requisite,
 ' that it should not be known that I brought
 ' it to her, and giving her two hundred
 ' Crowns, I took my leave of her; since
 ' which time, lest *Lucander* might come to
 ' know it, I never saw her but twice; this
 ' is all I know concerning *Ismenia*.

Gesimenes, amazed to hear these Things,
 doubted whether the Prodigy of his own Story
 and *Ismenia's* Life were a Dream, or true;
 for according to the Relation of *Artaspes* she
 was his Daughter: And her Face had been
 sufficient to prove it, if there had been no
 other Testimony. He flung his Arms about
Artaspes's Neck, and promised him such Re-
 quital, that he should not repent his Courtesy.
 He presently related all to *Pharnazes*, Pe-

rozes, and *Polixena*, and as great was the Joy of all, as their Grief that *Ismenia* was missing. They went to seek her, *Gesimenes* as her Father, *Perozes* as her Husband: *Gesimenes* went to the Hill where he had formerly lived with her, and at the Side of a Wood, he saw a Man lying along upon the Grass; coming near, and asking what he did there, he answered, he was a poor Soldier, that hearing a Proclamation, promising ten thousand Crowns to him that should find *Ismenia*, out of a Desire to better his Fortune, he went to seek her, and was not out of hope to find her, because he had the same Day seen a Woman on the top of the Mountain, cloathed with Skins of wild Beasts, whom he suspected to be *Ismenia*; for as soon as she heard that Name, she made away so fast, that it was impossible for him to overtake her.

Gesimenes rewarded the Soldier for his Information, and both ascending the Mountain, they rested not until they came to a Spring drest up with Rushes and Flags, where under a Cypress Tree they found her asleep. *Gesimenes* related to his Daughter her happy Birth; at which she rejoiced more for being worthy of *Perozes*, than for being Daughter to the Prince of *Albania*. Returning to Court, she acknowledged those for her Parents whom she ever lov'd, as if she had known them to be so. And her Marriage with *Perozes* was immediately celebrated with much Solemnity.